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Everybody's Magazine
APRIL·1914 VOL·30·NO·4

"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

Editor's Note—Once in a blue moon a magazine gets a real mystery story—a story with thrill and suspense—written with literary brilliance and centering about real people. The blue moon is here. The story is "Persons Unknown." The thrill begins with a dramatic shadow on a window blind, and a pistol shot. The writer is Virginia Tracy, new to EVERYBODY'S *pages but not to magazine fiction. And the people are, first of all, Christina Hope, a beautiful and charming young actress, and Bruce Herrick, a rising young novelist.*

Enter Bruce Herrick.

CHAPTER I

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT

IT SEEMED to Herrick that it was a woman's voice he heard, talking on wildly through the smothering blackness of the torrid August night.

He started up instantly, sitting upright on the bed from which he had long since tossed all covering. Then he frowned at the tricks which the heat was playing upon even such strong nerves as his. What if it were a woman's voice he heard? Neither woman nor girl had, for the present, any business whatever anywhere inside his head, except that Heroine of his unfinished novel, whose photograph he had had framed to reign over his desk. It was a photograph which he had found last winter, forgotten, in a hotel in Paris, and it had seemed to him the personality he had been looking for.

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The novel was his first novel; and after a long day of laborious failure at it, Herrick, in pure despair, had early flung himself abed. He had lain there waking and restless upon scorching linen, reluctantly listening, listening: to the passage of the trolley-cars on upper Broadway; to the faint, threatening grumble of the subway; the pitiful crying of a sick baby; the advancing, dying footfalls; to all the diabolic malevolence of shrieking or chugging automobiles —there was one throbbing away under his window now.

The mere act of sitting up, however, recalled him from the mussy stuffiness in which he had been tossing. Why, he was not buried somewhere in a black hole! He was occupying his landlady's best bedroom —the back parlor, indeed, of Mrs. Grubey's comfortable flat. Well, and to-morrow, after two months of loneliness, of one-sided conversations with the maddeningly mute countenance of his Heroine and of swapping jokes, baseball scores, weather prophecies, and political gossip with McGarrigle, the policeman on the beat, he was going to take lunch with Jimmy Ingham, the most eminent of publishers. Everything was all right!

That peculiar sense of waiting and watching was growing on him merely with the restless brooding of the night, which smelt of thunder. In that burning, motionless air there was expectancy and a crouching sense of climax.

Yet it was not so late but that in the handsome apartment-house opposite, an occasional window was still lighted. The pale blinds of one of these, directly on a level with Herrick's humbler casement, were drawn to the bottom; and Herrick vaguely wondered that any one should care to shut out even the idea of air. Just then, behind those blinds, some one began to play a piano.

The touch was the touch of a master, and Herrick sat listening in surprise. The tide of lovely melody swept boldly out, filling the air with soaring angels. Could people be giving a party?

Herrick got to his feet and struck a match. Five minutes past one! If he dressed and went down to the river, he would wake Mrs. Grubey and the Grubey children. He resigned himself, glancing at the precious letter of appointment with Ingham on his desk, and at the photograph of his Heroine, looking out at him with her quiet eyes—shy and candid, tender and bravely boyish, and cool with their first youth. To her he sighed, thinking of his novel, "Well, Evadne, we must have faith!" He turned out the light again, sopped the drinking-water from his pitcher over his head, and drew an easy chair up to the window. Some one across the street was talking on and on, accompanied by the musician's now soft and improvising touch. Then, in Herrick's thoughts, the voice, or voices, and the fitful, straying music began to blend; and then he had no thoughts at all.

He was wakened by a demoniac crash of chords. His eyes sprang open; and there, on the blind opposite, was the shadow of a woman. She stood there with her back to the window, lithe and tense, and suddenly she flung one arm up and out in such a strange and splendid gesture, of such free and desperate passion, as Herrick had never seen before. For a full minute she stood so, and then the gesture broke, as if she might have covered her face. The music, scurrying onward from its crash, had never ceased; it had risen again, ringing triumphantly into the march from "Faust," a man's voice rising furiously with it, and it flashed over Herrick that they might be rehearsing some scene in a play.

Then the sound of a pistol-shot split through the night. Immediately, behind the blind, the lights went out.

CHAPTER II

HERRICK FINDS A DOOR BOLTED

The sleepy boy at the switchboard of the house opposite did not seem to feel in the situation any of the urgency which had brought Herrick into that elegant vestibule, barefoot and with nothing but an unbuttoned ulster over his pajama trousers. The boy said he guessed the shot wasn't a shot; he guessed maybe it was an automobile tire. There couldn't be a lady in 4-B, anyhow; it was just a bachelor apartment. Well, he supposed it was 4-B, because there was always complaints of him playing on the piano late at night.

The switchboard called him imperatively as he spoke, and he reluctantly consented to ring up the superintendent. Instinctively, he refrained from interfering with Herrick when that young man possessed

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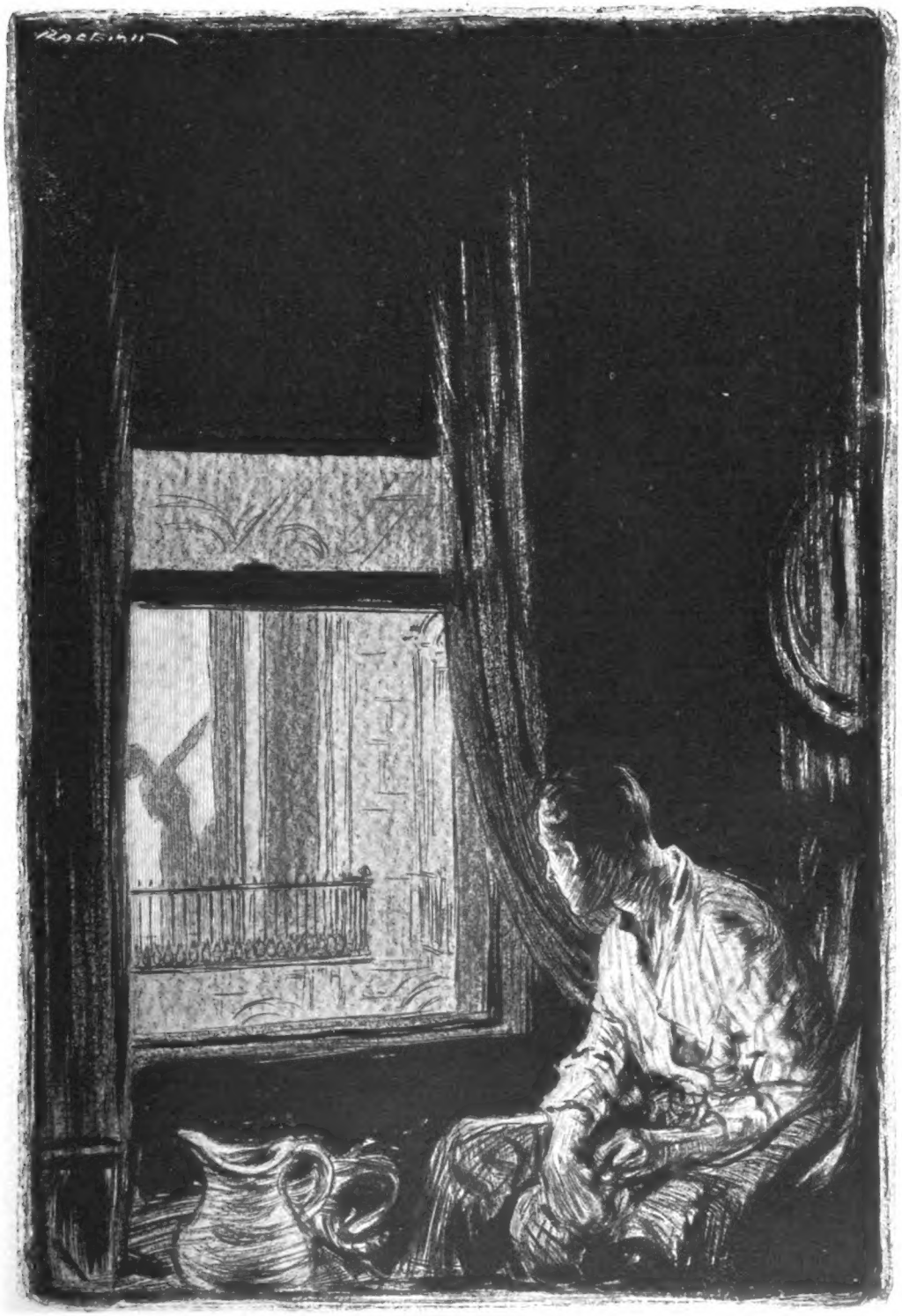

SUDDENLY SHE FLUNG ONE ARM UP AND OUT IN SUCH A STRANGE AND SPLENDID GESTURE, OF SUCH FREE AND DESPERATE PASSION, AS HERRICK HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

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himself of the elevator and shot to the fourth floor.

There were no further noises, no call for help, no woman's fleeing figure. But Herrick's sense of locality guided him down a little hall, upon which, toward the front, only two apartments opened. One of these was lettered 4-B. If Herrick had not stopped for his boots he had for his revolver, and it was with the butt end of this that he began hammering upon the sheet-iron surface of that door. There was no answer. Was he too late?

The other door opened the length of a short chain. A little man, with wisps of woolly gray standing up from his head as if in amazement, brought his face to the opening and quavered: "Be careful! You'll get hurt! Be——"

"Great Heaven!" cried Herrick. "There's a woman in there!"

"A woman! Why—I *thought* I heard a woman——!"

"Theodore," came a voice from behind the woolly gentleman, "don't you open our door! It's no business of yours!"

Herrick, glancing desperately about him for any aid, was sufficiently aware that he might be making a fool of himself for nothing, but the young fellow felt that was a risk he had to take. In the long hall crossing the little one he could hear doors opening; the clash of questioning voices mingled with excited cries. And then came a girl's voice shrilling: "Isn't anybody going to *do* anything?" A husky business voice roared from secure cover: "You don't know what you may be breaking into, young man! You may get yourself in trouble."

Herrick growled through his teeth an imprecation that ended in, "Hand me a screw-driver, can't you? And a hammer!" The sweat was pouring down his face from the pressure of his strength upon the lock, but the lock held. What was going on in there? Or—what had ceased to go on? He could hear Theodore tremblingly protesting: "I have telephoned for the superintendent—he has the keys. It's the superintendent's business—" Had the one shot done the trick? Then, above the stair-head, across the longer hall, appeared the helmet of a policeman. At his heels came the superintendent, carrying the keys.

The policeman was jolted from his first idea of arresting Herrick by Herrick's welcoming cry, "Get a gait on you, McGarrigle!" which proclaimed to him a valued acquaintance; then, with a hand shaking with excitement, the half-dressed superintendent fitted the key in the lock. The lock turned, but nothing happened. The door was bolted on the inside.

The recaptured elevator was heard in the distance, and the superintendent sang out: "Get the engineer! Hurry! Make him hurry! You heard no cries—no?" he asked of Herrick. And he stood wiping his face and breathing hard.

The halls had begun to be bravely peopled. Also a second policeman had arrived. And the information spread that one of these reassuring figures had been left in the hall down-stairs and that another had gone to the roof. Curiosity, comparatively comfortable and respectable now, made itself audible and even visible on every side; some adventurers from the street had sallied in. When McGarrigle asked the superintendent, "Any way we can get a look-in?" some one immediately volunteered, "There's Mrs. Willing's apartment right across the entrance-court. You can see in both these rooms from hers."

"Only two rooms?"

"Parlor, bedroom, and bath," said somebody in the tone of a prospectus.

"You go see what you can see, Clancy," said McGarrigle to the second policeman. "Now, Mr. Herrick?"

Herrick told what he knew, and McGarrigle plied him with attentive questions. Herrick's own eyes were on the engineer's steel. Would it never spring the bolt? "If only she'd cry out!" he said. "Why doesn't she make some sign?"

"You're sure 'twas him fired?"

"That shadow had no revolver."

"He's done for her, then. Elst he'd never have barricaded himself like, in there. He didn't give himself a dose, after?"

"Only the one shot."

"If there's an inquest you'll be wanted."

"All right. But why hasn't he tried to gain time with some kind of parley—some kind of bluff?"

"Knows he's cornered. He'll show fight as we go in on him. If there's more than one—" The bolt gave.

McGarrigle turned like a fury. "Clear the hall," he cried.

There was a confused movement. Obedient souls disappeared.

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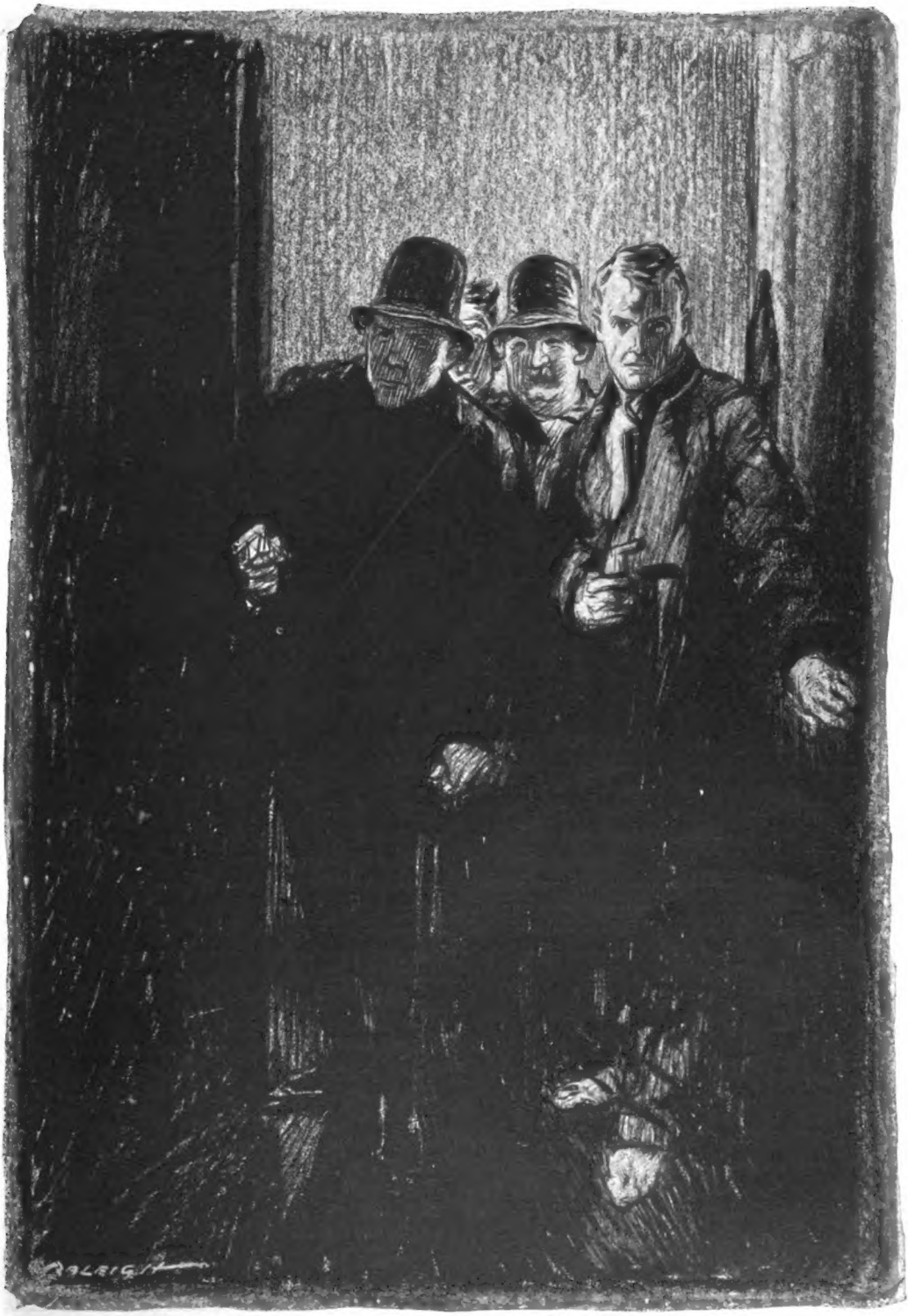

NOT A BREATH, NOT A MOVEMENT, GREETED THE INVADERS. NO SHADOW NOW ON THE WHITE BLIND. WHATEVER WAS WITHIN THE DUSK SIMPLY WAITED.

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Clancy returned and reported the front room invisible from Mrs. Willing's side window, the shade of its own side window being down. In the bedroom and bath all lights out, but shades up and nothing stirring.

"Any hall?"

The superintendent replied in the negative.

"No fire-escapes, you say?"

"No. Fire-proof building."

"They're right ahead of us, then. You keep back, Mr. Herrick."

Again, with a long shudder, the door gave.

The whole hall seemed to give a gasping breath. McGarrigle growled. "I'll have no mix-up in this hall!" He favored Herrick with a wink that said, "See me clear 'em out!" "Clancy, you stay here by the door; pick out half a dozen of 'em that see it through and hold 'em to be witnesses."

The halls were cleared. Locks clicked as if by simultaneous miracles, and even the adventurers from the street could be heard in full flight. Herrick and McGarrigle exchanged grim smiles. "Now! You keep back, Mr. Herrick! Clancy, look out!"

The engineer jumped to one side. The door swung open.

It gave directly into the dark room which had lately been full of light and music and a woman's passionate grace. Not a breath, not a movement, greeted the invaders. No shadow now on the white blind. Whatever was within the dusk simply—waited. Herrick, pushing past Clancy, entered the room with McGarrigle. Behind them the superintendent leaned in and pressed an electric button. Light sprang forth, flooding everything.

The room was empty.

CHAPTER III

SOMETHING ELSE IS FOUND

"Get-away, eh?" said McGarrigle, grimly.

The superintendent, shaken and wide-eyed, responded only, "The bolt!"

They glanced round them, nonplused.

The large living-room upon which they had entered was richly furnished, but it had no screens nor hidden corners and, on that summer night, the windows were undraped. The doorway in which they stood faced the great window that took up nearly all the frontage of the room. The door opened against the left wall. Just beyond the door, along that left wall, stood the piano; beyond that a couch; between the head of the couch and the front window the wall was cut up to the molding by one of those high, narrow doors which, in a modern apartment house, indicate the welcome, though inopportune, closet. This door was the single object of suspicion. In the right wall, opening on the entrance-court, directly opposite the piano but also with its blind drawn, was another window of ordinary size.

"The bedroom," said the superintendent, moistening his lips, "'s on the court, there." Then they observed, to their right, beyond a narrow strip or panel of wall, the bedroom's arch hung with heavy portières. And the sight of these portières carried with it a cold thrill.

McGarrigle walked over to the door in the wall and tried it. It was locked and there was no key in the lock. "What's this?"

"A closet."

"Open it, engineer. Clancy, you stand by him."

He went up to the portières, opened them with some caution, and peered in. Faced only by an empty room, he jerked at the portières to throw them back; they were very heavy and the humidity made their rings stick to the pole, so that Deutch, the superintendent, running to his assistance, held one aside for him, while with his other hand he himself fumbled to spring on the bedroom light. Herrick was hard upon McGarrigle's heels, but, a look round revealing nothing, he was struck by a sudden fancy and, recrossing the living-room, raised the shade.

No; the little balcony was wholly empty. The great window had been made in three sections, and the middle section was really a pair of doors that opened outward on this balcony. Herrick stepped to the end of the balcony and craned round toward the entrance court. From the now lighted bedroom window there was no access to any other. It somehow surprised him that a trolley-car should bang indifferently past the corner; that, just opposite, that automobile should still chug away, as if nothing had happened.

Then he heard a cry from the superintendent, followed by the policeman's oath.

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Herrick ran into the bedroom and stopped short. On the floor at the foot of the bed lay the body of a young man in dinner clothes. He had been shot through the heart.

CHAPTER IV

HERRICK IS SURE OF ONE THING

There was something at once commonplace and incredible about it—about the stupid ghastliness of the face, and about the horrid, sticky smear in the finely tucked shirt. That gross, silly sprawl of the limbs! Was it those hands that had called forth angelic music? The dead man was splendidly handsome, and this somehow accentuated Herrick's revulsion. McGarrigle bent over the body. After a moment he said to the superintendent, "No use for a doctor. But if you got one, get him."

"He's dead!" said the superintendent. "It's suicide!" He spoke quietly, but with a dreadfully repressed and labored breath. "Officer, can't you see it's suicide?" He called up the doctor, and then to the silent group he again insisted: "It's him shot himself. The door was bolted on the inside. He had to shoot himself!"

McGarrigle was at the telephone, calling up the station. Turning his head he responded, "Where's the weapon?"

They had got the closet open now; no one there. No one in the bedroom closet. No one under the big brass bed, in the folds of the portières, behind the piano, under the couch. No one anywhere. Nor any weapon, either.

Herrick and Clancy began to examine the fastening of the door. It was an ordinary little brass catch, which shot its bolt by being turned like a Yale lock. "If this door shut behind any one with a bang, could the catch slip of itself?"

The engineer shook his head.

The hall was long since full again, though the adventurers were ready to pop back at a moment's notice. Pushing through them came the doctor. Herrick did not follow him into the bedroom. The room he stood in had a personality it seemed to challenge him to penetrate.

His most pervasive impression was of cool coloring. The portières were of a tapestry which struck Herrick as probably genuine Gobelin, but with their famous blue faded to a refreshing dulness, and he now remembered that in handling them he had found them lined with a satin of the same shade, soft but very heavy, as if to give them all possible substance. The stretched silk, figured in tapestry, which covered the walls had been dyed a dull blue washed with gray, to match them; and to Herrick this tint, sober as it was, somehow seemed a strange one for a man's room. In couch and rugs and lampshades these notes of gray and blue continued to predominate, greatly enhanced by all the woodwork which, evidently supplied by the tenant, was of black walnut.

He had been no anchorite, that tenant. In the corner between the bedroom and the court window the surface of a seventeenth-century sideboard glimmered under bright liquids, under crystal and silver. Beyond that window all sorts of rich lusters shone from the bindings of the books that thronged shelves built into the wall until they reached the great desk standing in the farthest right-hand corner to catch the front window's light. A lamp stood on this desk, unlighted.

At present all the illumination in the room came from three other lamps: one that squatted atop of the grand piano, between the now flameless old silver candelabra; one, almost veiled by its heavy shade, in the middle of the great library table that almost halved the room; and one, rising up tall from a sea of newspapers at the head of the couch. All these lamps, worked by the same switch, were electric, and the ordinary electric fixtures had been dispensed with; the light was abundant but very soft and thrown low, with outlying stretches of shadow. It was not remarkable that it had failed to show them the murdered man until the electricity in the bedroom itself had been evoked.

Herrick looked again at the couch. Its cushions had lately been rumpled; at its head, under the tall lamp, stood a teakwood tabouret, set with smoking materials on a tray. At its foot, as if for the convenience of the musician, a little ebony table bore a decanter and a bowl of ice; the ice in a tall glass, half empty, was still melting into the whisky; in a shallow Wedgwood saucer a half-smoked cigarette was smoldering still.

"McGarrigle!" said Herrick, in a low voice.

"Hallo!"

"He was shot in here, after all. I was

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sure of it." And he pointed to the foot of the piano stool. Still well above the surface of the hardwood flooring was a little puddle of blood.

McGarrigle contemplated this with a kind of sour bewilderment. "Well, the coroner's notified. You'll be wanted, y'know, to the inquest."

"What's this?" asked somebody.

It was a long chiffon scarf and it lay on the library table under the lamp. Clancy lifted it and its whiteness creamed down from his fingers in the tender lights and folds which lately it had taken around a woman's throat. Just above the long silk fringe a sort of cloudy arabesque was embroidered in a dim wave of lucent silk. And Herrick noticed that the color of this border was blue-gray, like the blue-gray room. As they all grimly stared at it, the superintendent exclaimed, "I never saw it before!"

McGarrigle looked from him to the scarf and commanded, in deference to the coming coroner, "You leave that lay now, Clancy!" Clancy left it. But something in the thing's frail softness affected Herrick more painfully than the blood of the dead man. In no nightmare, then, had he imagined that shadow of a woman. She had been here; she was gone. And on the floor in there —was that her work?

Now that the interest of rescue had failed, he could not get away fast enough from that place. On his own curb a line of men stood staring at the windows of 4-B, as if they expected the tragedy to be enacted for their benefit. The same automobile still waited, not far from his own door, and Herrick longed to leap into it and send it, rapid as fury, through the night, leaving all this doubt and horror behind him in the cramped town. His troubled apprehension did not believe in that suicide. What sort of a woman was she? And what deviltry or what despair had driven her to a deed like that? Where and how—in Heaven's name, how! had she fled? He, too, looked up at that window where he had seen the lights go out. It was brightly enough lighted now. But this time there was no blind drawn and no shadow. That strange, imperial, and passionate gesture! The woman who had made it had killed that man. Of one thing he was sure. "If ever I see it again, I shall know her," he said, "among ten thousand!"

CHAPTER V

HERRICK READS A NEWSPAPER

Late the next morning Herrick struggled through successive layers of consciousness to the full remembrance of last night. But now, with to-morrow's changed perspective, this was no longer of the first importance to him.

Inestimably more important was his appointment with Ingham. Herrick had passed such a lonely summer that the prospect of a civilized luncheon with an eminent publisher was a very exciting business. Moreover, this was a critical period in his fortunes.

At twenty-eight years of age Bruce Herrick had returned from a six years' exile in a little Italian town. His father, bankrupt of health and money, had slowly died there. And the tall, lean, ruddy youth, square of jaw, hazel of eye and hair, who even at twenty-two had been so promising a figure among America's younger writers, came back to a city which seemed to have dropped him out. But he brought, like other young desperadoes, his first novel with him, and when he approached the junior partner of the famous old house of Ingham and Son it was with letters from mutual friends in Brainerd, Connecticut, where Herrick was born.

Within twenty-four hours after his own return from abroad Ingham—himself scarcely a decade older than Herrick, preceding him at the same university, and with a Brainerd man for a brother-in-law—had responded with the invitation to lunch. Yes, it was exciting enough! So many lonely, rustic years had brought out in Herrick all that was simply boyish and romantic. He looked at his watch. It was barely ten. And then he took time to remember when he had last looked at his watch in that room.

Certainly, it was rather grim. And yet, said the desperado, it wasn't going to be such a bad thing with which to command Ingham's interest at lunch, and get him into a confidential humor that wouldn't be too superior. While he was attempting to inspire Ingham with a craving for his complete works, this thrilling topic would be just the thing to do away with self-consciousness. He mustn't lose faith in himself. And before all things, he mustn't,

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as he had done last night, lose faith in his Heroine.

He looked across the room at her picture; got up, walked over to her, and humbly saluted. Lose faith in her? "Evadne," he said, "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous—You darling!" Lose faith in *her!*

The photograph, which looked like an enlargement of a snapshot, represented a very young girl standing on a strip of beach with her back to the sea. Her sailor tie, her white dress, and the ends of her uncovered hair all seemed to flutter in the wind. Slim and tall as Diana she showed in her whole light poise, like a daughter of the winds, and Herrick was sure that she was of a fresh loveliness; a fair skin and brown hair, with eyes cool as gray water.

It was the eyes, after all, which had wholly captured his imagination. They were extraordinarily candid and wide set; in a shifting world they were entirely brave. This was what touched him as dramatic in her face; she was probably in the new dignity of her first long skirts, so that all that candor and courage, all the alert quiet of those intelligent eyes, were only the candor and courage of a kind of royal child. She wanted to find out about life; she longed to try everything and to face everything; but she was only a tall little girl!

A sound as of the Grubey children snuffling round his door recalled him to the illustrious circumstance that he was by way of being the hero of a murder story. Now he must presently venture through the Grubey regions in order to get at his bath, and it occurred to him that the most peaceful method of clearing a road was to send out the younger generation for a plentiful supply of newspapers. Besides, he wished very much to see the papers himself.

He distributed them freely and escaped back to his room still carrying three. When he had closed his door, the first paragraph that met his eyes was on the lower part of the sheet which he held folded in half. It began:

"The body of Mr. Ingham was not found

"IF YOU KNEW WHAT A LOT WE THOUGHT OF THE YOUNG LADY!—LONG BEFORE EVER *HE* SET EYES ON HER WE KNEW HER."

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in the living-room, but——" He flapped it over, agog for the headlines. They read:

DEATH BAFFLES POLICE

James R. Ingham, Noted Publisher, Found Shot in Apartment

Herrick was still standing with the paper in his hand when the second Grubey boy brought him a visiting-card. It bore the name of Hermann E. Deutch; and scribbled beneath this in pencil was the explanatory phrase, "Superintendent, Van Dam Apartment House."

CHAPTER VI

DEUTCH ASKS A FAVOR

Hermann Deutch was a shortish, middle-aged man, a Jew of the humbler classes, and of a perfectly cheap and cheerful type. But at the present moment he was not cheerful. He showed his harassment in the drawn diffidence of his sympathetic, emotional face, and in every line of what, ten or fifteen years before, must have been a handsome little person. Since that period his tight black curls, receding farther and farther from his naturally high forehead, had grown decidedly thin, and exactly the reverse of this had happened to his figure. But he had still a pair of femininely liquid and large black eyes, brimming with the romance which does not characterize the cheap and cheerful of other races, and Herrick remembered him last night as very impressionably, but not basely, nervous.

He now fixed his liquid eyes upon Herrick with an anxiety which took humble but minute notes. Now that the young fellow was at least half-dressed in very well-cut and well-cared-for, if not specially new, garments, it was clear to Mr. Deutch's reluctant admiration that he was thoroughly *high class!* Whatever was Mr. Deutch's apprehension, it shrank weakly back upon itself. Then he simply took his life in his hands and plunged.

"I won't keep you a minute, Mr. Herrick. But I've got a little favor I want to ask you. You behaved simply splendid last night, Mr. Herrick. Well, I will, thanks," —as he dropped into a chair. "I—I won't keep you a minute——"

"I'll be glad to do anything I can," Herrick interrupted.

The news in his paper had made him feel as if he had just been disinherited and, now that the dead man was a personality so much nearer home, his brain rang with a hundred impressions of pity and wonder and excitement. But he sympathized with poor Mr. Deutch. It could be no sinecure to be the superintendent of a murder! Then, recollecting, "What made you so certain it was suicide?" he asked suddenly.

"What else could it be? There wasn't anybody but him there."

"There was a woman there," Herrick said, "when the shot was fired."

The superintendent took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. "Well now, Mr. Herrick, that's just what I wanted to see you about. Now please, Mr. Herrick, don't get excited and mad! All I want to say is, if there *was* a lady there last night—but there *couldn't* have been—well, of course, Mr. Herrick, if you say so! Why, you couldn't have seen her so very plain, now could you?"

"What are you driving at?" Herrick asked.

"Couldn't it have been a gentleman's shadow you saw, Mr. Herrick? Mr. Ingham's shadow? Raising his pistol, maybe, with one hand——"

"While he played the piano with the other? No, Mr. Deutch, there was a woman there. I've reported so already to the police. Even if I had not, I couldn't go in for perjury, Mr. Deutch."

"No, no! Of course not! Of course! I wouldn't ask you! You don't understand me! It's not to take back what you said already to the police. It's not facts you might go a little easy on, Mr. Herrick; it's your language!"

"What!"

"It's your descriptive language, Mr. Herrick. If only you wouldn't be quite so particular——"

"Look here!" said Herrick with his odd, brusque slowness. "I didn't know it myself last night, but Mr. Ingham wasn't altogether a stranger to me." Deutch stared at him. "He had friends in the town I come from and a good many people I know are going to be badly cut up about his death. I was to have met him on business this very day. Now you can see that I don't feel very kindly to the person—not even to the woman—who murdered him. I don't believe he killed himself. If there's anything

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ITS WHITENESS CREAMED DOWN FROM HIS FINGERS IN THE TENDER LIGHTS AND FOLDS WHICH LATELY IT HAD TAKEN AROUND A WOMAN'S THROAT.

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I can do to prove he didn't, that thing's going to be done. If there's any word of mine that's a clue to tell who killed him, I can't speak it often enough nor loud enough. Understand that, Mr. Deutch. And, good morning."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! But, my dear sir——"

"And let me give you a word of warning. If you keep on like this, what people will really say is, that you knew there was a woman there and that it was you who connived at her escape!"

"All right!" cried Mr. Deutch, unexpectedly. "Let 'em say it! I got no kick coming if people tell lies about me, any. All I want stopped is the lies you're putting into people's heads about Miss Christina."

"Miss Christina!" Herrick exclaimed. He stared, wondering if the poor worried little soul had gone out of his head. "I never mentioned any woman's name. I didn't know any to mention. I never heard of any Miss Christina!"

"You told the policeman the way she made motions, moving around and all like that, it made you think maybe they were rehearsing something out of a play."

"Did I? Well?"

Mr. Deutch possessed himself of the newspaper which Herrick had dropped upon the bed, and pointed to the last line of the murder story. It ran: "About a year ago Mr. Ingham became engaged to be married to Christina Hope, the actress." And Herrick read the line with a strange thrill, as of prophecy realized. "Oh—ho!" he breathed.

"Oh—ho!" hysterically mocked the superintendent. "You see what it makes you think, all right, and if you say it again at the inquest, you'll make everybody think the same thing. And it's not so!" he almost shrieked. "It's not so. It's a mean lie! And you got no right to say such a thing!"

"That's true," said Herrick, intently. After his impulsive whistle he had begun to furl his sails. He had heard vaguely of Christina Hope as a promising young actress who had made her mark somewhere in the West, and was soon to attempt the same feat on Broadway. He knew nothing to her detriment.

"Ain't it hard enough for her, poor young lady, with him gone and all, but what she should have that said about her! And it wouldn't stop there even! She was there alone with him at night, they'd say, with their nasty slurs. She'd never stand a chance. For there ain't any denying she's on the stage, and that's enough to make everybody think she's guilty——"

"Oh, come! Why——"

"Wasn't it enough for you yourself?"

Herrick opened his lips for an indignant negative, but he closed them without speaking.

"The minute you seen that paragraph you felt, 'She's just the person to be mixed up with things that way.' And then you grabbed hold of yourself and said, 'Why, no. She may be as nice as anybody. Give her the benefit of the doubt.' But there's the doubt, all right. You're an edjucated gennelman," said Mr. Deutch, sympathetically, "but all these prejudiced, old-fashioned farmers and low-brows like they got on juries—people like them, and Miss Christina—Ach, don't I know 'em! Mr. Herrick, it's my solemn word, if you say that at the inquest to turn them on to Miss Christina, you——"

"I sha'n't say it at the inquest," Herrick said. He was astonished at the completeness of the change in his own mind. He was convinced now, in every nerve, that Ingham had met death at the hands of his betrothed. But the very violence of his conviction warned him not to lay such a handicap upon other minds. His chance phrase, his chance impression, must color neither the popular nor the legal outlook. "I shall take very good care, you may be sure, to say nothing of the kind. Here!" he cried, "you want a drink!"

For Mr. Deutch, at this emphatic assurance, had put his plump elbows on his plump knees and hidden his moon face, his spaniel eyes, with plump and shaky fists. He drank the whisky Herrick brought him and slowly got himself together. As he returned the glass he said: "If you knew what a lot we thought, Mr. Herrick, me and my wife, of the young lady, I wouldn't seem anywheres near so crazy to you."

Herrick sat down on the edge of the bed in his shirtsleeves and regarded his guest. Strict delicacy required that he ask no questions. But he was human. And he had been a reporter. He said, "You used to see her with Mr. Ingham?"

"Oh, great Scott, Mr. Herrick, we knew her long before that! Long before ever *he* set eyes on her. When she was a tiny little

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thing and her papa had money, he used to get his wine from my firm. He was such a pleasant-spoken, agreeable gentleman that when I went into business for myself I sent him my card. It wasn't the wine business, Mr. Herrick, it was oil-paintings. I always was what you might call artistic; I got very refined feelings, and business ain't exactly in my line. I had as high-class a little shop as ever you set your eyes on: gold frames; plush draperies; electric lights; fine, beautiful oil-paintings—oh, beautiful!—by expensive, high-class artists; everything elegant. But it wasn't a success. The public don't appreciate the artistic, Mr. Herrick——"

"But you saw something of Mr. Hope——"

"Well, Mr. Hope was an edjucated gennelman, Mr. Herrick, like you are yourself. He had very up-to-date ideas, and when he'd buy a picture, once in a while I'd go up to the house to see it hung. Miss Christina was about eight years old then, and I used to see her coming in from dancing-school with her maid, or else she'd be just riding out with her groom behind her, like a little queen. When my shop failed I went to manage my sister-in-law's restaurant. I was ashamed to let Mr. Hope know that time; but one Sunday night my wife says to me, 'Ain't that little girl as pretty as the one you been telling me about?'

"And there in the door, with her long hair straight down from under her big hat, and her little long legs in black silk stockings straight down from one o' them plaited skirts, and her long, square coat, was Miss Christina. Behind her was her papa and her mama. And after that they came pretty regular every week or two; we served her twelfth birthday party. My wife made a cake with twelve pink rosebuds all herself. She was always the little lady, Miss Christina, but she made her own friends, and to people she liked she spoke as pretty as a princess. We got to feel such an affection for her, Mr. Herrick, we couldn't believe there was anybody like her in this world. We never had a child of our own, me and my wife, Mr. Herrick. We was kind of cracked about all children, and Miss Christina was certainly the most stylish child I ever set eyes on!"

"Father living?" Herrick prompted.

"No, Mr. Herrick, no. And before he died he got into business difficulties himself, and he didn't leave enough to keep a bird alive. I helped Mrs. Hope dispose of all the bric-à-brac, my paintings and all, everything that wasn't mortgaged, and they put it in with an aunt of Mr. Hope's, a catamaran, and went to keeping a high-class boarding-house. We're all apt to fall, Mr. Herrick. I've fallen myself."

"The boarding-house didn't succeed either, then?"

"I ask you, how could it, with that battle-ax? She cheated my poor ladies, and she bullied Miss Christina. If there's one thing Miss Christina has, more than another, it's a high spirit; she has what I'd call a plenty of it. They had fierce fights. Often, when she'd come to me with a little breastpin or other to pawn for her, so her and her mama'd have a mite o' cash, she'd put her pretty head down on my wife's shoulder and cry; and my wife 'ud make her a cup o' tea. She'd say then she was going to run away and be an actress. And, when she was sixteen yet, she ran. Two years afterward her and her mama turned up in my first little flat-house—a cheap one, down Eighth Avenue, in the twenties. She was on the stage all right, and what a time she'd had! It'd been cruel, Mr. Herrick, cruel hard work and cruel little of it. But now she's a leading lady. And this fall she's going to open in New York, in a big part. It's the play they call 'The Victors;' I guess you've heard. Mr. Wheeler, he's the star, and Miss Christina's part's better than what his is. But now——"

There was a pause. Mr. Deutch mopped his face, and Herrick, cogitating, bit his lip.

"This engagement to Ingham——"

"She met him about two years ago when she had her first leading part, and they went right off their heads about each other. I never expected I should see Miss Christina act so regular loony over any man. But she refused him time and again. She said she'd always been a curse to herself and she wasn't going to bring her curse on him. In the end, of course, she gave in. She said she'd marry him this winter if he'd go away for the summer and leave her alone. You know it was only day before yesterday he got back from Europe?"

"Yes. I know."

"My wife and me have seen a lot more of her this summer than since she was a little girl. There's been years at a time, all the while she was on the road, that we wouldn't know if she was alive or dead. And then

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"LET 'EM SAY IT! ALL I WANT STOPPED IS THE LIES YOU'RE PUTTING INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS ABOUT MISS CHRISTINA."

some day I'd come home and find her sitting in our apartment—it's a basement apartment, Mr. Herrick!—as easy as if she'd just stepped across the street. But I wouldn't like you should think it's Miss Christina's talked to us very much about her engagement. She's a pretty close-mouthed girl, in her way, and a simply elegant lady. Not but what Mrs. Hope is an elegant lady, too. But still she is—if you know what I mean—gabby! Miss Christina's always been a puzzle to her; and she's a great hand to sit and make guesses at her with my wife. Mr. Ingham left a key with Miss Christina when he went abroad, so she could come and play his piano and read his books whenever it suited her, and she'd have a quiet place to study her part. Every once in a while Mrs. Hope would take a notion it wasn't quite the proper thing she should come by

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herself. But after she'd seen her inside, she'd drop down our way and wait. She wasn't just exactly gone on Mr. Ingham, and my wife wasn't either."

Herrick lifted his head with a flash of interest. "Mrs. Hope opposed the marriage?"

"Well, not opposed. She never opposed the young lady in anything when you come down to it. But he wanted she should leave the stage. And he wasn't ever faithful to her, Mr. Herrick! For all he was so crazy about her and so wild-animal jealous of the very air she had to breathe, he wasn't ever faithful to her—and if ever you'd seen her, that'd make your blood boil! She'd hear things; and he'd lie. And she'd believe him and believe him! If it wasn't for his money she'd be well rid of him, to my mind."

He sat nursing his wrath. And Herrick, still watching him, felt sorry. For, in Herrick's mind, it was now all so clear, so pitiably clear! Poor little chap!—he didn't know how scanty was the reassurance in his portrait of his Miss Christina! The indulged, imperious child, choosing "her own" friends; the unhappy, bold, bedeviled girl, pawning her trinkets at sixteen and plunging alone into the world, the world of the stage; the ambitious, adventurous woman capable of holding such a devotion as that of the good Deutch by so capricious and high-handed a return; snaring such a man of the world as Ingham by an adroit blending of abandon and retreat, then perhaps on the verge of losing him through his insensate jealousy—were there no materials here for tragic quarrel? Was not this the very figure that last night he had seen fling out an arm in unexampled passion and grace?

In his heart he saw Christina Hope, while her betrothed, whether as accuser or accused, taunted her from the piano, kill James Ingham. And he profoundly knew that he had almost seen this with his eyes. His pulse beat high; but it was with a sobered mind that he beheld Mr. Deutch preparing to depart.

"Well, you see how I had to ask you, Mr. Herrick, not to say that lady's shadow made you think any of an actress."

"I do, indeed."

"There isn't any language can express how I thank you. But I know if only you was acquainted with her—" He had turned, in rising, to get his hat, and he now stopped short and exclaimed with bewildered reproach; "Oh, well, now, Mr. Herrick! Why wouldn't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" Herrick's eyes followed his. They led to the likeness of his Evadne, of his dear Heroine. "Tell you what?"

"Why, that you *was* acquainted with—" said Mr. Deutch, extending his hat as if in a magnificence of introduction, "Christina Hope."

Herrick could not speak. And Deutch added: "You was acquainted with her all

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along! It's a real old picture—'bout five years ago. You knew her then! You knew her—and you—saw—" His voice died away. His glance turned from Herrick's and traveled unwillingly to where, upon the blinds drawn down again across the street, it seemed to both men the shadow must start forth. And as he slowly withdrew his gaze Herrick saw, looking out at him from those soft, spaniel eyes, the eyes of fear.

Deutch bowed brusquely and withdrew. Herrick was alone, as he had been these many months, with the young challenge of his Heroine; the familiar face, long learned by heart, asking its innocent questions about life, shone softly out on him in pride. And on that August morning he felt his blood go cold.

CHAPTER VII

HERRICK HAS A CALLER

On Deutch's exit Herrick's first thought was for Miss Hope's photograph. It mustn't, at this critical time, be left hanging on his wall to excite comment. He had scarcely laid the photograph on his desk to compare it with a cut in one of the newspapers when information that he was "wanted on the 'phone" made him drop the paper atop of his dethroned Heroine and hurry into the hall.

The message proved to be from the *Record*, Herrick's old newspaper, which was desirous of nothing less than ordering a Sunday special of his experience and commissioning him, at the rate of a high temporary specialist, to report the inquest.

It was a tremendous windfall, but Herrick somehow balked at accepting it. "It isn't a tasty job!" he told them; and he tried to put down his reluctance entirely to the scruples incident upon his personal relation, however slight, to Ingham. The argument resulted in his going down to the *Record* office to talk it over, and there his old chief fairly stumped him with the authorization of the trusted manager of the Ingham publishing house.

"They want you to do it! It's got to be done, and they want a first-class man. They've taken a sort of notion to you because almost the last thing poor old Jim said to them yesterday was that he had hopes of a novel of yours—remembered stories in the magazines. He was telling his young brother, Stanley, that he wanted a serial for his new weekly—did you know they were starting a weekly? Yes, something to keep Stanley busy when he comes out of college! If I were you, soon as decency permits, I'd run round and talk myself up to them a bit. You never know——"

So Herrick remained most of the afternoon at the *Record* office, writing up his special and yet not bringing himself so close to the shadow of death but that, when he sat down to a cheap and early dinner, he was already nourished at least by roseate visions.

He affected, when he found himself downtown, a little Italian table d'hôte in the neighborhood of Washington Square, where the tables were spread under a tent-like sail-cloth in the back yard. It was all quaint and foreign and easy and, so far as might be, it was cool. On occasions the swarthy *dame de comptoir* was replaced by a spare, square, gray-haired woman, small and neat and Yankee, whom it greatly diverted Herrick to see at home in such surroundings.

It was she whom he observed there now, playing solitaire at a little sewing-table behind the desk; dealing, building, with a grim precision which made Herrick remember the knitting women of the French Revolution. But for the rest, a vine waved along the fence; the late sun flickered on the clean coarseness of the table-cloths and jeweled them through the bottles of thin wine with ruby glories. There was a worthless, poverty-stricken charm about the place, and Herrick sat there now, early and alone, smiling to himself over his tragic opportunities with a certain sense of satisfying busy-ness and of having come home to life again.

But there remained an undercurrent of difficulty, of aversion that was almost dread; in his own room he would be hedged in with this, and even when he had walked up-town through the hot, cloudy evening he was glad to put off all judgment of Christina Hope by falling in with his friend, McGarrigle.

He stopped to go over certain points in his special with this authority, and when the talk turned on the inquest, he heard the officer assuring him that he would "see something lively." "Ah, then, 'twill be worth yer while! 'Tis a reg'lar little court he holds!" And when Herrick found himself fearing that a competent coroner would

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be rather bad news for Hermann Deutch, he became aware of that tenacious person haunting his side, as McGarrigle walked on, and corroborating this view with plaintive fulness.

"Of course, the coroner, Mr. Herrick, he's an edjucated gennelman, too; edjucated as can be. But he ain't sympathetic—he's an awful hard nut! That's a cruel hard man, Mr. Herrick, an' you know how fierce he's got it in for women. He ain't one she can win over—he's too stuck on himself! Why, Mr. Herrick, he thinks he's the district-attorney!"

"The coroner? By George!" Herrick cried. "Cuyler Ten Euyck!"

His interest mounted at a bound; but there was still left in him enough feeling for his Evadne to thrill this interest with a kind of fear. Cuyler Ten Euyck! Here was a man born to one of the proudest names and greatest fortunes of his time, who was yet of such parts and public conscience that he could not satisfy himself with fortune's gifts nor the mere inherited glories of his name. Herrick remembered his emergence from literary dabbling as an amateur statesman, trying by means of blank-verse plays to waken his class to its duty as leader of its country! He had then seemed merely a solemn ass, who, having learned during a long residence abroad an aristocratic notion of government, took his caste and its duties much too seriously.

But when he began to practise his preachments and personally to shame his irresponsible idlers by undertaking to show what could be done with the least considerable of offices, he began to cut a very different figure. There was talk of abolishing the coronership, and Ten Euyck ran for it. If members of his own class dared to lessen class-prestige by neglecting government, let them see to what he could condescend in the public service.

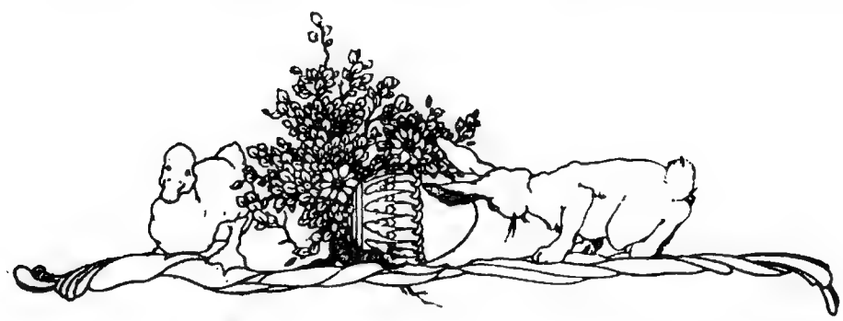
It was an old-fashioned, an old-world ambition; the man, natively stiff, natively egotistical, was in no sense a reformer. But in presenting his country with an unimpeachable servant, he had found himself—he was a born prosecutor. Instinctively and vitally he detested disorder, violence, rebellion, disregard of law; intuitively nosed out a crime; and after a patient and chill passion of tracking down, of sustained and white-hot hate, he allowed himself one leap upon the criminal. Never had his negative and humble office been so enlarged, so emphasized. Unconsciously the man was following the call of a vocation: the vocation of punishment.

Against such a personage as this the inquest was perhaps to pit Herrick's tall little girl!

His coming experience as a witness, it occurred to him, as he turned in at his own door, might be somewhat poignant. And then he discovered that had he stayed at home, he might have had a forewarning glimpse of it. The coroner had himself examined Ingham's apartment, and then the conscientious creature had climbed the stairs to Herrick's. He had even waited, in the hope that his witness might return. Herrick grinned to think of that aristocratic scion waiting in his humble bedroom! And then, from long habit, he glanced at Evadne's empty place.

The picture had left an unfaded spot on the wall-paper. "I suppose I might add, 'And on my heart,'" Herrick tried to laugh. He lifted the concealing newspaper. Then he went out and made inquiries. No one but Ten Euyck had been in the room. Now Herrick was certain that he had left the photograph under the newspaper, lying face down. It was still under the newspaper, but face up. He said to himself, with a shrug of annoyance, that the coroner had made good use of his time.

The next instalment of "Persons Unknown" will appear in the May number.



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WHEELS *within* WHEELS

by
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

FATE bent low over her fascinating game of destiny, and a pucker came into her smooth brow. What was the matter? Why would not her pieces fit? Again and again she rearranged her board. She removed her fillet and allowed her gleaming golden hair to fall in a cascade, for a moment shaking her head as if to free its thought; then she wound up her hair in a loose knot at the back of her neck, jabbed a few hairpins in it, and went to work again.

Where was the key? What obvious move would bind all this jumble of discordant elements into one logical and flawless solution? To bring about the downfall of the Italian monarchy during the next century would be a trifling enough matter; but here was the Duke Iskander of Russia to be made the wealthiest man in the world; here was the South American consolidation to set upon its way; here were countless minor events to be brought about. And they must all interlock perfectly, with no bungling interstices. Where was the key? It would be some simple play, no doubt. Some——

Suddenly, with a laugh which parted her curved red lips and flashed her pearly teeth, Fate reached out and set Mahomet Ali on the board; and lo, the thing was done!

Instantly President Dom Pedro di Sevaro Caloro snatched a sheet of paper and wrote an order banishing José Equilla forever from the South American Republic of Euvador; Henri Dumont of Paris died, leaving his entire estates to his son Georges;

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Jan Vrooland of Amsterdam reduced the price of his export schnapps; Herman Koeler of Berlin, as he packed his sample case, was handed a new line of deep-red calico slips for children; Lord Strathcomb of London and Strathcomb put his worthless nephew, Sidney, in the foreign service; Duke Iskander fled from the intense cold of his Siberian lead mines; Jack Colwin of New York cut college and came home to join his father's business; the beautiful Princess Eleanor di Mezzani of Italy became betrothed to Count Enrico di Ambrino. Mahomet Ali, sitting against the mud wall of Khaghagi, just above Assuan, where the black cataract rushes down from the mighty dam, began to string some brown and white beads on a thread-like leather thong.

O Mahomet Ali, truly thou art among the least of the pieces on Fate's checkered board, and yet upon thy card was already inscribed a great deed, a beautiful deed, a tender deed, which shall lift thee high in the regard of Allah. Even busy, callous, matter-of-fact Department G spares an instant for a smile of sympathy as thy card clicks down from Fate and is put into the work. And the least of these shall be the greatest.

II

When Sidney, the nephew of Lord Strathcomb, was given his post in Upper Egypt, his first act was to train his fuzzy little yellow mustache into military points; his second was to join all the clubs from Assuan to Alexandria; and his third was to discharge all the native police whose status under the service regulations rendered them amenable to discharge. This last was by way of making his authority respected.

When he came to fill the vacancies, he appointed Aesau Hammat to be the police of the village of Khaghagi. Since it was for this express purpose that Fate had sent Sidney to Upper Egypt, he might as well have died after he had made this appointment; but Fate was careless of him.

Aesau Hammat returned to the village, altered, as if by magic, from a chronic sitter to a proud and omnipotent being, resplendent in crisp khaki and brass buttons, and three degrees stiffer in the back than when he had worn the black Mother Hubbard of the country. Long before he arrived, however, the news sped into Khaghagi by a score of tongues. Mahomet Ali had that day decided to finish the string of beads; but when he heard of the appointment of Aesau Hammat, he dropped the beads and the thread-like thongs of leather into the palm-bark bag he wore at his belt, and rose, tall, slender, straight, grave, dignified.

"It is the will of Allah," he said, resignedly. With a stately tread he passed out of the village and down the bank of the Nile. Stepping into a felucca, upon which the tattered sail was being spread for the rare down-stream wind, he set a little bag of corn in the bow, leaned four stalks of sugarcane against it, and went up on the mast to help the stranger splice his rotted sail-rope.

"The peace of Allah," greeted the stranger.

"And to you the peace of Allah," responded Mahomet Ali gravely. "Where do we go?"

III

José Equilla was a broad-faced, black-haired, and black-whiskered man, in startlingly white linen, whose chief characteristic was a suave and confident smile. The suavity remained, but the confidence relaxed a trifle as Don José gazed into the hard eye of Bill Colwin, president of the great Colwin Firearms Company.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Don Equilla," observed President "Bill," with a hearty hand-shake. "We might just as well come right down to cases. Who's backing the revolution?"

Don Equilla placed a chubby hand over his heart. "The people!" he proclaimed. "All the people!"

"I knew that—" and the founder of the Colwin Firearms Company grinned. He could mention the name of every war-making man in the world, and could tell more about foreign politics than a congress of diplomats. "Who's putting up the money, and how much is there?"

"Always the money!" smiled Don Equilla, though his hands went up in impatience. "Euvador is rich, Mr. Colwin, and when the Equilla government is in possession it will be prepared to pay liberally for any accommodations it receives now, in its hour of need!"

"That's what I thought—" and Bill Colwin shook his head. "You didn't come here to buy firearms, Equilla. You came here to ask me to gamble."

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"It is not a gamble," immediately denied Don Equilla. "Ninety-nine out of every hundred of my forlorn countrymen would lay down their lives to escape the tyranny and the greed of the bandit Caloro! Give us weapons, and the wealth of Euvador passes from the hands of Caloro to the hands of Equilla, in a day, without bloodshed, except for the few quarts in the veins of Dom Pedro di Sevaro Caloro!" His smile was as suave as ever, but the whites of his eyes showed for a moment.

"Very good," assented Colwin, with a curt little nod. "I have reports from Euvador, and I guess you are about right. Now, Equilla, you've been turned down in two places, but the founders of the business in both those shops are dead. I don't gamble, but I don't mind arranging one for you. I think I can do something with the Obizara mines."

The suave smile entirely disappeared. "The Obizara mines are worth half a million dollars!" protested Don Equilla. "No one knows how much more!"

"That's why I mention it," returned Colwin crisply. "That's about the right odds."

Don Equilla studied the hard eye of Bill Colwin in silence for some minutes. His suave smile was on his lips, but it meant nothing. He was reflecting whether it would be worth while to plead or to argue with the president of the Colwin Firearms Company. Presently he decided not.

"How soon shall I know?" he inquired, with the first trace of worry on his placid countenance.

"A month; six weeks."

The worry deepened to distress.

"I can not delay so long." The smile of suavity made a brave but a losing struggle.

"Oh, I think I see," observed Colwin, and he hesitated a moment, with a degree of delicacy which he knew would be acceptable. "I beg pardon for offering it, Don Equilla, but if you find any difficulty in negotiating your securities for funds to meet your temporary personal needs, I shall be pleased to become your banker, for a month or six weeks."

"It is the offer of a gentleman!" exclaimed Don Equilla, to whom white linen and the ability to sit like a prince in a café were dearer than patriotism itself. "I accept with gratitude, Mr. Colwin. I beg you to have no fears of my good faith in this matter. If you supply the arms by which Euvador may attain its freedom, I pledge you my life that the mines of Obizara shall pay the bill."

HE SANG THE WAIL OF THE TOILER.

"You bet they will!" emphatically agreed Bill Colwin. "If you win, and I don't get those mines, I'll supply your enemies with gatling guns and wipe you out so clean that Equilla will be erased from the world's list of names. Now I'll introduce you to my cashier."

As soon as Don Equilla had gone, Bill Colwin had his son Jack produced from the adjoining room. Jack was a six-foot young man, with a long, straight nose and a clear blue eye. He was now being kicked up through the business of his father by that energetic person himself; and he seemed to have thrived under the process.

"I say, dad," said Jack hastily, heading off whatever business conversation there might be, "I'm going to run down to the motor-races to-morrow."

"Not on your life," corrected his father. "To-morrow morning you'll be on your way to interview the Duke Iskander of Russia, who is a good sport and is known in business as Ivan Strakow."

"Equilla and the lead mines," surmised Jack, his eyes kindling with enthusiasm. "You're some prophet, dad."

"Next you'll be telling me I'm lucky," objected Colwin Senior, pleased nevertheless.

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He would rather have praise from his son than from any one. "Tell Ivan Strakow he has a chance to lose fifty thousand dollars or to win the Obizara mines at a cost of three hundred thousand. He'll jump at it. The fifty thousand he is to risk will pay cost on our guns, so we get our three hundred-thousand-dollar gamble for nothing."

It was by such agency that Fate sent Jack Colwin to Cairo.

IV

Mahomet Ali, still with the unfinished string of beads in his palm-bark purse, stood naked on the banks of the Nile, a slim, bronze statue, singing the song of the *chadoof*. At regular intervals the back of Mahomet Ali bent far down; the leathern bucket descended into the Nile; he straightened upward and emptied the bucket into a shallow basin dug in the mud of the bank. It was then that he sang the song of the *chadoof*, one clear, strong bar, high-pitched, nasal, a wail—the wail of the toiler on the banks when the Pharaohs ruled, with no note changed. That one bar was the measure of his rest, before his lean, straight back plunged downward again. At Mahomet Ali's side was another lean bronze statue, which worked and sang in unison with him. Above him was another pair, and above them still another; and these last lifted the water, pail by pail, into ditches which carried the life-giving Nile back through the rich cotton land.

In the soul of Mahomet Ali was content. The work was hard, but it brought seven piasters a day, which is thirty-five cents, and a fountain of luxury!

Up that broad stream where once floated the royal dahabiyeh of Cleopatra, and where still float boats of that same build, came puffing a little brass-railed steam-launch. On the deck stood Georges, the son of that rich Henri Dumont who died in Paris. At distances of about forty feet there were *chadoofs*, but Fate stopped Georges in front of the one at which Mahomet Ali bent his back.

"Ah!" exclaimed Georges. "Magnificent! Here we erect the pumping-station."

The British engineer at his side nodded his head. "Proper spot," he approved. "I advised your father long ago to get rid of these lazy beggars."

"Monsieur, my father was an artist." For a moment Georges regarded the memory of his father with commendable veneration, then he shrugged his shoulders. "I—Georges—am practical. We shall begin immediately."

So it was brought about that a fat sheik, in a white turban and with a white sash around his black Mother Hubbard, called the six *chadoof* men to him. He counted some small coins into each brown palm, and motioned with his left hand; whereupon the card of Georges Dumont was snapped back into the agency box, up aloft in Department G.

"It is the will of Allah," murmured Mahomet Ali, with grave resignation in his eyes, and, slipping on his narrow black Mother Hubbard, he gathered up his earthly possessions. Tall and slim and straight, and with much dignity, he walked down along the bank to where a cluster of feluccas, their ragged brown sails wrapped tightly around their masts, waited for the upstream wind to die away. Mahomet Ali and his beads were not yet in the place Fate had appointed; nor was the time arrived.

V

Why did not the beautiful Princess Eleanor go down to dinner? Usually she was most punctilious about these little matters; but to-night she stood on the little vine-clad balcony which opened from her boudoir, and, with a troubled brow, watched the sunset across the ever-dancing waters of the Bay of Naples.

Why should there be any trace of unrest in those deep brown eyes? The Princess Eleanor di Mezzani had everything which should make a young girl happy. Her American grandfather had left her a fortune in her own right; her American mother was sympathetic, chum-like, and still young and handsome; her father, the Prince, was from one of the oldest families in Italy; the Princess was betrothed to Count Enrico di Ambrino, who was a splendid fellow, and of most noble ancestry. Yet, in spite of all these things, there was a vague longing in the heart of the beautiful Princess Eleanor, as she stood slim and straight in her shimmering white dinner-gown. But it was a sweet longing, filled with strange new flutterings and far-off mysteries.

Fate, finishing her work for the day, and preparing to scud away on her favorite

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FOR AN INSTANT THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE STOOD AS IF GRAVEN; THEN THE PRINCESS ELEANOR TOOK HER SCARF WITH A GRACIOUS NOD, AND PASSED ON, HER CHEEKS SUDDENLY FLUSHING.

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carmine-edged cloud for a sail in the sea of the yellowing sky, sent down the Princess Eleanor's card to Department G. The big brown eyes of the Princess Eleanor softened; the red lips half parted, revealing two rows of sparkling teeth, and the breeze which came from over the ever-dancing bay, fragrant after its romp on the blossom-laden hills of Capri, toyed gently with her hair of burnished copper.

"Where are you, honey?" It was a voice of great sweetness; a voice which had gained its soft modulations in Virginia.

"Here, mother." The Princess Eleanor slipped her arm around the waist of the woman whose gray-tinged hair only enhanced the youthfulness of her face. "Mummy dear, I want the sea. Let's run over to Cairo."

VI

At the *chadoof* one bends the back but two hours on a stretch, but in loading big, round, yellow crocks into their huge, crate-like barges one bends the back all day, and there is no set song, loud and clear, like the helpful song of the *chadoof;* only, now and then, a detached chant to the prophets, for strength.

All day long Mahomet Ali, now well down the river, but not yet at the appointed place, bent his back in the loading of the crocks. At night he sat by the fire, after his long, curving fingers had scooped from the pan his portion of the barley and onions and cracked wheat; and he smoked his four puffs of hashish; and wrapped his blanket around his head, leaving his bare feet in the cold, and he slept the sleep of the toiler.

But the feebleness of age was beginning to threaten Mahomet Ali, and there is a certain sort of strength in brandy. So he went to the bazaar of old Yussuf, a villainous-looking Yussuf, with neatly trimmed white beard and one glaring eye, who sat cross-legged in the middle of his shop, which was so small that he could reach any article on his shelves without rising.

"The peace of Allah, brother," observed Mahomet Ali. "I wish to buy a bottle of brandy."

"And on you, peace," replied one-eyed Yussuf, reaching for the liquor. "The price is fifteen piasters."

Mahomet Ali squatted before one-eyed Yussuf and clasped his knees in his arms. "You have hardened your heart," he charged. "Do you no longer pray to the prophets? The price, at the highest, is but ten piasters, from Alexandria to Wady-Halfa."

"The price has been raised by the Christians," declared one-eyed Yussuf, and he spat to clear his mouth of the word.

Mahomet Ali shook his head, and rose. "I can not pay so much," he announced with resignation. "I load crocks."

"Allah preserve thee," said Yussuf piously. "Because you labor hard in the sun, I will have compassion. Fourteen piasters."

"Ten—" and Mahomet Ali started to leave.

The one-eyed Yussuf let him go, until he was almost out of hearing. "Thirteen!" he called, in a loud voice.

Mahomet Ali returned in all his tall, straight dignity, and sat down again. "Ten."

Yussuf's one eye filled with sorrow. "Have you no heart of compassion?" he pleaded. "Would you see me have no profit of my goods?"

Mahomet Ali folded his hands across his knees. "Ten," he declared. "It is the price, from Alexandria to Wady-Halfa. As Allah hears me, I will pay no more."

Yussuf, the one-eyed, reached swiftly into his shelves again. He brought down a bottle longer and narrower than the other, and filled with a yellower liquid. It was the new grade of schnapps which Jan Vrooland of Amsterdam had put into the Egyptian market in competition with the cheap French article.

"Take this for ten piasters, my brother, and the peace of Allah be upon you."

"And upon you, peace," replied Mahomet Ali gravely, and, counting down nine piasters, he took up the bottle of Jan Vrooland's schnapps and went away, with the maledictions of the one-eyed ringing in his ears; but serene in his heart, because he knew that Yussuf would smile as soon as he had turned the corner.

Observe here again the finger of Fate. If Mahomet Ali had bought the familiar brandy, he would have known the measure of its strength; but the drink of fiery schnapps which he took next noonday was too much for him, and, in an unlucky moment, he loosed the entire lower tier of a beautiful, even pile of round, yellow crocks!

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They came tumbling and crashing down the bank, a litter of curved fragments, suitable only for building into mud walls.

Mahomet Ali waited neither for his discharge, nor his pay, nor the beating he would have had. Taking his entire worldly possessions with him, including his unfinished string of beads, he gathered his black Mother Hubbard above his knees; and, for once forsaking his dignity, he ran down along the bank until he was safe from pursuit. Then he sat beneath the shelter of a clump of low palms and waited for a downward bound felucca. There was sadness in his heart, for he was nearing Assiut; but there was resignation in his face.

"It is the will of Allah," he said.

VII

Puffy old Ahmed Ben Abdul, who was so fat from gross overfeeding that he was like a ball, rode down along the bank below Cairo, his legs dangling, his thick lips pursed, his black skin shining, his cheekbones so obscuring his eyes that, though his thoughts were all of earth, he could see only heaven. His steed was a sleek little white donkey, with legs as slender as cane, and ears as soft as silk, and tail as crisp as a fly-brush, and eyes as mild as a rabbit's. Its back was swayed by the ponderous weight, and it wondered if it were true that Allah had no compassion for beasts of but one word.

Suddenly old Ahmed Ben Abdul's moment came! Long-taunted apoplexy smote him, and he rolled off into the ditch, while the little white donkey, whose name was Hammam, which means pigeon, took one look at him, and kicked up its heels, and ran straight off for the desert; converted!

VIII

Mahomet Ali approached Assiut in some trepidation. Just above that city he boarded a tourists' steamer, on the off side while no one was looking, and exhibited his selection of broken scarabs to plump young Herman Koeler, who was standing in the door of his stateroom.

"Bakshish, no!" observed Herman impatiently; for he was coming down the river, not up.

"Scarabs," explained Mahomet Ali, with grave dignity; and Herman Koeler did not understand why Mahomet Ali crossed his hands over his breast and bowed his head. Mahomet Ali was swallowing that insult with the humility counseled by the Prophet. He had never in his life asked bakshish in the sense of begging.

"Fine scarabs—" and he smiled, a smile of great sweetness, which displayed his white, strong teeth.

"Scarabs, no," refused Herman Koeler, holding out his hand to emphasize his negative.

Immediately Mahomet Ali poured his poor little collection of scarabs into the outstretched hand, and he looked up again with that ingratiating smile. He was most anxious to propitiate Herman Koeler, for it was imperative that he have every piaster possible when he entered Assiut. "Fine scarabs, gentleman!" he urged. "Five thousand years old!"

Herman Koeler had three impulses in rapid succession, which would have been remarkable except that he had brushed his wits with the world. His first was to withdraw his hand and let the scarabs fall; his second was to laugh; his third was to examine minutely a fragment of clear blue which had caught his eye. It was a broken scarab, but the color was exquisite, and the calico salesman had an eye for color.

So had Mahomet Ali! On Herman Koeler's berth lay the deep-red slip which had been added to his sample line as he left for Egypt. It had served its purpose, and it was soiled. Herman Koeler, in repacking for lighter travel, had been about to throw it away.

"How much?" asked Mahomet Ali, picking up the red slip eagerly.

Herman Koeler laughed. He looked from the worthless slip to the worthless scarab. He tucked the latter in his pocket and thrust the slip into Mahomet Ali's hand.

"*Alles ist bezählt*," he chuckled, pouring the remaining scarabs into a fold of the slip.

"The peace of Allah be upon you," quoth Mahomet Ali, and departed.

A dragoman caught him just outside the door, and they threw him in the Nile. Gravely Mahomet Ali took off his black Mother Hubbard, and wrapped in it the little red slip, and waded to the bank, his soul bathed in ineffable content. Allah had been good to him!

He was dry when he reached Assiut, which was but three miles below, and he

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SO MAHOMET ALI WENT TO THE BAZAAR OF OLD YUSSUF, A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING YUSSUF, WHO SAT CROSS LEGGED IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SHOP.

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was beaming when he bade the peace of Allah on the four old wives whom he had not seen for years. They crowded round him, where he sat in the midst of the roofless mud hut, and, chattering in a shrill chorus, they held out their hands. He put a five-piaster piece in each wrinkled palm; and they blessed him. Their words of praise were almost a song, though there was in the song a wail which had come down through fifty centuries.

It was good to be blessed, and Mahomet Ali, his eyes moistening with emotion, beamed on every bronze and ebony face around him, from the most weathered old woman to the youngest baby, the one which had been born to his youngest wife just after he left. The family was gathering now, and the little hut was crowded; so much so that the goat was forced outside. Every hand was extended!

Still beaming with joy, Mahomet Ali pressed into each small palm a copper coin, and again he placed in the palm of each of his four wives a five-piaster piece; then he sat back for his reward. It was a happy, happy moment! The blessings rose almost to a shriek!

Wait! There came a greater moment! He pressed into the hand of each wife a ten-piaster piece, which is a half-dollar! Mad, furious excitement! Again a five-piaster piece; then a two-piaster piece around; and he leaned back, in triumph, to watch the effect. The blessings were not so vociferous now, but the hands were still stretched out. He emptied his little bag. Only half-piasters remained, but he distributed those; and his soul saddened as he saw the enthusiasm fade. He was sad because they had revealed their cupidity when the greatest gift was still to come. Well, they would repent.

Now! With a flourish, he drew from beneath his black Mother Hubbard the red slip! It was clean and bright. He had washed it himself, and held it up in the sun to dry. There was a gasp of astonishment. No such gorgeous article of raiment had ever been seen in Assiut, as indeed how could it have been when this was the latest importation? He drew the youngest child to him. He dropped the slip down over its head and twisted the little brown arms into the sleeves; he buttoned the three brass buttons; and then, standing slim and straight, he threw back his head and laughed aloud, out of sheer joy—the joy of giving happiness!

He was suddenly aware that, except for his own voice, he was in the midst of a dense silence. He looked about him, startled. The child with the red slip stood out like a flaming tin can on a desert, but the child was dazed and half ready to cry. The youngest wife was beaming upon him; but in every other eye there was a glare! He became conscious of the intense nakedness of all the children of all the other wives! Well, he had made a mistake with the red slip; and he had meant to die at home!

Silently he turned and left the hut before the storm should break, and he remembered why he had gone up the river five years before. They burst out after him in a fierce, shrill babble, but he outran them to the river, with no other earthly possession than his string of unfinished beads. Even where he hid in the bushes he could hear those harsh voices; but, after he had washed him, as the Koran prescribes, and had prayed in all the postures, he felt again that peace of soul which is the reward of resignation!

"It is the will of Allah," he said, and turned his eyes toward Cairo.

IX

Jack Colwin dashed up the steps of that broad-terraced hotel which is the center of Cairo activity. At that moment Fate sent a breeze to flaunt at him a filmy lace scarf, which caught in his coat button. The scarf slipped from the beautifully sloping white shoulders of the Princess Eleanor, and Jack Colwin, restoring it with smiling apologies, found himself looking far into her large brown eyes.

Department G, up aloft in nebulous interspace, made a check-mark on both cards.

For an instant the two young people stood as if graven; then the Princess Eleanor took her scarf with a gracious nod, and passed on, her cheeks suddenly flushing as she went down the steps; while Jack Colwin, his hat in both hands, wandered round and round the terrace for full five minutes, under the vague impression that he was looking among the tables for a casual friend.

Presently his wits returned, and he remembered Ivan Strakow. He found that genial gentleman back at the bar, and exhibited his credentials. The Duke Iskander

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had no scruples against gambling in business. He liked the Obizara mining proposition very much; as indeed he should, since it was to form the foundation of the largest fortune in the world.

Two hours after, the Duke placed an order for fifty thousand dollars in the Ottoman Bank, payable to the Colwin Firearms Company, in Colwin, New York, and Jack Colwin cabled his father to ship the goods; whereby Fate, with a pucker of concentration upon her pretty brow, scored another point toward certain political destinies in South America.

"I suppose you'll be returning soon," suggested the Duke, as they stepped into their carriage.

"No, I think not," observed Jack, with a preoccupied air. "I've never been in Egypt before. There are some most attractive people here."

"You'll find it very pleasant," agreed the Duke nonchalantly. "I had expected to remain a few days longer myself, but some friends of mine are returning on the *Republic* to-morrow."

Jack Colwin smiled at the thought of so early a departure. Some place around the big hotel he would doubtless find himself gazing again into those wonderful brown eyes; and the next time he'd try to make out what the rest of the face was like.

He spent that entire afternoon and evening in the lobby, but to no purpose! Just after dinner he was standing on the terrace when the porters began to bring out luggage for the departing steamer. Guests followed and climbed into carriages. Suddenly he was aware that She had passed him, with some one else; a woman, he afterward remembered; a larger woman. They were hastily driven away; but, in starting, the girl, as if under some compulsion, looked up at Jack Colwin; and, with no volition on her part, her eyes widened!

Jack felt his heart pounding in his throat. He remembered that the steamer ticket-office was in the next block. He ran lightly down the steps. Behind him came a plump man encased in a gray suit, and the plump man was moving slowly.

Just then Department G gave the card of Mahomet Ali a touch.

A tall, slim figure in a black Mother Hubbard confronted Jack Colwin. It was Mahomet Ali, and he held up a string of brown and white beads, strung with wonderful neatness on a thread-like leather thong!

FOR ONCE HE FORSOOK HIS DIGNITY.

"Five piasters, gentleman," said Mahomet Ali, in a voice entirely unlike the clear, shrill tones of the song of the *chadoof*.

Jack Colwin tried to step around, but Mahomet Ali stood before him again.

"Five piasters, gentleman," he implored, in a voice still weaker; and Jack stopped long enough to see two great mournful eyes.

Mechanically he thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a coin. Mechanically he took the beads and hurried on. Twenty steps away, he realized, from a memory of the weight, that he had given a gold piece worth five dollars instead of a silver piece worth twenty-five cents. He turned back instinctively. Mahomet Ali was leaning against the tree, gazing down at the coin in his hand in stupefied fascination! Jack, with a smile of pity, whirled on his heel again, and hurried into the steamer-office. The slow man in the gray suit was buying a ticket, and when he had stepped aside, Jack asked briskly for a reservation on the *Republic*.

"Sorry, sir," returned the clerk, who did not seem so at all; "that gentleman secured

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the last berth. There is not an inch into which I could crowd you, anywhere on the boat."

You observe now why Fate drove the Princess Eleanor away from Cairo. It was to save Mahomet Ali from starvation; for Mahomet Ali had still his deed to do! But why could not Fate have taken a less elaborate means to save Mahomet Ali from starvation? Why should you ask? Perhaps Fate had other gears to interlock with these.

Besides, no finite mind can comprehend omnipotence.

Moreover, the date set on the cards of the Princess Eleanor and Jack Colwin had not yet arrived.

X

Colwin was a dull little town, and the firearms business had lost its exhilaration. Jack Colwin moped for three weeks, and then Fate, working through Department G, drew forth the card relating to Mahomet Ali's string of beads.

Jack picked them up nonchalantly and tossed them in his bag, and ran down to New York for a visit.

"Here's a little trinket from Cairo, Madge," he observed, looping the beads around the neck of his vivacious cousin. "There's a story thrown in. They're worth seven cents, the price was a quarter, and they cost me five dollars."

"How funny!" exclaimed Madge, the chatterer. "I have a string nearly like them! The most charming girl in the world gave them to me. She must have been in Cairo about the same time you were! She and her mother are here on business connected with her grandfather's estate. You should see her, Jack! She's beautiful! Wonderful big brown eyes, copper-colored hair——"

"Where is she?" demanded Jack.

"On her way to the Boston train, I suppose," replied Madge, in perplexity. "Why, Jack, you don't know her! Why, where——"

She stopped, because there was no one to listen to her. Jack had raced to the front door.

"Your car is still here!" he shouted. "Put on your things again, Madge. Wait until I get my bag!"

"Your bag!" she cried, as he dashed past her up the stairs. "Where are you going?"

"The Boston train!" Jack yelled back at her from the landing. He was down in a second, closing the bag as he came. He dropped his box of collars on the landing, but did not stop to pick them up. "Come on!" he commanded. "We haven't a minute to lose!" . . . .

Yes, it was the girl! As Jack Colwin, in perfect ecstasy, accepted an introduction, he looked again far down into those wonderful big brown eyes, and he felt that at last he had arrived home!

The beautiful Princess Eleanor flushed prettily.

"How long shall you be in Boston?" he asked, as a preliminary to the traveling conversation.

"Only a few days," replied the mother of the Princess, studying the young man with eyes which were both shrewd and friendly. "We sail from Boston next Tuesday, on the *Ambassador*."

"What a delightful coincidence!" exclaimed Jack, wondering if he could secure a reservation on the *Ambassador*.

XI

No tale is ever finished. It goes without saying that the date marked on the cards of Fate was fulfilled as the wedding day of the Princess Eleanor and Jack Colwin; and this event marked the beginning of the breach between the houses of Mezzani and Ambrino, which breach is eventually to disrupt Italy and make it a republic; but that part of the story can not yet be written, for it is still in the card index.

But the deed, of equal importance to Fate, for which Mahomet Ali had been saved!

The fever had come upon Mahomet Ali, and he went over into the desert to die. He had been bled, three gashes on each cheek, without effect, and there was no other earthly hope for him.

On the way he found that dainty-limbed white donkey, Hammam, which had lived at glorious liberty since the death of Ahmed Ben Abdul; and Hammam was sinking into quicksands. Mahomet Ali's deed was to save Hammam from death!

The donkey, freed from the perilous position, kicked up his tiny heels and scampered away to where the rich grass grew; but Mahomet Ali, exhausted by his labor, lay down on the bank and unrolled his turban,

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which is made exactly the length of a man's body, so that it shall cover him when he dies.

He drew the turban over him, from his feet to his head.

The card of Mahomet Ali was full. He had done his deed!

Fate, though busy, filed away that card in the archives with a soft light in her eyes, before she locked up her desk and tastefully arranged the folds of her classic garments.

It is not true that Fate is always cruel!

SPRING IN THE SUBURBS

by

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

EVEN through showers the blond forsythias shine
(Incarnate Aprils!), and the crocus lawns
Sprout cups of snow and sunshine in the grass;
Down the wet pavement rings the steely tune,
The cymbal chorus of the roller-skate,
Where racing children like a pennant stream
In frocks of lilac, cowslip, pink, and fawn;
A haze of blossom and a cloud of green
Gather above the cherry and the elm;
And multicolored rugs in many a yard
Buffet the blue; hatless the schoolgirls stroll,
With blown and sunny hair; front doors stand wide;
Chairs on verandas rock; with shears and twine
The housewife trains the honeysuckle vine;
And lovers look for mayflowers in the woods.

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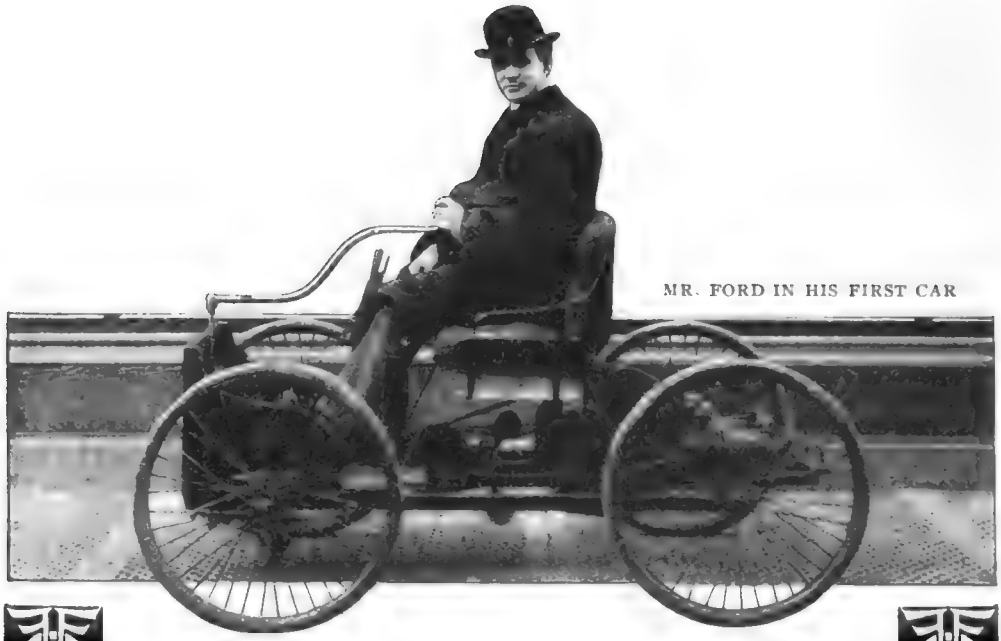

MR. FORD IN HIS FIRST CAR

HENRY FORD'S
Experiment in Good-Will

by

GARET GARRETT

WHEN a meddler drops the S wrench into the wonderful mechanism of supply and demand, there is work for the engineers. They denounce his unintelligence, repair the damage, and wearily note another instance to prove the unexceptional working of the governing principle. But fancy a mechanical genius himself doing it deliberately!

Most unexpectedly and at an exceptional time, when the supply of a certain elemental commodity, in Detroit as elsewhere, so greatly exceeded the demand that unemployment was an acute municipal problem, the Ford Motor Company broke the rules with the amazing announcement that it would pay double the market price for labor.

Nothing like that had happened before in all the history of modern industrialism. An unnatural commotion immediately followed. Unemployed rushed to Detroit from other cities. Thousands clamored in vain at the Ford Plant for work, and had at last to be wetted down with a fire hose. And at all of the big hotels, promoters, contractors for automobile parts, economists, newspaper correspondents, efficiency engineers, pension-plan specialists, profit-sharing experts, students of eugenics, seekers of money for worthy purposes, magazine writers, and others stood in line from 8 A. M. till midnight, waiting for rooms and bath at five dollars a day and up.

Opinions of the Ford Experiment begin violently to differ at the point of first intentions. The announcement was made in a manner to be regarded either as unimaginably naive or so intentionally theatrical as to produce the maximum quantity of advertising. The employees first read of it in

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the newspapers. On the morning of January 12 the Detroit papers were notified that there was a story for them at the Ford plant. Three reporters came, one each from the *Free Press*, the *Journal*, and the *News*. They were shown into the office of James Couzens, the vice-president, treasurer, and voice of the Ford Motor Company. Henry Ford was there, with an air of restless detachment from the business in hand, and stood silently by a window while Mr. Couzens read aloud the statement he wished the reporters to publish.

It was, briefly, that on the following Monday a profit-sharing plan would take effect in the Ford plant. It was different from other profit-sharing plans in two important respects: (1) The amount of profit to be shared up with the employees should be enough, when added to the former minimum wage of $2.34 a day, to make the commonest worker's least remuneration $5 a day, and (2) it was to be appropriated beforehand from the estimated earnings of the year's business and paid out fortnightly in the wage envelopes, so that the men should know exactly what to expect and have the use of the money, provided they spent it properly. The company's sociological department would see to that.

The gross amount of company profits necessary to be distributed on this scale would probably be $10,000,000. It might be more or less. Also, a day's work was to be reduced from nine hours to eight, and the factory, instead of running eighteen hours with two shifts, would work twenty-four with three. Between four and five thousand additional men were to be employed.

MR. AND MRS. FORD ON THE STEPS OF THEIR DETROIT HOUSE, ON EDISON AVENUE.

DAM AND POWER-PLANT ON THE PLACE MR. FORD IS DEVELOPING AT DEARBORN.

"The commonest laborer who sweeps the floor shall receive his five dollars a day," said Mr. Ford.

"But, Mr. Ford," said one of the reporters, "to-morrow morning there will be five thousand men out there on the street with brooms!"

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"No, nothing like that," said Ford.

The reporter's estimate was too low. Daylight in Highland Park disclosed ten thousand anxious waiting men. They were all from the city and near by, and had been gathering since midnight, thinking that the first in line might be taken. The employment office could not be opened at all; instead, the police had to come to keep order. On the second day it was worse. The news had begun to attract the unemployed from outside, and, besides, men making only two or three dollars a day left their jobs to come. As early as midnight men could be seen setting out through Woodward Avenue for a walk of seven miles to the Ford Plant at Highland Park, hoping to get good places in the line.

Then, on the next Monday morning, when the plan was to take effect and when the hours were changed to three shifts of eight instead of the former two of nine, a heartbreaking thing happened. The mob was swollen to its largest proportions, and so invested the Ford Plant that the employees, wearing their badges and anxious to be at work on time, were unable to enter. The doors had to be opened in a very cautious manner, for fear the human tide, once it got an inlet, would overrun the works, obeying an instinct just to get inside and leave the rest to Providence.

The employees, wanting to get in, became greatly excited. They began to form flying wedges to break through the ranks of the unemployed. A serious riot seemed imminent. In desperation the police brought out the fire hose, with which they had threatened the mob before, and now the stream was turned full into the faces of the unemployed. That cleared the way. The employees came through to their work; but the plight of the unemployed, weary from the long vigil, hungry, and now wet to the skin, was pitiful. The weather was very cold. In their exasperation they seized food from the sandwich men along the curb lines, overturned their empty carts for spite, and stoned the police. Their missiles broke some windows in the Ford Plant. There was irony!

Everybody was sorry and somewhat ashamed. The newspapers, in the first place, had, for the sake of the story, overemphasized the note of prosperity and given many false impressions to the unemployed. They should have emphasized the fact that an applicant for one of the five-dollar jobs would have to submit himself to rigid investigation. The authors of the experiment had underestimated the psychological effect of their announcement. And the police of Highland Park had not exercised the ingenuity which would have saved them from a desperate dilemma.

First incidents, fresh, colorful, and without perspective, had a tendency unfortunately to emotionalize the Ford Experiment. Comment near by was quite what you would expect, beginning, say, with the hotel barber, who delicately reminded the stranger that "Mr. Ford has been raising wages around here;" touching the manufacturer who despaired of ever seeing a stable labor market in Detroit again; and ending with the citizen who complained, first, that by taking his plant out to Highland Park a man named Ford had littered up the city's best street-car line with a lot of laborers one couldn't wish to sit with, and was then crazy enough to think he could make gentlemen of them by giving them five dollars a day, which, of course, would ruin them.

"SPECIALIZE"—THE ANSWER

The first clue to any local understanding of the larger implications of the Ford Experiment was the illuminating comment of a big lawyer whose clients are men prominent in the industrial affairs of Detroit.

"People are very much divided about this thing," he said. "Its effect upon the labor market is yet to be seen. But there is more to it than that. Only yesterday a group of men with a lot of money invested in a plant that has not been doing very well, on looking it over, said to their manager: 'We think you ought to specialize more here. Don't you think you make too many things? See what Ford has done.'"

Then one heard of Ford's strong retort to the stove-makers, who constitute perhaps the largest and oldest single body of employers in Detroit. They were terribly upset. Some of the things they said were repeated to Ford. He replied: "A stove-maker here in Detroit makes ten, fifteen, I don't know how many kinds of stoves. Let him make only one kind. If he will specialize he may be able to raise wages."

The purely emotional aspect was interesting. Before the end of the second week, the city editor of one of the Detroit papers had

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a drawerful of poetry on Ford, most of it very bad as poetry, but touching for what it meant, written by men and women, some of whom could hardly spell, let alone set words into feet. The paper began by printing the best of it, and had to stop because there was altogether too much.

"I happened to mention that to Mr. Ford's secretary," said the reporter who had been on the "Ford story," "and he said that was nothing. I should see what they were getting. He showed me hundreds of letters containing just such verses as these."

The reporter believed he had the true theory of what Ford had done, and he was worth hearing, because he had talked with Ford more than other reporters. He said that by a very fortunate miracle Ford had got rich without being spoiled—without the time to forget that he, too, had been very poor, and had never been paid what he earned when he worked for others; and the rest was very simple.

That was something to think about.

It was surprising how little the people of Detroit really knew of Henry Ford. There was no accepted Ford legend. Fame and wealth had overtaken him too suddenly. There were few, for instance, who knew that he had been born at Dearborn, on a farm, ten miles out Michigan Avenue way. But many could remember perfectly that twenty odd years ago he was a crank who believed he could build a motor vehicle to go about in.

He was then working for the Edison Electric Light Company as engineer, "over there behind the Cadillac Hotel." The gas-engine interested him tremendously, and he spent all of his leisure time trying to construct a miniature thing on the same principle to propel a little buggy. When it was done he brought it out into the street and people cheered him; then they laughed to see him push it back.

That happened again and again, until people would jeer at him on expectation. Then at last he said he had solved it; on a certain day he would appear in his machine, drive it a long distance and back without mishap—positively. He appeared on schedule time, did a block and a half, and broke down again. That settled it. Detroit tried and convicted him of being her champion "bug," and would not walk across the street to see him fail again.

One day, when nobody was particularly interested, he came out with a motor-buggy that would run up-hill and down-hill, backward and forward, and not stop until he desired it to. He had succeeded. That was the original machine on the evidence of which, almost single-handed, he beat the "Selden patents."

Detroit then conceded him to be a mechanical genius, but it could not imagine his being at the same time gifted with any practical sagacity, especially a high order of business sense. Hence the assertion that the wonderful commercial success of the Ford Motor Company was owing to other brains.

But that is no sooner said than qualified. Once when Henry Ford was in Europe, the proprietors of an automobile business that had never succeeded commercially went to his associates and said: "You know how to make automobiles and we don't. We've got a fine plant and we make a very good car, but somehow we haven't been able to make it pay. We can not afford to confess failure. Won't you come and look it over? If you can see how to make it pay we will sell out on very easy terms."

FORD'S BUSINESS BRAINS

They did look it over, and agreed to take it, subject to the final approval of Henry Ford. When he returned they put the papers before him, with the air of stewards who had made good use of their time.

"It is a bargain," said Ford; "but what are you going to do with it?"

"Why," they said, "we know how to run an automobile factory, don't we?"

"Will you make Ford cars?" asked Ford.

They said no. They would continue to make the kind of cars the plant had been turning out—a higher-priced car than the Ford—and make it pay by introducing efficiency into the shop.

Ford replied: "We make only one kind of car. That is the Ford car. If you thought of making any other kind, you were wrong; and if you thought of making Ford cars over there in that plant, you were wrong. It is too far away."

The bargain was rejected.

Thus, against a background of many contradictions, grew a man of parts. Some who thought they knew him very well said his profit-sharing plan was pure philanthropy, out of a well of human sympathy. Others, knowing him better in another way,

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A DAY'S OUTPUT OF CHASSIS AT THE FORD FACTORY. "ON THE ASSEMBLING FLOOR," SAID MR. FORD, "WHERE THE OUTPUT HAD BEEN NINETY CARS AN HOUR, AFTER THE PROFIT-SHARING PLAN WAS STARTED IT WENT TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE."

looked at it shrewdly and said it was very good business, though they were not sure it originated in his head. At any rate, to those who lifted up their hands, saying, "But sweepers—think of paying sweepers five dollars a day!"—Ford himself had said, "Why, a sweeper can save five dollars a day in small tools and parts off the floor of the shop."

Obviously, the answer to the Ford Experiment would be Ford himself. To reach him became somewhat of a problem. His secretary often knew no more than anybody else where to find him. He might spend a whole day going about in the factory bareheaded and leave without reporting to his office. He had been deluged with letters and telegrams. The clerical force was weeks behind. The fact that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE wanted a little of his time was a matter of no intrinsic interest. He disliked making and keeping appointments and, besides, as the secretary said, one couldn't begin to imagine how many people were trying all at one time to see him. He had not been heard from since morning. To-morrow, perhaps, if Mr. Ford was in the humor, something could be done.

It was somewhat of a surprise the next morning to find the author of so much commotion alone in a room forty feet square, sitting at a flat desk in a corner between two great windows, seemingly quite disengaged. The desk was clean. There were no papers or letters. He called out cheerily and stood up to shake hands. Then he slouched his tall body into the swivel chair, swung around to face the light, put his feet on the window-sill, and waited to hear with what inanity a magazine writer would attempt to make conversation. It seemed

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A CROWD OF WORKMEN OUTSIDE THE FORD FACTORY AT LUNCH HOUR. ABOUT FIFTEEN THOUSAND PERSONS ARE EMPLOYED IN THE DETROIT PLANT.

best to dispense with preliminaries.

"If all that you have done, Mr. Ford, is to make the employees of the Ford Motor Company richer and happier than others, that is a matter of limited interest. But if the experiment will force other manufacturers to adopt your theory of intense specialization in order to increase their own and labor's profits, that is a matter of much greater consequence. It is the amount of profit that gives your plan its——"

"It isn't the amount," he said. "It's the principle of division."

He spoke, then and thereafter, with terse finality, looking hard and warily at the source of interrogation. His eyes were squinted against the strong window light. Triangular wrinkles stood in his lower middle forehead, which is very prominent.

"There must be profits before division," he was reminded. "Unless there is something over the cost of capital and management, there will be nothing to divide with labor. What did you say about the stove-makers?"

He took his feet down suddenly from the window-ledge and sat up high. "Take anything you see," speaking rapidly. "Take that window-lift or the radiator. If a man will make one thing he will be able to make it better and cheaper than anybody else, because he can standardize his practise and reduce his costs; and there will be an unlimited market for it in this big country."

With that, he resumed his former position.

"There must be some limit to the multiplication of parallel operations?"

"What?" he said, only turning his head.

"If you multiply parallel operations infinitely your problems are bound to increase. Brandeis says your genius consists in having limited your problems. At what

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point does the mere magnitude of production begin to balance the efficiency of specialization? There is the problem of internal transportation—just the moving of material about in huge quantities."

"There is no such point," he said, taking down his feet again and picking up from the window-sill a tiny metal form. "There," he continued, "is a certain part. It is one of thousands, all alike. Now, imagine a long row of machines all making that identical thing and nothing else. To double the output you only put ten more machines in another row." He shook his head. "There is no point at which bigness penalizes efficiency—at least, we've never had it in sight yet. The more standardized work you can do under one roof, the more efficiently you can do it. And when the problem of internal transportation, as you say, becomes important, we cheapen the transportation, as I'll show you in the shop."

"The effect upon the individual—have you considered that?"

"What?" he asked. His *what's* were of high velocity.

"You put a man at a machine, teach him to control it, and he stands there weeks and months and years, mechanically producing one trifling thing. How does it affect him temperamentally?"

"It drives him crazy," said Ford, positively, as he had said everything else. "But we take care of that," he added. "We see to it that a man doesn't do one thing too long. We keep him moving through the shop."

"Bigness, then, must be limited in some other way. Is there enough executive ability in the world to duplicate many times the Ford organization?"

It was evidently a matter he had not settled to his own satisfaction. He answered slowly: "I suppose executive ability is born in you. It has to come through in its own way." He represented its coming through by working his fingers in the air. "Though there is less difference between men than we imagine," he said. "What one can do, another may."

The same thought occurred to him again when he was asked if his most difficult problem was not the unintelligence of labor. He refused to think it unintelligent at all. He could take a man off the street, out there, quite raw, and make a good molder of him in a few weeks. He knew because he had done it. The proof was in the shop. There was a lot of nonsense about apprenticeship. The important thing was not to tell a man too much at once—to crowd his mind. It was like crowding a buzz saw. Tell him only what was necessary in the beginning and the rest he would learn by observation. That was true not only in shop practise but in education of any sort. The heads of departments all through his organization were men who had come up through experience, and he would back them sublimely against all the theorists and college-trained specialists in the world.

Moreover, if you took an average specimen of common laborer, the kind the best people of Detroit objected to in the street-cars, and washed and combed and dressed him up, nobody could tell the difference.

PROFIT-SHARING AND MARRIAGE

Just then the two men who had charge of the profit-sharing plan came in to say that the newspapers were getting it all wrong. They were talking about a minimum wage of five dollars a day, whereas there was no such thing. The minimum wage was $2.34 per day, as before, and the other $2.66 was profit.

"Oh, let them alone," said Ford, without turning from the window. "They will get it explained. Give them time."

The chief engineer, one of those who had come up through shop experience, walked in, and one of the two in charge of the profit-sharing plan asked him if he had heard of any marriages since the plan went into effect. They were trying to encourage marriage. The engineer was thinking of a problem out in the shop, and said: "Oh, I don't know. I don't care a damn about that."

"No," said Ford, swinging around, twinkling, his face all wrinkled. "You don't. But you're married, and I'm married, and all of us here are, so marriage is a good thing. The more of that the better."

As the engineer's problem could wait and as the misunderstanding of the profit-sharing plan was less serious than those in charge of it supposed, the office was presently left to Ford and his visitor, who said:

"But see here—a lot of men out there in the shop, getting five dollars a day in their envelopes, will not distinguish between wages and profits. Now suppose next year

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the profit available to be distributed among them is less. Will they not feel that their *wages* have been cut?"

Ford only shook his head and put his feet in the window again. "That's a year off. Maybe they will learn in a year."

"Have you had time to observe the effect of the plan upon the efficiency of the men?"

He quickened with enthusiasm. "On the assembling floor," he said, "where the output had been ninety cars an hour, it went at once to one hundred and five."

"And did it hold there?"

"We let them go for a week," he said, "and then we had to pull them down again to about ninety. They were getting ahead of the job."

The Ford plant is keyed to a certain output. No one department can work faster than another and keep it up without throwing the whole shop out of tune. It was evident that Ford was as much interested in the human materials with which he worked as in, say, vanadium steel, and before the conversation should drift elsewhere it seemed proper to touch a delicate matter.

"Did you not greatly underestimate the immediate effect of your announcement?"

That hurt. It reminded him of the unemployed in mobs and of the Monday riot.

"I never gave it a thought," he said. "You see, although it struck the public as something very novel and surprising, it was old to us. We had contemplated it for a long time. We were on the point of doing it a year ago, and then decided that we had better increase our working capital, in order to be absolutely sure of our financial independence. We never borrow a dollar." He pulled a wry smile. "I doubt if we could borrow much if we wanted it," he continued. "That was our settled policy—first to build up a large working capital and then to begin to divide our profits with the men who earned them for us. The idea was an evolution. Our sociological department was a step in that direction. We had to have that first in order to be able to see that the men made proper use of their profits. We know there are some out there who can't stand prosperity."

"That touches a point on which you have been criticized. If the men earn this money, why is it any of your business to see how they spend it?"

"It is," he said, with great finality. "It is our business to see that they spend their money right. That applies not only to the men out there in the shop but to every one in this organization, all the way up to the top. We have stopped some of our highest-paid men from spending money improperly."

IN PLACE OF DISCHARGE

It was simply not arguable. He knew that an employer should be responsible for both the means and the manners of his employees—first to see that they have enough and then that they do with it as they should. As he settled it with that air, and turned his back to it, one had a moment in which to think of the master and guild of old, when an industrial group was like a large family, all with a common interest in varying shares, from the head down to the apprentice; and to wonder if Ford, unconsciously, was seeking a return to that condition, after all the intervening years of an industrial system under which the employer could treat the laborer as raw material, to be bought like any other commodity.

"But take the concrete case of a man who is found to be spending his money improperly?"

"We'd stop him," said Ford.

"You mean you would discharge him?"

"Nobody is ever discharged here," he replied, "unless he becomes quite a hopeless case. No, we'd just take hold of him. We've always done that."

"Is it your idea that a man who spends more money than he can afford is either distracted or worried, and that in either case his personal efficiency is impaired?"

"You've got it exactly," he replied. "That's why it's our business to know."

"How do you do with grumblers?"

"The grumblers?" He stared.

"Among twenty-five thousand men you would find grumblers, though they owned the earth."

"Oh, of course," he said, relieved and twinkling. "Now and then we find one. We straighten him out."

"How?"

"Well," he said, "there are only two things to make a man unhappy here. One is that he hasn't enough work to do, and the other is that he has trouble at home. We can give him more work in the shop. That is easy."

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"And at home——"

"He gets five dollars a day," said Ford, anticipating.

He is a wisp of writhing nerves, no one of which lies amicably against another. He can not be still. He neither smokes nor drinks, nor eats very much, having found a man in a book who lived to be 104 on fourteen ounces of simple food a day. While talking, he twists his watch chain, pinches his lips or his nose, and strokes his face. His hands are always moving. They reflect the mind which can hardly wait for a question to be finished. Its decisions are nervous and sudden.

NO UNIONS

One morning the superintendent of a certain department came to him and said the tool-makers, of whom there were ninety, had been circulating union literature, calling upon the employees to organize. Ford said to the superintendent that they would soon stop that. At ten o'clock sharp the superintendent would turn off the switch in that department and tell the tool-makers they were all discharged; and at ten o'clock sharp the superintendent did. There was never any more trouble with unions.

There could be no union in the Ford shop. His ideas about that were very positive. Trade unionism was nothing that he could see but a lot of agitators.

He stopped there, slid away down in his chair, and elevated his feet higher on the window-ledge. It was somewhat of a shock. Any manufacturer might have done it.

"What happened after that?" he was asked.

"What? Oh, you mean about the tool-makers," he said, recalling where he had stopped. "Why, then we put our investigators out and looked every one of them up. Gradually we took them back—all but two or three of the worst, who had started it, and—yes—afterward we took them back, too. We got all of them back."

"Mr. Gompers and other union labor people seem to approve of your profit-sharing plan?"

"Yes," he replied, absently. "That's only because it means higher wages. Everybody approves of that."

He was told of the verses in the city editor's drawer in Detroit and in the office of his own secretary. That, he said, was merely the result of trying to do good. Though his plan had some rough spots, no doubt, and was subject to modifications, it was bound to succeed. Anything good would inevitably succeed. But doing good was not always to please, as, for instance:

"If you find out what men want and give them that, you are pleasing them. If you find out what is good for them and give them that, you are performing a service. That's what we are trying to do."

A word casually spoken threw him into a train of outside reflection. He had been to a theatre. He had forgotten the name of the show and the names of the principal actors, but the play was about a girl who was innocent; everybody was for her and wanted to help her, because everybody knew she was innocent.

"That's all right," he said. "But I always feel that I want to be for the other kind."

"On the assumption that God will take care of innocence."

His face wrinkled. He nodded his head. One saw then that the eyes were gray. There hadn't been time to think of it before. He spoke hesitatingly of a certain thing. In the shop, out there, were a lot of men, maybe fewer than a hundred, maybe more, who were of that other kind. Nobody knew it but himself and the judges and the police. He personally vouched for them in the beginning and went good for their board to get them started. They were turning out very well.

"People are all right," he announced, facing the magazine visitor as if he feared it might be disputed. He sat up straight in his chair and locked his long, restless hands over the top of his head. It is a remarkable head, perfectly balanced, with the mark of high constructive ability, called the engineer's mark, in the extra width just below a line drawn level over the tops of the ears. The mouth is thin and tight, but not hard.

"People have not the faith they once had," he continued, "faith in the things everybody believed when this world in a certain way was more religious. They began to be very skeptical. They wanted proof that the whale swallowed Jonah, and when nobody could absolutely prove it they lost faith in many other things. My idea of heaven, if there is such a place and you can go there, is that the only thing you

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HENRY FORD, THE MANUFACTURER WHO HAS TAKEN HIS EMPLOYEES INTO PARTNERSHIP.

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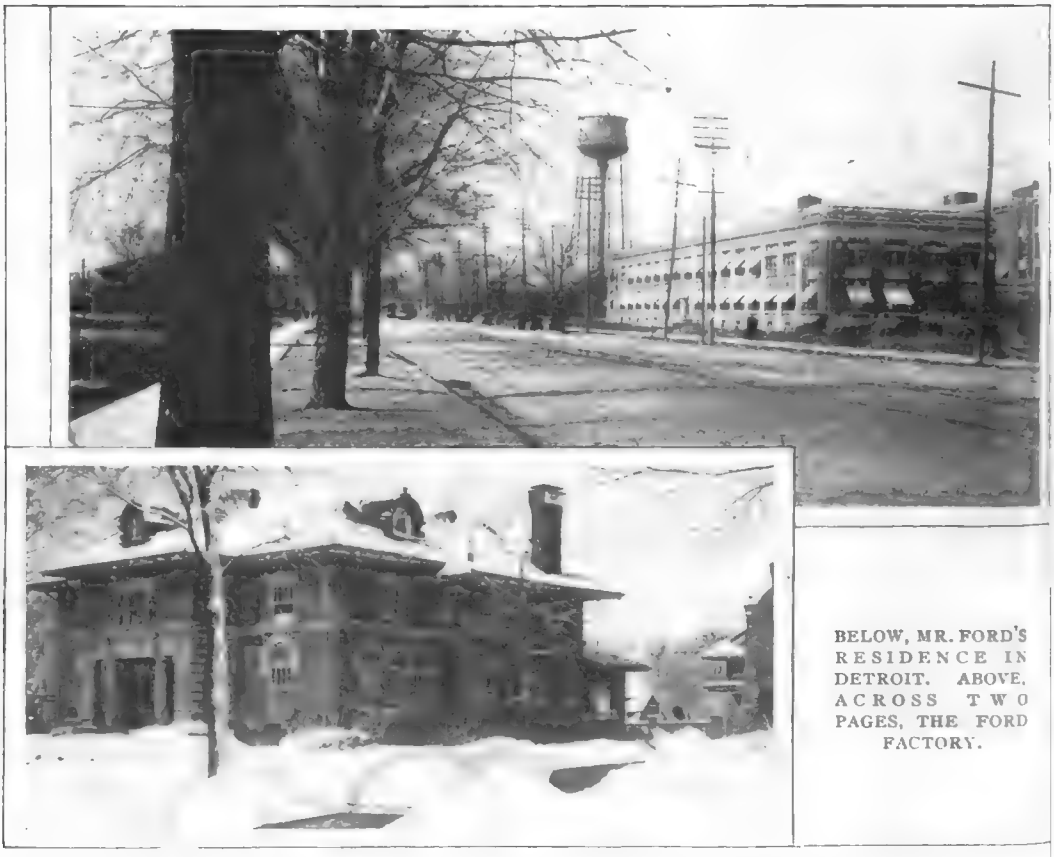

BELOW, MR. FORD'S RESIDENCE IN DETROIT. ABOVE, ACROSS TWO PAGES, THE FORD FACTORY.

can take along is good will. That is all that's left in the world—the good will of your fellow men. Have you read a book called Immortality? Well, you ought to read it. I'll send it to you. I was buying some books for Christmas and happened to run across this. The man who wrote it was Maeterlinck."

His restlessness, which had been increasing, suddenly overcame him. "I don't like this office," he said. "I come here only to meet people. Let's go out in the shop."

He led off first into the laboratory, that is, his own experimental workshop. It is equipped with beautiful power-tools and a selected group of mechanics, responding to their given names. "If you were not here I'd be working on that," he said, pointing to a magneto in an experimental stage. He was passing a dark corner and stopped to drag out into the light a contrivance which at first was unrecognizable.

"That," he said, "is the original car. The only reason it won't run now is that they have been taking souvenirs off."

He indicated ruefully the things that were gone. His apology reminded one of the lessons he had learned by grueling experience—that it was the first and fundamental business of a motor-car to run.

When he saw that it was regarded with some glimmer of mechanical interest he got down on the floor and began to go over it in detail. That flange—you never could guess what that was. It was a railroad washer. The hub of a wheel was a little piece of gas-pipe. The fly-wheel he had "turned up" at night, in the shop alone, on his own time. The whole thing he had constructed with his own hands out of junk. And it beat the Selden patents.

The Ford "shop" is wonderful, not only mechanically, but in other respects. The men, as shop managers say, are "up on their toes." Nobody works very hard, but everybody keeps at it with amazing constancy. You would find nothing in the world like it outside of a shop where the piece-work

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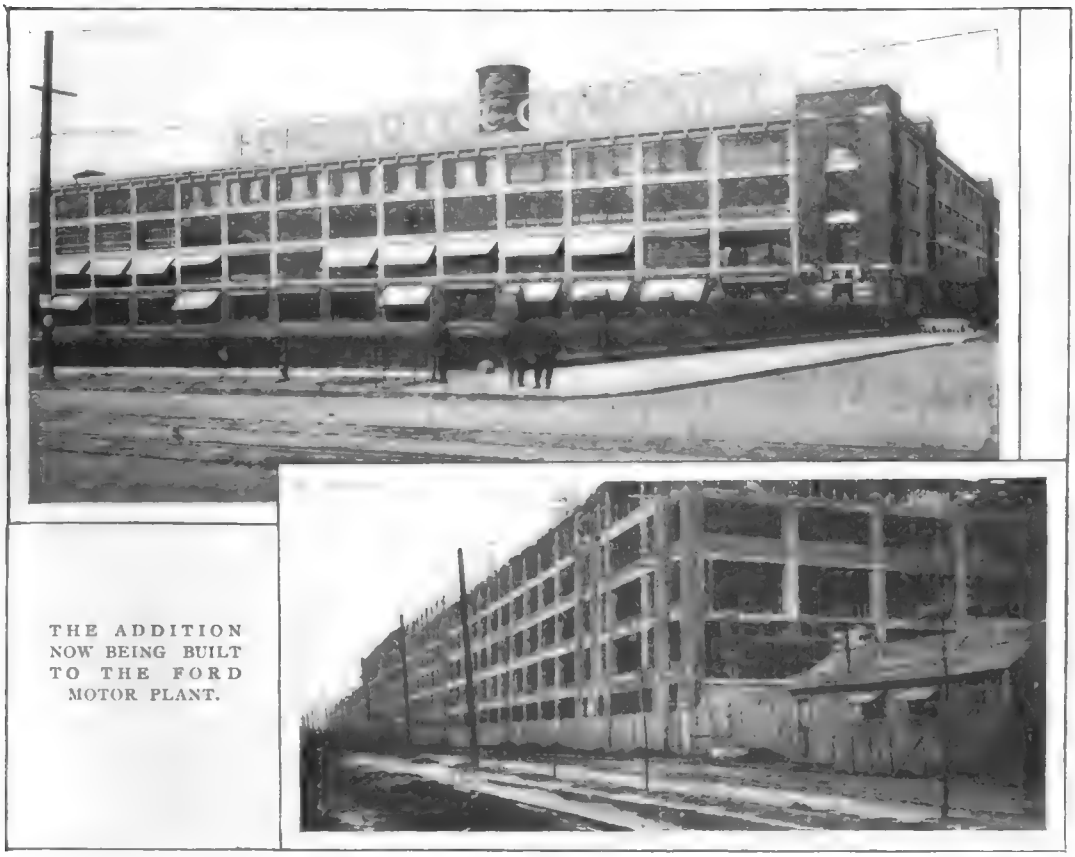

THE ADDITION NOW BEING BUILT TO THE FORD MOTOR PLANT.

system prevails. Ford will have no piecework. He thinks it teaches men to cheat.

"Do you see all those visitors?" he asked, waving an arm widely, "and that the men do not notice them? My superintendent used to complain that too many visitors went through. The men stopped to stare at them and it was a waste of time. I said, 'I'll settle that. I'll send so many visitors through that the men won't bother to look at them.' And you see—the visitors have to keep out of the way of the men."

Not everything that goes into a Ford car is made in the Ford plant. The bodies, until recently, were all made outside, and most of them are still. Ford stopped in the receiving department to show how efficiently it was handled; and mention quite naturally was made of the criticism that the outside contractors could not afford to pay their labor five dollars a day. His answer was that if they couldn't, it was their own fault.

"We don't drive hard bargains," he said. "I would not let a contract unless I could see the contractor's way to make a profit. When we find that one is not making money on a contract he has with us, we send our own specialists to look him over and make suggestions. We never let a contract to a company owned by absent capitalists and managed by a hired man. We do business only with a man who owns and conducts his own business."

In the office, when at length he reluctantly returned to it, was one of the outside contractors.

"What is the minimum wage in your shop?" Ford asked him abruptly. The contractor was startled. He admitted $2.25 a day, and then shaved it a little.

"You ought to raise it to five dollars," said Ford. "Raise the common shop labor to five, and raise the higher-paid men less."

The contractor moved his head elliptically.

"How did you arrive at that figure as the minimum?" Ford was asked.

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That was simple. With living so high, it was impossible for a man to live as he should on less.

There was a rumor that he discriminated against foreign labor. But that was not true. What, then, was his answer to the objection that an alien laborer, after having received five dollars a day for a long time, and with most of it saved, returned to the old country, taking his capital with him?

"Suppose he does," said Ford. "What does he do over there with his money? He buys a little piece of ground and builds a house with the stones he finds on it, and lives very comfortably afterward. I see no objection to that."

"Especially as you have a weakness that way yourself."

"What?" he asked.

"The way of a man who returns to the land where he was born and moves the rocks and trees around."

He was merry.

"At Dearborn where I'm building—you mean that? You've been out there. I am moving some trees. And the lake. You saw that? There was a pond there, and one day I saw a pair of wild ducks on it. I said if we built a real pond and gave them something to eat and kept people from shooting at them, maybe a lot of ducks would come to visit us. And they have."

He is developing a country place of three thousand acres at Dearborn, fifteen miles from Detroit, where the Ford homestead was, and where, twenty-odd years ago, Henry Ford was often seen lying on his back in the road under the original car trying to find out why it stopped, with Mrs. Ford patiently waiting above. The Dearborn folk felt sorry for her then.

One question there was that took him out of the window and back to the point in his fifty-one years where he could place the beginning of things.

"I was always tinkering with wheels," he said. "My father used to give me Cæsar. It didn't help much on the farm. As a boy I took apart and put together again, I suppose, a thousand watches and clocks. I could make a watch."

"And your theory of specialization—did you consciously think that out, or did it grow out of experience?"

"Why, you know," he replied, "when as a boy I was taking a watch apart I used to think that perhaps some day I should make watches, and, if I did, that I'd make good watches and a lot of them, all alike."

"Possibly that was owing to the annoyance of finding no two alike?"

He twinkled in his inimitable way. "Maybe," he said. "But if only you think of it, the advantages of making a lot of things all alike are very obvious. Take a watch. A good watch is good enough for anybody. If you make enough watches and make them all alike you can make them very cheap. Whatever you make you must be sure to make it good."

The contractor was patiently listening. It seemed time to shake hands with a magazine writer. There was one thing more.

"Have you tried to imagine, Mr. Ford, what the effect of your experiment will be ten years hence?"

"I know what the effect will be here," he replied, with not the slightest hesitation. "It will go on. And after I'm dead it will go on. I'll fix it that way. I own fifty-eight per cent. of the stock, and I can do with it what I like. Can't I?"

"But the effect upon industry in general—have you thought of that?"

"I have," he said. "I haven't said so before, but I have."

And that was all he would say.

It will go on. That is his idea of what must happen, just as in the first place a motor-car had to go on. The amazing thing is that a man of his mechanical intelligence had such unlimited faith in a little gasoline engine as to be willing to waste his life trying to adjust it to the work of propelling a fool-proof road vehicle.

A gasoline engine is imperfect in mechanical principle. On three revolutions in four it is working against itself. In spite of that it has become a miracle of general utility. Ford now has the same unlimited confidence in human material, with all its imperfections, that he had in poppet valves.

See Page 433 for the beginning of "Persons Unknown," an absorbing mystery serial, by Virginia Tracy.

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ORCHARDS

By Theodosia Garrison.

Orchards in the Spring-time! Oh, I think and think of them—
Filmy mists of pink and white above the fresh, young green,
Lifting and drifting—how my eyes could drink of them!
I'm staring at a dirty wall beyond a big machine.

Orchards in the Spring-time! Deep in soft, cool shadows,
Moving all together when the west wind blows
Fragrance upon fragrance over road and meadows—
I'm smelling heat and oil and sweat, and thick, black clothes.

Orchards in the Spring-time! The clean white and pink of them
Lifting and drifting with all the winds that blow.
Orchards in the Spring-time! Thank God I still can think of them!
You're not docked for thinking—if the foreman doesn't know.

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The CASTLE of COMFORT

by

LUCILLE BALDWIN VANSLYKE

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

LUTHER met her first on the shores of a little lake in New Hampshire. They had a bit of a camp, and he came upon them in the late twilight, guided by their fire. Behind them rose the hills and the pine-trees; before them rippled the evening lake; and Caroline was kneeling to balance an oddly shaped copper coffee-pot on the embers. Luther thought he had never seen anything more comely than the lissome grace with which she rose to greet him.

It was rather an unusual evening. Luther had had many amazing conversations with his youthful host before, for they had been fellow campers on that same lake in years past; yet they did not pause to indulge in bromidic recollections of their earlier acquaintance, nor did Griffith trouble himself to inquire more than casually about Luther's affairs. Boyishly talkative, he poured forth a flood of charmingly egotistic monologue. All his wonderful ambitions, all his modest triumphs and hoped-for conquests he babbled eagerly into his chance friend's ears. Occasionally his wife attempted to change the trend of his impetuous conversation.

"Don't listen to that woman!" he bantered once when Luther tried to follow some hint that Caroline had delicately insinuated into the torrent of Griffith's talk. "She is the reincarnation of a pussy-cat, Luth, and if you let her she will curl in a heap and begin to purr until she gets you to purring and every idea you ever had will go out of your head! I'd be working like a nailer this summer if she hadn't purred me into this corner."

"Meow!" mimicked Caroline, quite untouched. "Our saucers of cream are ready!"

Caroline's supper, after Luther's weeks of masculine camping, seemed almost ceremo-

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BEHIND THEM ROSE THE HILLS AND THE PINE-TREES; BEFORE THEM RIPPLED THE EVENING LAKE; AND CAROLINE WAS KNEELING TO BALANCE AN ODDLY SHAPED COFFEE-POT ON THE EMBERS

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nious. The September air made it a little too cool to dine out-of-doors and she ushered them proudly into the tent. Tall candles flared in holders contrived from cleverly twisted gray twigs; each flame was softened by a curious little shade made from shells that let a wonderful brown and orange light shimmer over the gleaming linen that covered the camp table. But the most deliciously incongruous detail of all was the gray-tinted Japanese porcelain on which their supper was served.

"It's nothing at all," laughed Caroline, while their guest held a coffee-cup to the candle-light to stare at the white outline of Mount Fuji that gleamed delicately within the rim. "It's so thin we can carry it anywhere. We bought it for our wedding gift to each other, so that when we should have a really house it would be nice enough for that. But the cups and the plates are as far as we've got," she ended merrily. "So we trot them along everywhere. Richie likes to."

"Hate thick plates," announced Griffith, complacently proud of his little idiosyncrasy. "I simply can't eat off a beastly tombstone."

When they had finished their coffee and wandered outside to heap more wood on the fire, Luther found himself glancing back pleasurably to watch the woman within the doorway of the tent. Her slender hands moved daintily as she washed her bits of china in a gleaming pan; the little orange candles cast a wonderful amber light in her face, which, now it had lost the ruddy flush her supper exertions had conjured, seemed a bit thin and pale. Luther was only half listening to Richie's rather tiresome tirade against life's various hardships when the woman suddenly blew out her pretty candles and came back to their fire. She shivered a little as she crouched cross-legged by the embers.

"Mm-um," she sighed. "How comfy this is, Richie, dear!"

"Meow!" teased Griffith. "What did I tell you about her, Luth? All she needs in life is a cushion. Positively you can not make her rough it. Now I love banging around all sorts of holes, hate conventional places, hate things to be formal. Of course, I don't mind saying that after I've made good I'm coming back up here to build the corkingest lodge this old lake will ever see. Right back there—" He waved his hand toward the little tent in the shadows as he leaned against a tree, his eyes shining and his voice vibrant with boasting. "It's going to be a bully big thing, flat and low, you know, with a whopping middle room, hexagon shaped. Big fireplaces on three sides and a balcony running all around, with a big stairway up to the sleeping quarters—the bath-houses and servants' shacks will be out back in another hexagon, and down here where we are this minute will be a squatty little boathouse by the edge of the water. The whole thing will be sort of Japanesy looking," he ended dreamily. "When you're floating around at night in a canoe and look back at it, it will be all orangy lights, and daytimes it will be so soft and gray you'd hardly guess it was back there in the trees——"

"Orange and gray—orange and gray!" mocked Caroline softly.

It came over Luther rather whimsically that Caroline herself was orange and gray. Her eyes, so luminous and sweet, were gray as early morning, and her clear skin, delicately tanned by her summer in the open, gleamed like amber in the firelight. She was cuddled in a huge gray coat and curled by the fireside like some bit of lichen on a rock.

"It's easy enough to laugh!" cried Griffith, cross at her interruption. "You never do believe in me, but after I've built it you will." He snapped his fingers petulantly. "After it's there in the trees, you little scoffer!" And he actually strode away into the shadows, leaving Luther somewhat embarrassed by his violent exit. To his amazement he found his little hostess laughing softly.

"He never takes his bedtime walk until I get him angry," she explained naively. "I always laugh because he never guesses why I'm doing it! Aren't geniuses the kiddies?"

It came out, as they talked together in friendly snatches, that Griffith had been quite ill, that he had overworked, and this summer of idleness had rather drained their slender resources. There was a faint note of anxiety in Caroline's whimsical statement of the condition of their purse. Griffith did not like it, it seemed. But it did not matter to Caroline, she joyously asserted—it was so much fun to coax Richie Griffith into thinking it was fun to rough it anywhere.

"That's part of the joy of being married

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"WAKE UP, OLD DREAMER!" SHE MURMURED GAILY. "DINNER IS SERVED, AND YOUR GUESTS ARE WAITING!"

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to a genius," she murmured drolly. "You're always so much smarter about ordinary things than they are. You can make them believe almost anything. Only I wish," she ended passionately, "that I could build a little fence around him to keep out the worries!"

"All you women are *Candidas*, I guess," suggested Luther carelessly. "Remember how Shaw let her build a castle of comfort for her pompous fool of a husband?"

" 'Comfort and indulgence and love for him,' " quoted Caroline with a gravity that completely surprised Luther, " 'and stand sentinel always to keep vulgar little cares out.' " But the next moment she was laughing childishly. "Don't I sound awfully literate?" she teased. "I really will have to confess that that's the only line I could possibly quote if I tried all night. Shaw bores me to extinction with all his problematical folks. I only like comfy, every-day people." She bade him good-night easily, without any foolish apologies for Griffith's delinquencies. Luther found himself leaving her as he had discovered her, bending over her little fire to coax a brighter glow into its dying embers.

It must have been quite three years later that he came upon them again. He was sitting near the entrance of an ugly little down-town restaurant that he had been wont to frequent in his less opulent days, realizing that he had been rather a fool to come back to it. It was a humid August evening, and they came in rather listlessly and sauntered toward a small table at the side of the room. Luther recognized them instantly, but something in Griffith's white, scowling face made him hesitate about disclosing himself to them. He could not resist spying upon them, however. He found himself fascinated with Caroline's slender, busy hands.

Their table was exactly like the others, a grimy rectangle of coarse linen lighted by a hideous green-and-red light that filtered through an ugly beaded shade. The labels on the condiment bottles gleamed blatantly. Griffith flung himself in his chair and hid his face in his hands.

But Caroline leaned forward unconcernedly and reached for the huge bill of fare that was propped beside the hateful light. She ordered swiftly and softly, with an appealing glance that brought a glimmer of understanding to the smug-faced waiter's stupid eyes. The moment he had turned away she pushed all the condiment bottles into a soldierly row against the wall and hid them with the menu-card. Then she deliberately lifted the ugly shade from the light and tucked it behind the kindly expanse of pasteboard.

From her bag she pulled a bit of wrapping paper, twisted it deftly into a cone, tore off the smaller end, and reached for a match. The anxious glances of the near-by diners did not concern her as she streaked irregular brown scorches on her paper plaything, but she blew out each match daintily until she had finished her curious task, and she smiled bewitchingly when she tucked her improvised candle-shade over the glaring light-bulb. Luther found himself smiling with her. Exactly the same delicate orange gleam was filtering through the paper that she had once coaxed through shells.

Her slender fingers were still busy, swiftly and quietly spreading a fresh napkin over the messy cloth and rearranging the forks. She leaned back and contemplated her handiwork thoughtfully; her mouth drooped a bit until she looked up suddenly and saw Luther watching her. An adorable smile carried her welcome to him. With one meaning wave of her hand she beckoned to him, pointed mischievously toward Griffith, and touched her lips for secrecy. When Luther had reached the table she had a chair waiting and had motioned to the waiter. She leaned across the table and touched Griffith's white hands.

"Wake up, old dreamer!" she murmured gaily. "Dinner is served, and your guests are waiting!"

Luther thought, admiringly, that he had never seen anything quite so wonderful as the results she managed to achieve from nothing. Griffith came back to life joyously, his impatient voice babbling, as ever, of his great ambitions. Somehow he was not so convincing as he had been by the woodside camp. He was too unoriginal. His ideas had not really developed at all in the interval. He had been working in a big architect's office trying to pick up the technical side of his trade, but he felt that he had only been a tool for bigger men and he expressed himself bitterly as being tired of wearing out his eyes over "maps for damned Jew flat-houses and hives." He hated it and he did not intend to stick to it much longer even if they starved.

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"Which we will never do," interrupted Caroline with great gleefulness, as she stabbed a tinny spoon into a slab of ice-cream, "in a town full of nice tabby-doty dinners. Blessed be bargains in food! Do you know, Mr. Luther," she murmured, unconcernedly opening her bag to pull out some tissue-wrapped parcels, "I could just sit in these funny little restaurants all night, they're such lots of fun."

She reached the thick little "demi-tasses" from the waiter's tray, unwrapped her tissue parcels, and to Luther's amazement revealed two of the familiar gray cups. She laughed delightedly at his surprise.

"'Member how Richie loves 'em?" she murmured.

"She is impossible," grinned Griffith, reaching for his coffee eagerly. "About twice a year she disgraces me by carting these things out in public and washing 'em on her napkin so's to take 'em home." He reached comfortably for the cigarette she was holding out to him.

"Richie, stop scolding," she cautioned, "and tell Mr. Luther about our gorgeous smoking-room."

"It's nothing much," began Griffith alertly. "Just a little idea that came to me the other night up at our boarding-house. We eat in the cellar," he interpolated bitterly. "Some nights we can't stand it and have to be extravagant and come up here. But it occurred to me that when I'd made my pile I'd like to go back and buy that old rookery and tear it to pieces just to show what could be done with a basement dining-room. I'd yank away the ceiling and throw that and the first floor together, you know, with a balcony around, and a big fireplace where they have their greasy cupboard. A club fender round the fire, the walls dull gray, and some bronze-and-orange side lights to give it color; and plenty of chairs." He settled back well-pleased with himself. "Rather nice, eh, Luth?"

Luther agreed it would be exceedingly interesting, and sat listening gravely to the rest of Griffith's plans for a reconstructed brownstone. Caroline watched them, leaning back in her stiff little chair with a grace no other woman in that stupid room found possible.

"Now I rather like this sort of life," ended Griffith, dreamily finishing his last cigarette. "It's really Bohemian. I like knocking around this sort of joint. But Carol—lordy, that girl lies awake nights planning conventional ways of living. She's the most orthodox woman who ever said 'beg pardon.'"

Luther stared through the soft light that gleamed through the improvised shades. Grave and inscrutable, the little lady nodded her head as she glanced at her loquacious husband.

"In short," she confessed, "I'm still the fireside pussy. Richie always has to find a pillow for me!" She wiped the cups delicately and tucked them back into her bag. "You ought to see my present cushion," she teased. "It's done in period furnishing. Richie loathes it, but I find it perfectly fascinating psychologically. It shows all the periods that all its owners have gone through—there's a sample of every kind. You truly must come laugh with me some night." She laughingly declined his suggestion that they go to a theatre with him. "I couldn't think of it," she said softly, leaning across the table, her pretty hair showing so much gray under the improvised light that Luther was startled, "because pussy wants to go back to her cushion."

It was so long before he saw them again that he had quite forgotten them. He was passing through the corridors of a shabby old hospital with a committee who were inspecting for necessary repairs. He was listening idly to two nurses who were scolding softly over a woman who had broken some of their red tape.

"She's got two extra screens and four blankets," grumbled one of them, "and she actually makes the dietitian let her in the kitchen."

He sensed they were talking about a woman who was coming toward him with a tray. On the tray was a little gray cup, Mount Fuji still showing bravely in its rim.

"How heavenly!" she welcomed him, dropping one of the two amber-tinted roses she was carrying on the side of the tray. "How heavenly to see some one Richie knows!" she repeated, when he had put the flower back. "Come along quickly before any of these stern folks stop you!" She actually hurried him across the corridor, whispering her directions softly over her shoulder. "You ask Richie about his hospital plans," she cautioned. "He is just awfully pleased with them."

Behind the screens, with the purloined blankets draped in comforting gray folds

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across them, Richie greeted him petulantly.

"Sit down, Luth," he commanded with a wave of his eager hand, "sit down on the bed, there. The jounce will nearly kill me, but sit down."

Caroline laughed softly and gaily. "Aren't invalids cranky when they are trying to get well?" she chided, as she fed him broth from the gray cup.

In the awkward pause that followed Luther found himself blurting out stupid questions about hospital plans.

Griffith's eyes gleamed with pleased excitement. "They are corking," he began, with a burst of his old-time pride. "I thought them up to amuse Carol. She doesn't like this old hole—" he waved his hand expressively. "Now, I don't mind it. I rather like it, being up against all sorts and conditions of people. But lordy, Caroline even wants folks to die in esthetic surroundings."

He disclosed his crude plans eagerly, rambling along with impractical details, babbling of hexagon-shaped wards and balconied sun-parlors until his coughing became so violent that a nurse appeared at the bedside.

Before Luther left the building Caroline had hurried out to him and was standing beside him in the office.

"I just ran out to tell you," she confided breathlessly, "that you mustn't go away looking so sorry. It's really all right, you know. It makes me very—very uncomfortable to have you looking so fussed over Richie. Of course, I can't even pretend he is going to get well now. We couldn't want him to—not as things are. But you see," she made her point triumphantly, "he thinks he will get well! And he probably will—that is, well enough for me to take him back to our woods. He liked it there so awfully—always thought he was roughing it!" She smiled maternally and whimsically. "I've got every one of our old gray cups! And all of the plates except one! Isn't that marvelous? Every Lares and only one Penates gone! Be sure and come to supper if you're anywhere near. And stare at me disapprovingly as you did that first time," she mocked him gaily. "I shall never forget how you stared!"

"Nor I," he answered, trying to equal her magnificent composure. "Wasn't I rude?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "you've forgotten. It was Richie who was rude. He always is, dear lad. That's the way with geniuses. Always queer and always with perfectly ordinary wives like me. It's rather a shame." She paused, with a mock-serious sigh, and answered herself quickly. "It's not really a shame; it's really rather wonderful. The wives' being ordinary leaves them all their time just to make the funny geniuses comfortable. I can always do that, you know, anywhere on earth. A pussy-cat woman like me can always find a place to sun herself and blink. Now just suppose Richie had married a fussy, housewifely person with an annoying string of keys jingling at her belt!"

Luther took both her hands in farewell, striving carefully not to hold them too long or too pityingly.

"You ridiculous little liar," he teased, "you know perfectly well you have an enormous string of keys at your belt. Every one of them to some wonderful room in your castle of comfort. Every time I see you I can hear them jingling."

"How sweet of you!" she cried gratefully. "How nice of you to remember the castle!" An odd smile curved her lips. "Do you know, that's a secret of ours? I've never even told Richie!"

She waved her hand almost coquettishly as she hurried back to the screened corner. The tawny light of the late afternoon sun shone bravely on her gray head. And as he watched her go it came over Luther rather suddenly that she was leaving him perfectly comfortable.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RUM?
$2500 FOR PRIZE LETTERS
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SOME ONE SAID THAT CHICAGO WOULD BE THE WORLD'S CENTER IN LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART.

THROUGH IRISH EYES

We see Ourselves as George A. Birmingham and Herself see us.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

CITIZENS of great conquering nations go about the world impressing their customs and habits upon foreign peoples. They can afford to criticize the shortcomings of their neighbors; can, without giving offense, reform what they find amiss.

The Americans, for instance, are great travelers, and they have insisted on the establishment of systems of central heating in all the principal hotels of Europe. Other people highly like chilly bedrooms. The American does not; and, being perfectly sure that he is right about temperature, he has warmed up Europe until the original inhabitants gasp.

The Germans also travel and are also members of a conquering race. We owe it to the Germans that it is possible to smoke in the restaurant cars of the International Company of "Wagons-lits," in spite of the fact that notices in three or four languages announce that the practise is forbidden.

The English, another of the world's dom-

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inating nations, have forced an extra meal on the unwilling Latin races, insisting that afternoon tea shall be drunk by every one with whom they come in contact. In alliance with the Americans they have spread the Anglo-Saxon language over the world, holding it to be absurd for Spaniards and Italians not to speak it.

It must be very gratifying to belong to one of these great nations and to feel that you have a natural and indisputable right, not only to criticize sharply what you find wrong in other countries, but to insist that the inhabitants amend their ways. We, alas! being Irish, belong to a small nation which has never conquered anybody. We travel with all the humility proper to those in such a case. We admire, but never venture to criticize. We endeavor on all occasions to adapt ourselves to the customs of other countries. We never venture to suggest that any one should alter his usual way of living for our sakes.

THE AMERICAN OBJECTION TO SEALSKIN

For instance: We made up our minds to visit America. We learned in the course of inquiries about America that the American people have a strong objection to sealskin coats; so strong an objection that they will not allow these garments to be brought into their country. We possessed a coat which I believed to be made of sealskin. Our natural impulse, being merely Irish, was to leave it at home and go through America clad only as Americans think right. It is their country, not ours; and, not being English or German, we felt that we had no right to force our opinions about sealskin coats on them.

Then it occurred to us that our informant might be mistaken. "The Americans," so we argued, "are a great and free people. They can not really wish to regulate the clothes of casual strangers. Let us write to the American consul and inquire." We did so and awaited his reply with great anxiety. It reached us after we and the coat were safely in New York.

I am not, even now, quite sure how the Americans really regard sealskin coats. Ours, to my surprise, turned out to be made of the skin of another animal called a musquash. "Herself"—it is thus that we speak of our wives in Ireland—persuaded the custom-house officer that a musquash is not a seal. I myself gave up arguing with him when he asked me where the animal was killed. It seemed to me that he suspected me of having decoyed away and afterward murdered a pet seal of his. The suspicion was so entirely unjust—I have never in my life stolen a pet seal—that I turned away from him in sorrow. I do not therefore know exactly how the argument proceeded; but the coat has gone with us on our travels—a horrible encumbrance, for America in autumn is a very warm country.

The arrival of that American consul's letter confirmed our earliest impression of the country. The Americans have been grossly slandered in Europe. I am not at all sure that they have not, with a curious perversity, slandered themselves. It is a common belief in Europe that America generally, and New York in particular, is a place of tumultuous rush; that every moment of time is immensely valuable and that everything is done in a hurry. This seems to me a horrible thing to say or think about any people, and I was delighted to find that it was not in the least true. New York is a city of immense leisure.

You go into a restaurant and order something to eat. You have time to smoke a cigarette before you get it. You have time to smoke cigarettes after each course, to smoke comfortably and calmly as men ought to smoke. American men do actually smoke in this way during their meals.

We in Ireland are also wise enough not to set any very great value on time. The English are different. They live hurriedly and are quite absurdly punctual. That, I think, is the reason why we Irish do not get on well in England. We can not persuade ourselves that time is precious. And that is, no doubt, the explanation of the fact, which used to puzzle me greatly, that the Irish get on singularly well in America, especially, I believe, in New York.

All sorts of absurd reasons are given for our success on the western side of the Atlantic. It has even been asserted that we, in some strange way, actually change our natures when we land. The true reason is quite obvious to any one who shakes himself free of the superstition that New York is a city of hustle. It is nothing of the sort, and the Irish succeed in it because they and the Americans are sane on the subject of time. We know that the clock and even the sun were meant to be the servants, not the

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masters, of men. We treat them as servants and arrive unashamed a quarter of an hour late for any appointment.

I admire beyond all possibility of expression the sociability of the American people. Their hospitality to strangers is amazing. We Irish have a reputation for easy sociability and friendliness to strangers. We deserve it, perhaps, in Europe. We alone among western European peoples escaped being conquered by the Romans and did not come under the sway of their culture. Therefore we never learned to confuse stranger with enemy, which was the way of the Romans, who derived the two words from the same root. To us, even to this day, a stranger is not necessarily an enemy. But the Americans far outdo us. With them, apparently, a stranger is actually a friend until he proves himself something else. I have never experienced, I could scarcely have imagined, the boundless width of American hospitality.

HERSELF PERSUADED THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER THAT A MUSQUASH IS NOT A SEAL.

And I think the Americans must be as friendly with each other as they are with strangers. Their domestic architecture is the best I have ever seen. "Herself," who is an expert in these matters, assures me that American houses, the private houses of the suburbs of great cities, are astonishingly perfect from the point of view of any one responsible for the management of a home. They are also in general very good to look at, beautiful things, not eyesores.

And you can see them. Anybody can see them. In Dublin, which I know well, the man who builds a house also builds a wall round it, a high yellow wall. He does not want the passer-by to see even a chimney-top. In the suburbs of Naples, where many people live in houses which may be nice, the stranger goes for miles between the high walls that guard the privacy of the householders. He is thankful there to be allowed to see a patch of sky.

The Americans have, I take it, no objection to being seen. Their houses stand unsheltered by walls and have broad, attractive verandas which are really sitting-rooms

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and eating-rooms in fine weather. I am told that this indifference to publicity is a proof of the American devotion to the idea of democracy. I doubt this. In England even ardent Liberals, who are as democratic as any one can be, build very high walls. The delightful openness of the American suburbs is due, I think, to the natural sociability of the people. They do not want to shut others out of their lives.

Inside, the houses have no doors between the rooms, or, if there are doors, they slide into the walls unobtrusively. Here is sociability again. On the other side of the Atlantic the first impulse of any one who enters a room is to shut the door, his object being to keep other people, even his own family, out. Children are trained from their earliest years to shut doors. I can remember a nursery rhyme which chronicled the awful fate of a boy who would not shut doors. He was sent to Singapore—to that particular place, I imagine, because a rhyme for door was necessary.

Nor is it simply the fact that the American houses are centrally heated which has led to the disuse of doors. An Englishman would shut a door in a Turkish bath. So would an Irishman. The Americans do not have doors because they are a sociable people and like to be able to hear each other speak even if they are in different rooms.

TELEPHONE SOCIABILITY

It is, I suppose, this same amazing sociability which accounts for their fondness for telephones. I confess that I prefer writing letters to talking into tubes; but a letter is an impersonal thing. The truly sociable person prefers to telephone even if he is given the wrong number several times, because he can hear his friend's voice; also perhaps because it is much more difficult for a man who is caught on a telephone to refuse an invitation. In a letter one can always make a good excuse. Few people have sufficient presence of mind to lie convincingly on a telephone.

If I wanted further proof of the sociability of the Americans I should find it in the fact that, when traveling, they are content to sleep in Pullman cars. Here, I confess, they seem to me to carry their virtue to a point where it becomes an actual excess. Friendliness and brotherly love are beautiful things; but it seems extravagant to undress and dress again in a narrow, curtain-sided box merely for the sake of the satisfaction of being able to hear your neighbor snore.

Every traveler is struck by the American sky-scraper buildings, and his observations on the subject lack originality. I do not think the traveler should be blamed for this. He can not help himself. He is always told to look at them directly he lands in New York—even before he lands, if the steamer comes to port in daylight. He is obliged in mere politeness to say something, and it is impossible now to say anything new.

NEW YORK FROM A TOP FLOOR

My own favorite remark about these buildings is, no doubt, as stale as all the others. It concerns the view from the topmost floor of a very high one. I saw New York from this vantage point as I have seen other cities from similar heights, as the bird which flies is supposed to see. In every other city I know the most striking feature of such a view is the spires of churches. In New York—and it must be the same in other American cities—the church spires are dwarfed into insignificance by the babel heights of the buildings devoted to commerce of one kind or another. The sentimental moralist might reflect that these things are an allegory; that the American city sets the dollar above God, because its offices outtop its churches. The sentimental moralist, reflecting thus, would, as usual, be wrong.

It may be that I have been unusually fortunate in my experiences, but it does seem to me that the spirit of American cities gives the lie to their architecture. I am convinced that religion, in some form or other, counts largely, is of greater strength than dollars, in American civic life. And some day architecture is going to express this fact. At present the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York is unfinished; but even now it is expressive in an almost terrifying way. This cathedral promises to be one of the great houses of God in the world. St. Mark's with its fantastic spires and gorgeous coloring expresses all the past history of Venice and her commerce with the East, all that strange republic learned of the divine. The confused and misty aisles of Westminster Abbey embody in stone a realizable conception of the tumultuous life of London. The Cathedral

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of St. John the Divine has already caught the spirit of New York.

It is unfinished, inchoate, titanically strong. It, city and cathedral together, is the soldier of the conquering Attila glorying in unbroken victories across ancient civilizations.

No building which I have ever seen gives me the same sense of energy unwilling to abide restraint and strength to endure as well as to do. And that, to the stranger, is the inner soul of New York. I am told, however—I have even seen it stated in a Sunday newspaper, and this carries conviction—that the cathedral is not to be completed in accordance with its original plan. Nothing would induce me to pose as an expert in architecture; but I confess that I view the prospect of a change in the style of the cathedral with dismay.

An American, a citizen of New York, told me one day that he would feel quite at home if he were transplanted to Chicago. I am not sure that he was right. The two cities are very different in spirit, and I can not help feeling that a citizen of one would not be very happy in the other. But I am quite sure that a citizen of Belfast—the city which gave me birth—would not for very long feel himself a stranger in Chicago.

There was, while I was in Chicago, a gathering there of literary men. They

NEW YORK IS A CITY OF IMMENSE LEISURE. YOU GO INTO A RESTAURANT AND ORDER SOMETHING TO EAT. YOU HAVE TIME TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE BEFORE YOU GET IT.

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dined, I think, and then, as all civilized men do, made speeches. Some one said that Chicago would one day be the world's center in literature, music, and art. A Belfast man would say the same thing about Belfast if it occurred to him as in any way desirable that Belfast should hold such a position. My own impression is that if either Chicago or Belfast makes up its mind in the matter, the rest of the world may stand aside and let literature, music, and art go to whichever of the two wants them. These two cities possess a self-confidence which is actually sublime, and it is not the self-confidence of foolish braggarts, but is based on a perfectly well-founded conviction of ability.

At present Belfast, in a matter of politics, which interests Belfast more than literature or art, has ordered the rest of the British Empire to stand still and not to go any further with Home Rule for Ireland. The rest of the British Empire is holding up its hands. I can imagine Chicago doing the same sort of thing, should occasion ever arise, and Chicago would do so without the slightest regard to the fact that it might conceivably be mistaken in its belief, or even if right might be overwhelmed by the rest of America.

There are no bounds to what a man can do except those created by his own self-distrust. There is nothing beyond the reach of a city which unfalteringly believes in itself. If Chicago, as I hope it may, determines to be, not only the world center of literature, music, and art, but also the New Jerusalem with gates of pearl and streets of gold and the Tree of Life in the midst of it —then Chicago will be the New Jerusalem, and I shall sue humbly for citizen rights.

My petition will be granted, I am sure, for the hospitality of the people of Chicago seems to exceed, if that be possible, even the hospitality of other parts of America; but I shall always feel myself unworthy of the honor. Nor am I confident that I shall be altogether happy there, even under the new perfected conditions of life. I was indeed born in Belfast, but I left that city when I was a young man, and now its spirit, which is also Chicago's spirit, is a little strange to me. I have dwelt among other peoples and learned self-distrust.

But Chicago is also generous. All magnificently self-confident people are. There is no note of petty jealousy in its judgment of other cities. In this it seems to me to be superior to Belfast. It is, for instance, freely admitted in Chicago that Memphis is a good business city. I have never met a Belfast man who would say as much for Dublin. I have no doubt that in this matter Chicago is right as well as generous. I am, at all events, prepared to accept the testimony and to regard Memphis as one of those cities in which business is efficiently done.

THE CITY OF COTTON

The place is full of cotton. I shall never dry my hands on a towel again without looking round to see if there is a piece of white fluff sticking on my sleeve. Lancashire, with all its crowd of sooty towns, jostling each other against railway lines, with its human habitations cowering under the shadow of cotton mills, will hereafter recall to me a vision of broad, flat lands, dotted over with huts like penthouses, of miles and miles of black earth bare of all verdure but covered with low, scrubby bushes with the white cotton hanging from them; of crowds of negroes gay in all the primary colors, dragging sacks after them as they pick the precious stuff which is to clothe half mankind.

Memphis seems to me to be emerging rapidly from the ruins of one civilization and going boldly forward to take its place in another. I do not suppose that Memphis any longer regrets the past or even remembers very much about those old days when there was one accepted solution of the negro problem. Memphis looks forward, not back, and like all progressive communities is less interested in speculative efforts to find a final answer to the sphinx riddle of the black man, than to arrive at some practical way of getting him to do the necessary work. The cotton crop must be picked next year and the year after, picked somehow by negroes, since there is no one else who can pick it; after that—well, no one speculates in futures which are three years ahead.

The men of 1917 must settle their own affairs.

But if Memphis and Clarksdale and the rest of those centers of cotton collection have forgotten the past, it does not quite follow that the past has forgotten them. The spirit of that older civilization abides, haunts the new life like some pathetic

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ghost, doomed to wander helplessly among people who do not want to see it. There is a certain suavity about Memphis which the stranger feels directly he touches the life of the place. It is a lingering perfume, faint, delicate, but appreciable. I am told that it is to be traced to Europe; that the people of Memphis have closer business relations with England, Austria, and Russia than with the Northern states of their own country. I am told also that we must look for the origin of it to the Cavalier settlers of the Southern states from whom the people there now claim descent. I prefer my hypothesis of the ghost.

IN NEW YORK CHURCH SPIRES ARE DWARFED INTO INSIGNIFICANCE BY THE BABEL HEIGHTS OF THE BUILDINGS DEVOTED TO COMMERCE.

Some ghosts smell of sulphur and leave a reek of it behind them. Others betray their presence by the damp, cold, earthy air they bring with them from their tombs. This Memphis ghost, which no one in Memphis sees, is scented with the powder which ladies used on their faces and delicate bodies, great ladies who owned slaves as Madame Esmond did, who were sure of their right to own them.

I should dearly have liked to see a dozen other places, smaller places, far less important even than Clarksdale, places which we passed through on our way from Chicago to Memphis. We made the journey by day and some unimaginative friend told us that it was a dull one. It was nothing of the sort. The train dragged us through the streets of a whole series of towns, meandering pleasantly among shops and along side-walks.

This is the good habit of American trains. In other countries trains, when they come to towns, are driven into tunnels or forced to go round the backs of the houses, so that the travelers see nothing except shirts and stockings hung out to dry. People do not, it appears, welcome trains. In the Middle West the train is an honored guest in every town, and is invited to go along on across the

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chief streets. This is an enormous advantage to the passengers. They get real glimpses of the life of the places they pass through.

Alas! In our case these were but glimpses. We longed to stop in every one of these towns, to find out what ghosts haunted them or what new spirits inspired them. The domestic conditions of the great cities seemed to us the best in the world. In the suburbs of Indianapolis men have planned and built worthily and beautifully. But the houses of the small towns seem to have been conceived in a mean spirit and built in raw haste. Yet they can not be mean people who live in them. The descendants of the man and woman who pushed their way, mile after painful mile, across the vast distances of this continent must leave mightily inspiring memories. Why are their farmhouses and the habitations of their small towns so mean?

We read—struggling for alternate possession of it—a book of Irvin Cobb's as we made our journeys. He understood the spirit of these places. We were denied our opportunity through mere prosaic lack of time. Even America, though America has shown its contempt for time, has not yet persuaded the earth to revolve more slowly on its axis. How fine it would be if America would take it in hand to reform the habits of the sun, to get more hours into the day, more days into the week, six or seven weeks into the month, and so render it possible for the stranger, who has no more than threescore and ten years of life and most of that already gone, to see something of the United States!

There are certain things in America about which I am afraid to write. Not politics. They seem a mere welter, and my guesses might as well be right as the matured opinions of wise statesmen. I am not afraid of them. Nor commerce. Nor literature. Nor newspapers. I could say foolish things about any of these, and I should not be held back from doing so by any feeling of respect or awe. But I am afraid to write about American education. This seems to me the most wonderful thing in America.

I do not in the least mean to suggest that the American undergraduate writes better Latin prose or knows more about chemistry than the undergraduate in England. He may or may not. The matter is unimportant. The American "college girl" may perhaps have down in her note-book a larger number of names of Italian artists and more aphorisms of political science than her sister at Newnham, Girton, or Trinity Hall. I neither know nor care whether she has or not. What moves me to reverent silence is the immense vitality of the American universities and colleges.

It seems to me a significant fact that the Americans have no use for the words "don" and "donnish." The members of the teaching staffs of the colleges and universities are not a class apart, do not form a caste with traditions of its own and a special out-look upon life. It would be possible to meet a professor—even of English literature—in private life, to talk to him, to be intimate with him and not to discover that he was a professor. This fact may have some connection with the feeling of vitality which the stranger gets when he comes into touch with American education.

I had the good luck to see Yale, Princeton, and Smith College. I not only saw them, but had the chance of talking with men and women who understand them. There is a spirit abroad in them which will profoundly modify American civilization. Sometimes I seemed to catch the breath of it in football fields while undergraduates yelled at each other through megaphones. It was perceptible, plainly, in the morning exercises in chapel. I caught it as I stood at a class-room door and watched a crowd of girls making notes of the words of a lecturer. It was there, somehow, among the cushions and banners which decorate the chambers of students. I dimly realize the greatness of this spirit. It is in touch with far-off divine things. It is also of to-day, of this country and the city streets. I speculate hopefully about the kind of citizenship it will produce in the future.

These boys who shout through megaphones on football fields and decorate their chambers in ways very strange to me, are going after a while to face, I hope to solve, the complex problems of a civilization which seems to have tangled its feet hopelessly in the mass of its great possessions. These eager-eyed young women who crowd along the paths of Smith College and Bryn Mawr are, no doubt, going to bear and rear sons of a new and greater race. The spirit of all-great achievement is hovering almost visibly over their colleges. We, standing outside, wait the event; content if we live long enough to see it.

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BALTIMORE LUNCH *and* HARTFORD LUNCH

by
LEAVITT
ASHLEY
KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

THIS will introduce to you my very good friend Leander Seethal, a most remarkable citizen of the world.

Leander is going to lodge with me hereafter; I've rented the adjoining suite for him and guaranteed payment. This last the superintendent insisted upon, because he didn't like Leander's looks and turned up his nose at the references. All of which bears witness to the superintendent's utterly sordid and mammonish point of view. Like most other people on this benighted continent, he can not appreciate Leander.

But that's the way it goes with all really great men. And Leander—let me say it emphatically—is a great man. He irritates me beyond measure—but he is a genius. True, he is earning only seven dollars a week in a newspaper office, and that, too, at the age of fifty-seven. But what of it? The world's greatest minds have fared worse at the cashier's desk. Take Rubinsk, for instance: when he demonstrated the short form of the general solution of the quadratic, his uncle's valet was paying his board. And Hermanos, too, who first formulated the twelfth theorem of probabilities. . . . *

It was a bitter night when Leander first drifted in upon me. I was toiling furiously over a petty case that Sam Milligan, head of the Milligan Detective Agency, had turned over to me. I was growing weary of Milligan and his trifling problems. They were all unworthy of an intellectual man's attention. But I had to handle them, for I had accepted a retainer from Sam which bound me in his service for a year. So there I was, frittering the night away over the mysterious disappearance of three boxes of Swiss hatpins that had been stolen from a Broadway loft.

That afternoon I had collected data. I

*The twenty-two geniuses here cited by the author are not mentioned in any standard encyclopedia. We shall print Mr. Williams's remarks about them as soon as we have verified his facts.—EDITORS.

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had read up on Switzerland, hatpins (by the way, some wonderful hatpins have recently been brought to light by archeologists excavating in Crete), the influence of Switzerland on hatpins, and of hatpins on Switzerland (information on this topic is very scant), lofts, their architecture, their accessibility, etc., etc. But not a clue could I find to the thief.

The clocks of the town clanged eleven. I cursed Milligan and hatpins. The December wind sneered icily past my windows—and then there filtered in through my door a faint but sharp sound, a sound like the desperate gnawing of a hungry mouse against old oak too hard for little fangs. A moment I hesitated, then flung open the door.

There gleamed a bony finger, scratching on the door-frame. And behind the finger stood a little man with a back like a bow, and a long, thin cane upright before him, like a bowstring. On his vast and bulging head was perched a straw hat of ancient form and texture. Then I knew why the wind had been sneering! The hat squatted on a magnificent nest of creamy-yellow-white hair, so dense that the gales had left it unruffled. And an unruffled face shone from below it; a kind, calm face, but a very strange face. It was a living query, an interrogation-mark of flesh and bones. The ink-drop eyes were two Why's. They squinted inquisitively and—glory be!—they made four marvelous wrinkles—transverse, double-groove, sub-contractile—the very sort which I had not yet secured for my great book on "The Nine Species of Face Wrinkles." (Publishers to be announced later.)

"Hurrah!" I shouted, and dragged my visitor in by his sleeve.

"Mr. Williams?" the man asked with something like a squeak of joy over his reception.

I nodded.

"You will help me, sir? It is very urgent. A serious business for me. I come to you as a last resort. I would not disturb such a busy man were it not—almost a matter of life and death to me. If I fail, I starve."

"Pray explain, while I photograph those wrinkles!" I begged, and fell to searching my bureau drawer for a flash-light powder. "Who are you, and why?"

"Seethal. Leander Seethal. I am an editor—" his ink-drop eyes flashed proudly at that last word—"but I shall not be one to-morrow, unless you can answer the question that has brought me here."

"And that question is?" I stopped my search and looked eagerly at him.

"It is this." The old gentleman's voice quavered ever so little. "What is the difference between a Hartford Lunch and a Baltimore Lunch?"

We gazed at each other in stiff silence for a full minute, while the winter storm outside hissed as the gallery does at bad actors.

"Now there's a real problem!" I finally crooned. And, as if to prove it, I shoved all my papers *in re* Sam Milligan and the stolen Swiss hatpins into my waste-basket.

"Painfully real!" spoke up Leander Seethal bitterly, and thumped his thin cane. "Four days I've tramped streets trying to solve it. See!" He held up a foot, and I beheld a blue sock peering through a great hole in the sole. "And this is my last night of grace."

"What do you mean?" I cried, now thoroughly aroused over the mystery behind his words. "Why must you learn the difference between a Hartford Lunch and a Baltimore Lunch?"

"Because I am getting old and out of date, and the young men press me hard. And my friends of old are dead." He wagged his noble head in melancholy rhythm.

"You explain one mystery with a greater one!" I complained. "Doubtless my new logical formulas would reveal the connection between your two last remarks in an hour or two. But I prefer to have you tell me. I'm a little tired of figuring to-night."

"It's all very simple." Leander dropped into a chair and set his head atop his cane. "I run the Asked-and-Answered column of the New York *Era*. Letters from our readers, you know. They want to know whether Greenland is colder than Iceland; how many yards of silk are needed for a wedding-dress; why some fleas are brown and others white; on what date people first stood up in New York theatres and yelled when the orchestra played 'Dixie;' why a coin never falls on its edge when you toss it in the air; how many——"

"Enough!" I shrieked. "On with your tale, quick!—or I shall discuss that matter of the coin——"

"Twenty-eight years I've been at it," the old gentleman mused. "And I know more facts than any other man in New York.

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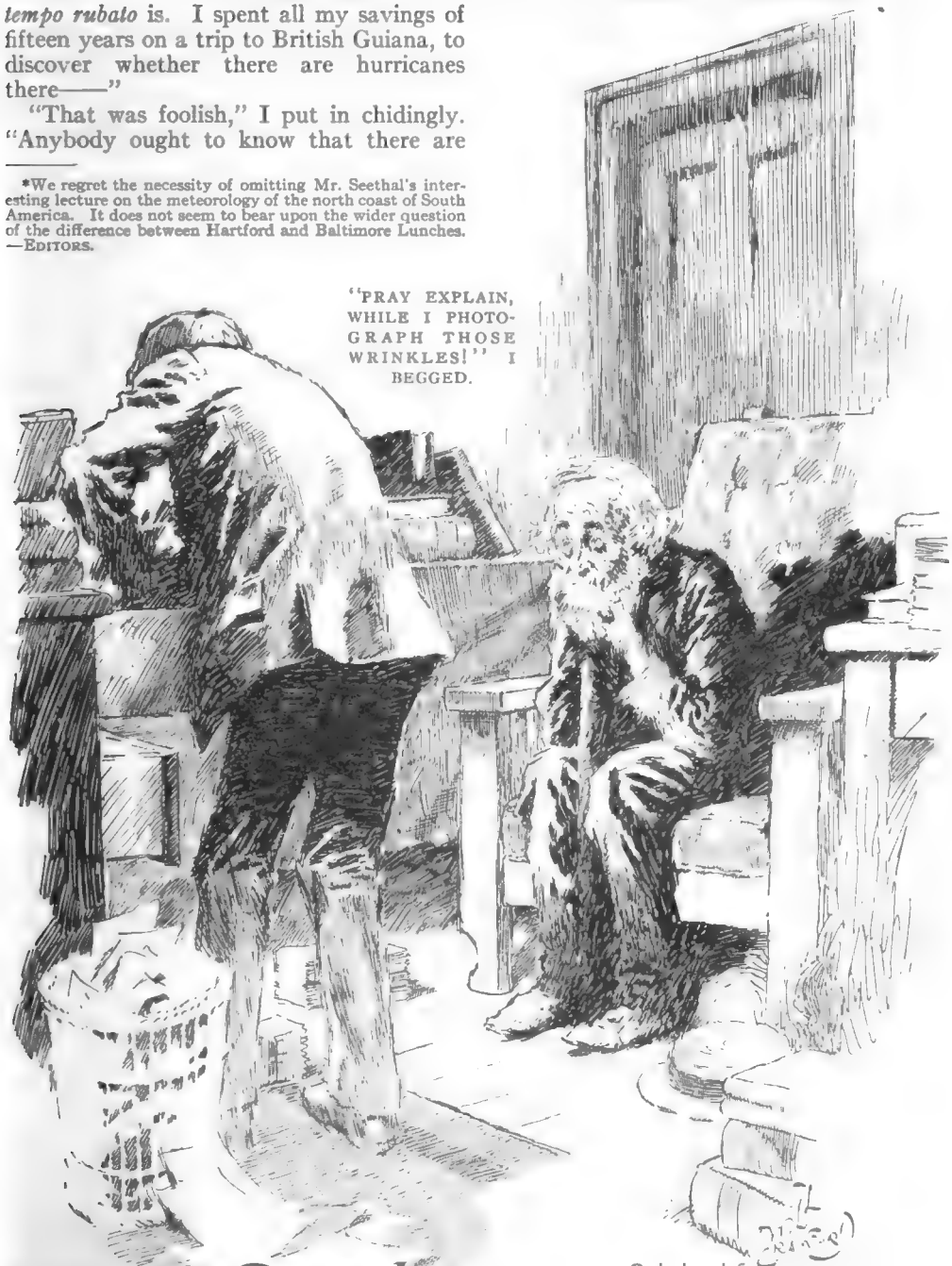
But of what avail is knowledge in a world where men fight one another like tigers for a greasy dollar bill? I mastered the piano and the Italian language, just to make clear to some of the *Era's* musical readers what *tempo rubato* is. I spent all my savings of fifteen years on a trip to British Guiana, to discover whether there are hurricanes there——"

"That was foolish," I put in chidingly. "Anybody ought to know that there are hurricanes all around the West Indies——"

"Perhaps!" Leander sighed, and eyed me sorrowfully, as a converted heathen might contemplate a discarded idol. "But there are no hurricanes in British Guiana . . . *

*We regret the necessity of omitting Mr. Seethal's interesting lecture on the meteorology of the north coast of South America. It does not seem to bear upon the wider question of the difference between Hartford and Baltimore Lunches. —EDITORS.



"PRAY EXPLAIN, WHILE I PHOTOGRAPH THOSE WRINKLES!" I BEGGED.

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"But what did all these efforts and achievements avail me?" Leander went on. "Here I am, the most experienced Asked-and-Answered artist in America. And the *Era* pays me seven dollars a week, while—" his lips trembled—"the city editor and two young cubs are conspiring to snatch even this pittance from me—and—turn me out on the street.

"They say I'm an old fogy," he went on. "But the trouble is that the editor wants my place for his nephew, a good-for-nothing loafer who has been kicked off four papers. The pair of them are inventing excuses to oust me. The nephew has been writing to the editor-in-chief under an assumed name, saying that I have bungled my answers to a lot of queries. But I proved him a liar. And now what? The fellow takes to sending in questions to my column—questions that man has never asked before—questions that man may never answer. I see the whole scheme! I shall fail once, twice, three times! Then complaints will begin pouring into the chief, and the city editor will discharge me."

"And this question about Hartford and Baltimore lunches," I asked, "is flunk number three?"

"Right!" Leander bowed in humiliation. "And this afternoon the city editor told me savagely that I'd have to brace up! Said people were getting tired of my blunders, and so on. Well!" He shrugged his thin shoulders and laughed with a raw rattle deep in his skinny neck. "It's foolish of me to appeal to you. You may answer my question about the Lunches, but that will only put off my enemies' victory a day or two. Curse them!"

"Tut! Tut!" I shook a finger at the angry old fellow as I paced the floor excitedly. "Look at the matter impersonally!"

"When I am about to be thrust out of the office into a December blizzard, ha!"

"I refer to the Hartford and Baltimore lunches!" I corrected him coolly. "Let us investigate them without passion." I popped my hat on, took Leander's arm; and, before he could question me, we were on the deserted street, leaning against the wind that rasped our skins like the lick of a wolf's tongue.

"Where? What are you doing?" Leander panted, as he drew his threadbare coat-collar up about his neck and tucked in his long hair, for extra warmth.

"To investigate Hartford and Baltimore lunches," I informed him. "We shall begin with the one two blocks east of here."

"It's no use!" Leander mumbled dully, as we pushed along past black houses and shuttered shops. "I've studied them all, from kitchen to cashier, from soup to demi-tasse, from griddle in the front window to garbage-pail at the back door. And I tell you, Mr. Williams, they're exactly alike!"

"Aha!" I rubbed my hands. "Glorious! Glorious! Now we have a real problem!"

HIS BENUMBED FINGERS FAILED HIM.

"You doom me, sir!" moaned Leander. "I had hoped you would assure me that my enemies had concocted a false problem. But if it is genuine, then we are undone! I tell you I've looked into everything——"

"My dear sir—" I spoke as kindly as I could to the simple-minded unfortunate—"you may have looked into everything. But probably you have not seen through everything! You are by profession a man-of-all-lore. You are a fact collector. But you are not a logician! No offense meant! You're not a whit worse off than ninety million other citizens! Now it stands to reason that two national institutions could not grow up under different names unless they really were different at some point——"

"I don't see that!" Leander whimpered,

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"A FINE BUNCH OF NIGHT-HAWKS YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HARTFORD LUNCH AND A BALTIMORE LUNCH!"

as a mighty blast from around a corner smote us. "Maybe it's because I'm so cold —and I—I haven't eaten all day!"

"Dear me!" I looked at him in the same way that he had eyed me when I said there were hurricanes in British Guiana. "You are not only illogical, but misinformed. Clear thinking is hindered by a full stomach. A full stomach draws blood from the brain, inhibits the functioning of the higher nerve-centers——"

"What'll I do when they fire me?" Leander continued his wholly irrelevant personal interjections. "What'll I eat?"

"It is true," I said firmly, "that two names are sometimes given to one and the same thing. Hence synonyms. But the conditions of this happening are distinct and peculiar. In the first place, one name is classical and the other colloquial. Thus, 'conservative' and 'standpatter.' In the second place, one name may be used in one year and the other in the next——"

"Here! Here!" Leander clutched me and brought us both to a standstill before a Baltimore Lunch. "You look around while I get a bite to eat. Would you mind loaning me a quarter?"

"Not in the least, after we have inspected the place," I said good-naturedly—though, to tell the truth, I was rather disgusted at the man's greediness. "Let us begin with the interior arrangement."

In we went, Leander slinking hungrily at my heels. A crowd of night-hawks—taxicab chauffeurs all of them—were warming their fingers in the steam of their coffee and thawing their wits noisily over some

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I STOOD LEANDER UP AGAINST A BARBER POLE AND SPOKE COLDLY.

discarded comic supplements of a long-forgotten Sunday. Leander glued his eyes upon their thick, hot cups, and I heard him murmur: "There is no justice in the world!" With a snort of contempt for his weakness I turned to my task.

Griddle in front window; two rows of armchairs along right-hand wall; blue and white tile floor; counter of ready-to-eat pastry and other desserts on left of cashier's desk; and on the right of it a cigar-stand bearing a huge bowl of toothpicks; at the rear——

But why report the rest? For my beautifully logical diagram came to naught. Leander ruined it. In the midst of my mapping, he stalked gloomily up to the night-hawks and asked in a voice as raw as the wind outdoors:

"What is the difference between a Hartford Lunch and a Baltimore Lunch?"

"Search me, pard!" one of the crowd replied soberly. But the rest of the pack whooped. That whoop exploded Mr. Asked-and-Answered.

"A fine bunch of night-hawks you are!" he raged, and brandished a pitiful, blue-veined fist at one of them. "You think you know the town! You brag of being able to drive to any place blindfold in a fog. You pretend to know what goes on behind every door. And you don't know the difference between a Hartford and a Baltimore Lunch! Hoo! Hoo! Fakers! Bluffers! And you stuff your bellies and doze in the warmth, while I starve and am persecuted! Oh! What a hell-hole the world is!"

"Sic 'em, Bug!" yelled one chauffeur gleefully. But the man Leander addressed hauled out a half-dollar and tossed it toward Leander, muttering, "You poor devil! Sit down and have something on me."

For an answer Leander flung the coin into his would-be benefactor's coffee and snarled hideously: "Me a bread-liner? Taking

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charity from a tip-taker? Not while the world lasts!"

Somebody lunged at Leander, but the rebuffed philanthropist sprang up and blocked the attack. "Aw, leave the poor dippy alone! He ain't responsible!"

Then I grabbed Leander and made off with him toward the street and the storm. Passing the cashier's desk, I halted. "Sir," I addressed the occupant, a flabby youth and slumbrous, "what is the difference between a Hartford Lunch and a Baltimore Lunch?"

"Search me!" he said with much earnestness—and even with worry, I fancied. "Good night!"

We plunged into the gale and stumbled onward, I hugging Leander's shaking arm, and Leander chattering half articulately. The night was ominous and horrible. Up and down the great thoroughfares sparkled a thousand dazzling street-lamps upon no living creature save Leander and myself.

"My dear fellow," I managed to say after a while, "I was right! You are not a reasoning soul. We enter a lunch-room to discover its characteristics, and you fall to quarreling with a stranger over his manners! Really, you discourage me! If you want me to answer your question you *must* be scientific and sensible!"

Leander said not a word. We marched on. It began to snow. Midnight sounded from the towers. A Hartford Lunch beckoned us from across the desolate pavement.

We entered. Two shivering women and a sleepy messenger-boy were huddled in armchairs, taking microscopical sips of boiling cocoa and pecking at some sandwiches. Plainly they were deferring the hour when they must pay their checks and stagger forth into the merciless night.

"Well! Well!" I chuckled, glancing swiftly around, "I am beginning to see! That Baltimore Lunch, Mr. Seethal, had its bowl of toothpicks on the cigar-stand at the right of the cashier's desk. But this Hartford Lunch puts the bowl on a special table opposite the desk. Another point! I observe that the pies and puddings here are thickly sprinkled with nutmeg. Hartford is the capital of Connecticut, the state of the wooden nutmeg. Let us gather up some of the material. If it is wood, then——"

A clatter of crockery checked my speech. Leander had snatched a bowl of custard from the counter; but his benumbed fingers failed him, and the bowl smashed on the hard oak floor. (Please note that the Baltimore Lunch had a tile floor!)

"SEARCH ME!"

"Mr. Seethal!" I stamped my foot. "If you persist in making a beast of yourself, I shall drop your case, fascinating as it is."

"Hey you!" shouted the cashier. "Cough up fifteen cents for that spill! *If* you've got the price!" Then to me: "Another darned bench bum from Union Square! That's the seventh one to-night!"

"I shall pay the damages, young man!" I fished up some small change. "And I will add a dollar to them, if you will answer one question. What is the difference between a Hartford Lunch and a Baltimore Lunch?" And, to prove my good faith, I planked down my dollar.

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One long minute the cashier contemplated me uncertainly. Then dolefully he thrust back the dollar, shook his sleek head, and said: "Search me!"

"That's what they said all day yesterday!" Leander piped, and, from behind me, he leered wickedly at the cashier. "Search me! Search me! Search me! You'd think they were a pack of crooks who had passed along their stolen goods before the bulls pinched them! Well, they are all worse than crooks! They are fools! Fools! Work in Hartford Lunches and don't know why a Hartford Lunch isn't a Baltimore Lunch! Did you ever hear of a sailor that didn't know the difference between a boat and a woodshed, eh? Why! you——"

"Beat it, old Booze, or I'll call a cop!" raged the cashier.

I dragged Leander once more into the night. I stood him up against a barber-pole and spoke coldly. "I am going to solve this problem of yours, Mr. Seethal! It is obviously worthy of my acumen and my dollar-a-minute time. But I want you to understand, Mr. Seethal, that I am no longer engaged in the task on your account. I am doing it out of a pure, scientific passion for Truth. I have lost all respect for you. You suffer from a loathsome disease——"

"I'm only hungry!" sniveled Leander.

"Again you miss my point, sir, and thus confirm it! I do not object to your getting hungry. That is an affliction that, sooner or later, overtakes all men. But I do abominate that canker of the mind which has smitten you. Mr. Seethal, you are utterly, chronically, congenitally irrational! You drag me from my warm room into the December storm, for the sake of settling a definite question of Fact. Logically, you ought to have assisted me in establishing the Fact. But what do you do? Insult people! Brawl! Smash dishes! Bah! And you call yourself the best-informed man in America! Once more, bah! You are not even informed about yourself! And, as Socrates said, knowledge begins at home."

"There's another lunch-room! See! On the corner!" Leander's eyes bulged, and he tittered like a maniac. "This time I shall eat! If I drop the dish I shall lick it up off the floor!"

"This time you shall eat!" I promised. "Then perhaps you will listen to reason, after a fashion. Come!"

There was but one customer in this Baltimore Lunch, and he was about to leave as we entered. Leander, I regret to say, was mumbling and shuffling scandalously. The one diner eyed the medieval straw hat on Leander's shock of hair. He studied the shiny spots on Leander's second-hand frock coat. He counted the missing buttons on Leander's greasy vest. Then, shaking his head, he thrust a dollar into the frozen fingers of the man who knew that there are no hurricanes in British Guiana.

Leander stared emptily at the bill for an instant. Then he giggled into the man's face: "No good! Your money's no good! I don't take that kind! No, sir! The last fellow that tried to shove it on me got it back in his coffee! Hee! Hee!"

"Pf!" The man wheeled angrily and stalked out. Then Leander, still giggling, dropped his wobbly elbows upon the cashier's desk, and addressed these rambling words to the cashier, whose cheeks had suddenly turned gray:

"Well! I suppose you'll say: 'Search me!' too, eh? That's what the whole crowd says! Search me! Search me! Like any crook that's got away with the goods! Only they're all worse than crooks! Every one of 'em! Heh! Want us to search you, eh? All right! All right! Give 'em third degree!"

Suddenly the cashier gave a deep groan. And, before my unbelieving eyes, the young man sank back in his chair and covered his face with two shaking hands. Now that was odd, wasn't it? I resolved to investigate the young man—very cautiously. I would say little, but hint much and vaguely.

Leander raced toward the pie counter, stumbled, fell, and lay very still. A chair that he had struck toppled over with a rattle. The noise seemed to pull the cashier together. He took his hands away from his face and looked at me, with a very poor imitation of effrontery.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded in a hollow voice.

"My name is Williams!" I said evenly. "Here is my business card. You may have heard of me. I'm the man who trapped the diamond smugglers last summer. Remember?"

"What—what do you want here?" The words were scarcely audible.

"I have been engaged by a newspaper editor to investigate a very peculiar case."

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I spoke with deep intensity and fixed my eyes upon the young man's. "Let us avoid personalities. Let us put the matter in the form of a generalization. Let's talk about things—plain things. There are, in many parts of this town, two things so very much alike that the ordinary man can detect no difference between them. They differ outwardly in their lettering. And some shrewd people suspect that they must differ even more. So I am here, sir, to lay hold of——"

I never finished. Like a bullet from a gun, the cashier leaped from his stool and shot into the darkness and the killing wind of the winter midnight. I heard the patter of his flying feet die away in the unrelenting roar of the blasts.

Then I stepped behind his desk, seized the telephone, and called up the nearest police station. Another minute, and a hundred patrolmen were spreading their invisible net for the fugitive, and two detectives were speeding to me.

"THE LAST FELLOW THAT TRIED TO SHOVE IT ON ME GOT IT BACK IN HIS COFFEE!"

I hung up the telephone and was about to move toward Leander, when I noticed a deep drawer below the desk. It stood open; not wide open, but far enough so that I clearly glimpsed into it. There lay, stack upon stack, great thick packages of brand-new one-dollar bills!

"Leander!" I called out sharply.

Leander was sitting up now, rubbing his skull, while a lunch-counter attendant was trying to tug him to his feet. "Well?" said Leander.

"How many dollar bills would it take to fill one cubic foot?"

"A dollar bill," spoke up Leander, like a phonograph, "is seven and a half inches long and three and one-eighth wide. Its area is therefore twenty-three and seven-sixteenths square inches. Old bills are thicker than new bills. If the correspondent will kindly state whether he wishes—to—to know about new bills or old ones, we shall be glad—glad—to— In the issue of August 23, 1901, the *Era* stated——"

Leander's head dropped on his breast. The attendant looked at me, much frightened.

"Leander!" I spoke sharply. "How many quick lunches would this place have to sell in order to take in fifty thousand dollars a day?"

"Two hundred thousand a day!" The human phonograph encyclopedia shot back. "The average quick-lunch ticket is twenty cents for breakfast, thirty cents for dinner, and—twenty-five hurricanes on the coast of British Guiana——"

Then two detectives stormed in, in their wake an excited cub reporter.

"What's up, Mr. Williams?" they demanded obsequiously. "What big game have you trapped this time?"

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"One minute!" I hurried over to poor old Asked-and-Answered. "Here's the real detective! We must fix him up first. He has been disguising himself as a starving man, and it has gotten on his nerves. Waiter, bring a big wash-dish from the kitchen! And fill it half full of something hot—hot water, hot milk, hot coffee!"

The waiter did so. Then I ripped off Leander's thin, punctured shoes and his wan blue socks, and stuck his chilled feet into the dish of coffee. In a minute Leander braced up and yelled a little; and then we poked some hot mince-pie into him, and a few other counter-irritants. While Leander munched and the detectives fidgeted and the cub reporter scribbled, I unlimbered my faithful pencil and computed all over the top of a marble table. Swiftly the giant searchlight of my Logic lighted up the mystery of the fugitive and the drawerful of bills. Leander was gulping his last morsel when there arose a great tumult before the restaurant, and in scuffled a fat patrolman dragging our runaway cashier.

IN SHUFFLED A FAT PATROLMAN, BRINGING OUR RUNAWAY CASHIER.

"Aha!" I shrilled. "My pretty boy! Just step behind the desk and show the gentlemen your choice assortment of green goods! Spread them out!"

"You've got me!" snarled the cashier, and showed his teeth at me. "I had 'em all fooled! They couldn't spot me! The whole Secret Service fell down on the job—and now you, ha! If that ain't rotten luck! Say, how did you get wise?"

"Whew!" whistled the two detectives, and into the drawer they dived, bringing up the big, crisp bundles. "Why! This is the famous counterfeit that's stumped the Treasury Department for five years! There's a five-thousand-dollar reward out for the capture of the guy who shoves them! Mr. Williams! Congratulations!"

"You're mistaken!" I raised a protesting hand. "It was my friend, Mr. Seethal—" I waved toward Leander—"who came here to search the cashier. I came on another mission—" I hesitated—"and, I may add, a much more difficult one!"

"What could that be?" cried the cub reporter in an anguish of curiosity.

"My boy!" I smiled. "What is the difference between a Baltimore Lunch and a Hartford Lunch?"

"Search me!" said the cub. "And quit your kidding!"

"Gentlemen?" I turned inquiringly to the officers.

"Search me!" each of them echoed.

"Some day I may have the pleasure!" I bowed. "In the meantime, Leander—" I hauled my now drowsy companion to his feet—"let's be jogging along. Call a taxi, sonny! We're tired, and we've got to get up early to-morrow. Leander has

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IN A MINUTE LEANDER BRACED UP AND YELLED A LITTLE.

to collect his five thousand, y'know."

Leander slept all the way home. He lacks real intelligence, Leander does. He never mentioned Baltimore and Hartford Lunches after he got his hands on that reward. I despise such an intellect. But I find him very useful around the premises. In fact, I must admit that he is a great man. He has an amazing fund of disintegrated information on which I can instantly draw. His mind is perfectly indexed, which is more than you can say of any standard reference book. In fact, the defects of even the best index in the best edited encyclopedia are appalling. I have found, for instance, ...

What Mr. Williams found will be printed in the next report of the Annual Convention of Librarians and Compilers.—EDITORS.

There will be another story by Leavitt Ashley Knight in the May number. Not Worry-Worry Williams this time, but "The Button."

P. S.—Look for George Randolph Chester's story, "The Doodle Bug," too.

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The GREATEST QUESTION

BY
WALTER LIPPMANN

"It shall seek to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation."

THEY say that whenever politicians wish to do something without doing anything they appoint a commission to investigate.

There is a Federal body just beginning to organize its work which has a better reason than that for its existence. The nine members of the Industrial Relations Commission have actually to find out something which neither Congress nor the American people knows. They have before them the task of explaining why America, supposed to be the land of promise, has become the land of disappointment and deep-seated discontent.

It was after the McNamara affair that a group of prominent citizens induced Congress and President Taft to create this Commission. Three representatives of organized labor, three employers, and three representatives of the public compose it. The Taft appointees were not confirmed by the Senate, and so it was not until President Wilson made his nominations that the Commission could go to work.

Two of the labor men have been high in the American Federation of Labor, the third is from the railway brotherhoods. (The I. W. W. is not represented.) Of the employers, one is a railway president, one a progressive manufacturer, one a business man from the Pacific coast. The public is represented by Professor John R. Commons, by Mrs. Borden Harriman, and by Frank P. Walsh, who is also Chairman of the Commission. These nine people have before them the task of discovering the causes of unrest in America.

It may be that they won't find out. It may be that Congress won't give them the money to find out. It may be that what they find out will be hushed up. But if they do their work with imagination and courage they will do more than any other group of people in this country to shape our history.

The Commission has already struck its first snag. It had no sooner got itself installed in offices, and had no sooner engaged some of its experts, than people began to expect "results." Wherever there was a strike, in Calumet or Colorado, wherever there was friction, as in the Protocol of the New York garment trade, there has arisen a demand that the Commission should come and fix things up. That is just what the Commission can not do. It consists, after all, of nine people with more or less experience, not of nine omnipotent and omniscient magicians. And the first condition for any real results from their work is that they should not have to produce "results" right away.

The Industrial Relations Commission, then, is not a board of arbitration. Its business is not to act in particular cases, but to lay the foundations for wiser action than is possible to-day. You might say that its business is to surround the good-will of the American people with intelligence, to put behind vague phrases like "social justice" a body of fact and genuine theory. The Commission is there, in short, to save our good intentions from becoming the pavement of an industrial hell.

The main outlines of the problem are already visible. The facts have to be collected and arranged so that their importance can be understood. Hours of labor and wages, the regularity of employment,

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who the workers are and where they come from, how they feel toward employers—those are the *a-b-c's* of any attempt to understand why there is unrest in America. The fact that the typical wage of a man will not support a family will without question prove to be the deepest reason for the trouble, and the soundest justification for it.

There follows naturally a study of the conditions under which wage-workers live—the kind of housing and food and pleasure and opportunity that is open to the great mass of laborers. We hardly need the Commission to tell us that the way people live in Lawrence and Fall River, in Calumet, in the Southern lumber camps, in the Pittsburgh steel district, is a grim joke on the pretensions of America.

QUESTIONS FOR THE COMMISSION

The Commission can not stop, of course, when it has collected the facts that show how bad things are, though one of its tasks is to drive those facts home so that statesmen may stop talking as if the New Freedom existed. There is more original work than that to do. There must be a study of the efficiency of industry to determine whether we are actually as poor a nation as we seem to be. With that must go a knowledge of labor unions and employers' unions, the organized bodies that are fighting out the trouble. There must be a comparison of conditions to-day with those twenty years ago before the trusts had developed. We must know if it's true that real wages have fallen, if the working class has actually lost ground in the midst of advancing prosperity.

Experts generally agree, I think, that the cost of living has risen faster than wages; in other words, that the poor have become poorer. The Commission must find out whether this is due to the fact that mechanical improvement has lessened the skill needed, whether the big trusts have been able to crush and exploit through their gigantic power, whether the new immigration from southeastern Europe has made this exploitation possible through its un-American standard of living.

With this there must come an exposure of the attitude of the Government toward working men trying to raise their standard of life. The Commission will find, of course, that from Lawrence to West Virginia, from Little Falls to Calumet, there is a record of police brutality and class feeling on the part of judges which has bred in the minds of workers a fear and a contempt for the American Government. If you want to understand unrest, the I. W. W., or the McNamaras, you must know what it means to feel that organized government is against you.

There is perhaps no country in the world where the labor struggle is so brutal as it is in America. In Colorado and West Virginia and elsewhere, it has been a war, with gatling guns and armored trains, dynamited bridges, pitched battles, boycotts and blacklists, spy systems, spoiling of machinery, hate and revenge. No one knows which side started any particular trouble. But every one knows there are two sides in bitter conflict. The Commission must find out why.

It has got to take the history of labor legislation and how laws have been interpreted out of existence by the courts. It must go into the history of attempts to unionize the working class, the story of the Manufacturers' Association, the inner purpose of the Civic Federation, of the Steel Trust's profit-sharing, of the thousand and one schemes which have made labor suspicious, worried, and angry.

IF NOT THE I. W. W., WHAT?

The Commission will have to study what is to-day the real labor problem in America—the problem of the unskilled and unorganized workers. They constitute the overwhelming mass of workingmen. They are not included in the American Federation of Labor. They are the neglected, ignored majority to whom no one but the I. W. W. has ever preached one word of hope. And if the Commission proposes to condemn the I. W. W., as most good Americans do, then it must face this question squarely, as all America will have to—the question of what is to be put in the place of the I. W. W., what organization, what power is to be put into the hands of this exploited class.

But that isn't all. If the Commission is to throw real light on these problems it must show us the *relative participation of Capital and Labor in recent industrial progress*. If "social justice" means anything, its meaning will come out in that inquiry. Labor to-day says quite frankly that it is

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being robbed. The working man is restless about it. The Commission can study that indictment, can show how profits have been divided, what the consumer has gotten, what labor, what the stockholders, and what the magnates. That is the greatest question that economists have to face.

If it is true that Labor is not receiving its share, then the unrest of labor ceases to be the "agitation" of "unreasonable" men and becomes the most reasonable, the most sensible demand in the world. If it isn't true, if what labor gets to-day is all that industry can pay it, then there is somewhere in our economic life a radical inefficiency.

I don't see how any one can escape that dilemma: either labor is robbed, or industry is grossly mismanaged. There is no other way of explaining the fact that the *richest country pays its hardest workers less than a living wage.*

At first sight this may seem a staggering program for nine people. But it is not quite so staggering as it sounds. In the first place, the Commissioners will not have to do all the work themselves. They will have under them a corps of experts to whom will fall the really hard work. The appointments of experts so far has been very fortunate. They are men and women with a real knowledge of the problem, with scientific training, free enough and imaginative enough to have no illusions that they are going to fix things up at once.

But even these experts would be helpless before the problem if it weren't for the fact that most of the questions which will arise have been investigated at one time or another. There is a mass of Government reports in existence and of authentic private investigations like those of the Russell Sage Foundation. The Commission will not have to duplicate this work. Its task will be to interpret it, collect it, organize it, and focus it so that it really means something.

But there are still points that require fresh investigation. Some of these will be undertaken directly by experts in the employ of the Commission. Chief, perhaps, will be the problems of the unorganized workers, concerning whom so little information exists. On many subjects, however, there are agencies already conducting inquiries, and the Commission will cooperate with them—with the Public Health Service in the Treasury Department on the question of industrial hygiene, with the Department of Commerce in Secretary Redfield's investigation of the cost of production and the efficiency of the trusts, with the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce, the Bureau of Corporations, the Children's Bureau, the Department of Labor, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

There is every reason to believe that the Commission is well aware that it must not thrash over old straw. Its real work begins where other people have left off.

THE NEED OF NEWS

The question of publicity will bother the Commission. Nothing would be more disheartening than to do a good job and have nobody know about it. That has happened only too often in Government investigations. One of the problems, then, is how to make the American press realize that the work of the Commission is news, the most important news that can come to the American people. Up to date, the papers have been struck dumb with the fact that a prominent woman is a member of the Commission. Now, with all due respect to human interest plus snobbishness, that is not the most important thing about this Commission.

Perhaps interesting news will begin to appear when workers and employers and citizen groups begin to descend upon the Commission and demand a hearing. It is certain that an effort will be made to present the point of view of the I. W. W. with full dramatic power. Employers no doubt will want to rebut. The Commission may then become the center around which the social storm rages. That should be entirely satisfactory to the Commissioners, for only by means of such vivid incident can people be aroused to study the more careful findings of the experts.

Whether the American press can lift itself to the plane of sympathetic criticism is an open question. Certainly that will be needed for any lasting results. There must be in back of the Commissioners a body of opinion to drive them deeper into the problem. There must be opinion ready to smite Congress if "economy" or prudence suggests to the Democrats that appropriations should not be granted. There must be opinion imaginative enough to know that what America needs for its unrest is not an opiate. There must be resistance to any effort to cry peace where there is no peace.

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW *about* RUM ?

EDITORS are human. People who are not editors are quite likely to regard editing as an elevated snap. They think all editors have to do is ask a few big people to write a few big things, put them in the magazine, and there you are.

Editing is not like that at all. Just finding subjects in which readers will be interested is a job in itself. Then fitting the writer to the theme; finding just the man who will treat the subject broadly, honestly, thoroughly, and interestingly, is a bigger job.

Editors are human. We get tired. We get into ruts. We get out of step. We look at your job and think what an easy, profitable time you are having. We envy you. We would like to trade jobs.

How would you like to come down here, or up here, or over here, and edit EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for a while?

In a way you are one of the editors now. A critical editor. You tell the editors inevitably what you think of the magazine. You tell them in no uncertain way. If you like the magazine, you buy it and talk about it. If you don't like it, you quit talking about it; and then, if you don't like it some more, you quit buying it. We could not very long continue making a magazine readers do not like. Something over six hundred thousand people take EVERYBODY'S now. That is a right handsome bunch of favorable criticism. It would indicate that we have no immediate worry. Nor have we. But just the same, while the job of continuing to make a magazine that six hundred thousand of you will like may be elevated, certainly it is not a snap. Not for us.

The truth might as well be told:

We are hungry for a fight. We like to fight. Not a pleasant afternoon affair. Not a "beg-pardon French-duel" affair. Not a

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diplomatic, subtle affair, but a good old-fashioned "knock-down and drag-out public square" affair. That's the kind of a fight we like. And that's the kind of a fight most of you must like, because you carried EVERYBODY'S from a circulation of a hundred thousand to over six hundred thousand on that kind of fighting. EVERYBODY'S with its six hundred thousand buyers, and its nobody knows how many readers, lined up against the giants of the Powers that Prey in a terrific fight, with the life of the magazine at stake every minute.

After aiding and supporting years of that kind of fighting in EVERYBODY'S, we can not blame you, and you can not blame us, if now and then you and we are overwhelmed by an imperative hunger and thirst for an old-time fight.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MUCK-RAKE

But in publishing, as in life, there is a time for everything, and if you were to take the job of editing EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for a while, you would soon discover that this is not the time to fight. In fact, you have probably already discovered it in your own reading.

Do you enjoy the same kind of reading you did two years ago? Five years ago? Hasn't your taste changed? When you come upon an old-fashioned muck-raking story with sweeping charges in lurid phrasing, does it give you the thrill it once did? Or do you find yourself saying:

"Yes, yes, there are rotten things in Denmark, no doubt. Some institutions that have not been attacked, that ought to be attacked, no doubt. Some institutions that have been attacked and only apparently reformed, no doubt. But when the magazines first told me about such things, they were news to me. I found them entirely interesting in themselves. The fierce attacks and the lurid phrasing appealed to my fighting spirit, and I responded; but when a man has read about the same crimes for years, he begins to tire of reading about them. They are no longer news. They are not so interesting. What big crime is there that has not been attacked by magazines and newspapers and books and legislatures and civic bodies over and over and over again?"

It is no reflection on readers of a magazine that they no longer find such stories interesting. Even those who enjoy fighting could not get up much enthusiasm over that particular kind, because the big crimes are known, and also because the readers know that most of the men who were responsible for the crimes are trying very hard to adjust their business methods to the new business conscience. It is the American spirit to give a criminal a chance, and to give even more than a chance to the man who has done criminal things without exactly realizing that they were criminal.

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We repeat, any new attacks on old criminals would not only be uninteresting to magazine readers, but would be positively offensive to thousands of militant readers, because of what they would regard as unfairness in attacking men who are making a serious effort to reform.

Things have changed mightily in this country in the past two or three years. Everywhere the new conscience is at work, and the spirit of accommodation, as the President so adequately phrased it: Our cities for the most part manned by honest and intelligent public servants under the watchful eye of an awakened electorate. State governments aggressive for the right, and the national government accomplishing marvels for the common good. And cooperating with city, state, and national governments, Big Business doing its utmost in the vast majority of instances to subscribe to the spirit of accommodation.

Truly a vast change in the past two or three years.

That is why readers have lost interest in the sweeping charges and lurid phrasing. That is why the intelligent publisher has himself lost interest in lurid phrasing and sweeping charges. The same impulse for the common good which led him into fiercely attacking and tearing down, that same impulse now leads him to encourage and aid in the constructive work, which is the big job of this present time.

THE JOY OF WRECKING

But the work of a construction company is not nearly so interesting to watch as the work of a wrecking company. Always you will find a crowd around the building which is being torn down, especially when a wall is being pulled over or the roof dropped in, but never a crowd about a building under construction.

While we feel that our work is perhaps more vital now than it has ever been, we must confess it is not nearly so interesting as it was in the good old fighting days. Construction is such painstaking work. Such slow work. And when the construction is in the line of reforming and readjusting business methods, the results are so long showing.

The articles on SOCIALISM and the series by William Hard on BETTER BUSINESS, now running in the magazine, are constructive work, we believe, of a very high order. And mighty interesting also to the people to whom such articles are interesting, but with nothing like the appeal to the crowds that a fighting, smashing article has when a real fight is on.

We have seen it more than hinted that our present editorial policy indicates that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has gone over to the Interests, has sold out to the other side. We can rest the more easily under such an unfair charge because it must be so

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obvious to any one who uses his brains that the Interests have come over to our side. You can't fight a man who is licked. You can't fight a man who is down and out. You can't fight a man who says: "I apologize. I was wrong. Let me get up. Give me another chance."

That is just what we have been fighting to bring about. That is exactly what we wanted the man to say and do, and we believe he is honest in his repentance and earnest in his hope to rehabilitate himself. It is only fair that he should have a chance to rehabilitate himself. It is only decent that we who had so much to do with his undoing, should now help him in every way possible to adjust his business methods to the new conscience.

No doubt there are some men left who are not doing business on right lines; some men who do not propose to do business on right lines; some men who are squirming and scheming to get safely through the present time to that other time, which is almost sure to follow, when the public will be lulled into a fancied security. Then these harpies mean to feast again upon the public as in the good old days.

We and other publishers and public men are on the lookout for just such critters as these, and you may be sure that when the proper time comes we will make short shrift of them. Some business men and some business houses are even now under a very grave suspicion; but it would seem extremely unwise for us to attack them now on the strength of even a grave suspicion, when such an attack would almost certainly do more harm than good, by discouraging the thousands of business men and business houses that are making honest and earnest efforts at readjustment.

ENTER JOHN BARLEYCORN

Well, we have wandered a long way from what we started out to say. Possibly you have found this side-light on the publishing business, and our reasons for publishing the kind of a magazine we are publishing now, a bit interesting; but we started out to say that we find our work a good deal harder and sometimes a trifle discouraging. Once in a while we get to the point where we feel that we just must have a good old-fashioned fight. We can't have that, because, as we have indicated, it would do no good—it might do a lot of harm—and you would not be interested in it, anyhow.

We are on one of those hunger strikes now. We want to pull off something big, something new, something with a punch in it. We look out over the field and we see something that looks promising—something not immediately concerned with the new business conscience. Something concerned with the old, old conscience. Something that seems to have a live and vital interest all

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over the country. Something that is even acute in some sections.

We mean liquor, rum, John Barleycorn.

Jack London has written a wonderful book about the gentleman. Sam Blythe has had a tremendous story in the *Saturday Evening Post* about him. *Collier's Weekly* says that the business men of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, who opposed the closing of saloons because they feared it would hurt their business, are more than satisfied to have the saloons closed. On the other hand, the *Medical Record* points out the frightful menace of cocaine among the Southern negroes who have been denied whisky by state Prohibition. Whisky makes a man's hand unsteady; cocaine not only crazes him but gives him deadly accuracy in shooting. More than that, it deadens sensibility so that he goes on fighting after he is shot. Many officers in the South have had to exchange their usual weapons for the .38 caliber army revolver in order to cope with the cocaine-taking negro.

A perfect stream of matter on the subject is passing over our desks every day. Newspaper stories, magazine articles, books, pamphlets from all kinds of societies—brewers' associations, Anti-Saloon League, Womens' Christian Temperance Union, Prohibition Party.

It looks as if this old subject is very much alive again.

RUM—A NATIONAL ISSUE

A live magazine ought to be doing something about it. Some one said, "No question is ever settled until it is settled right." The liquor question, which many had supposed was settled, appears not to have been settled right—it is such a long way from being settled.

For years the great majority of folks appear to have believed that the saloons are a necessity, that the individual has a right to do with his own life as he pleases, that Prohibition does not prohibit. But the people who have been fighting rum have not been satisfied with any such conclusion. They have kept at the job until now it is a live issue. A burning issue. A national issue.

All over the country you will find men and women burning with zeal to stamp out the liquor traffic.

All over the country you will find men and women burning with indignation at the abridgment of their personal rights.

Personal rights are precious things. Millions of men have willingly given their lives for liberty. But homes are precious things and souls are precious things, and when homes are wrecked and souls are lost and the innocent made to suffer, that certainly is not right.

What about the liquor question? Can it be settled? What is the way to settle it—the right way?

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Well, here we are: The editors of EVERYBODY'S hungry to do a big new thing. Here is a very big, vital subject, but not new, and not interesting to our readers unless we can present it in a new way, and vastly more interesting to us if we can present it in a new way. Is there any new way? It would be a mighty good thing for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and a mighty good thing for our readers, if we could find a new way of doing things—a new way of presenting things.

We think we have found a new way. A very interesting new way. Interesting to you as well as to us.

The old way, the usual way, would be for us to take this big, live subject and find the one man in all the country best fitted to make a thorough, dispassionate study of the question and then report it most interestingly, making good reading of it.

That is next to impossible with the liquor question. Everything would appear to have been written about the liquor question that could be written, in all the ways that could be devised. Besides, it is next to impossible for any man—and the bigger the man, the more impossible it is—to keep his personal convictions out of such a question as this.

Any man trying to cover this subject thoroughly ought to spend months at it—ought to travel from Maine to California and from Buffalo to Galveston. He ought to know what is going on in every section of this country, with side trips to Sweden—the Gothenburg plan; to Germany; to all the civilized world, in short—to study what experiments have been tried. What successes there have been. What failures. What effects on business of this policy or that policy. Whether the human race is being strengthened or weakened by prohibition, by license, by liberty. He ought to have all the facts from every section before him, and then, with the gift of Solomon, tell us where we are at.

It would take years of time for any man to cover all the territory he would have to cover to collect the data he ought to have before he would be equipped to write the story, and it would cost us thousands and thousands of dollars.

That would be mighty interesting for the man, but not exactly sizzling with interest for us or for you in the meantime.

WHAT EVERYBODY'S READERS KNOW

This new method we have hit upon will get more action, will cost less, and, we believe, will give you and us a vastly better time, and it is almost certain to insure a very much more effective story than any one man could possibly write.

Perhaps you have guessed what we have in mind. That's it. We mean to ask you to become producing editors as well as critical editors. And we mean to pay you for your work. We

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propose to run a series in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE on the liquor question, the series to be written by our readers.

You know all about the liquor question in your section. Many of you know about the liquor question in other sections. Some of you know about the liquor question in foreign countries.

It is safe to say that the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE know all about the liquor question.

Our proposal is that you write to us what you know about the liquor question—not your theories, but the facts you know. The experiments that have been tried in your section, and the results of those experiments. The liquor question in its relation to the individual. In its relation to the home. In its relation to business. We should like to have every reader of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE write to us telling us what actual facts he knows about the liquor question in these relations. A letter boiled down to the fewest words which will do justice to the facts.

And then a statement as to what he thinks is the right way to settle the rum question.

We will take these letters and present the facts which they give us, in a series of articles in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Sometimes we will print the letters themselves, when we can not improve on their method of presentation, but in any case we will present in this series *all of the facts* which these letters develop.

YOUR SALARY

Below is the method we shall follow in editing the series—this series on RUM. If the series pans out and you readers are interested and interesting, we shall very likely follow with another series. There is no reason why you readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE should not contribute a part of the magazine every month—if you like the job—providing, of course, you do a good job.

For the series on Rum we have appropriated $2,500.00 for salaries to be paid to the reader-editors as follows:

To the reader who makes the most valuable contribution to the series, as judged by the editors of EVERYBODY'S, we will pay $500.00. To the next five we will pay $100.00 each. To the next five $50.00 each. To the next ten $25.00 each. To the next twenty-five $10.00 each. To the next fifty $5.00 each. And to the next five hundred $1.00 each.

That makes a total of $2,500.00 to be paid out to five hundred and ninety-six reader contributors.

Now, don't say you will have no chance at the money. Read what follows. You may discover that you have a mighty good chance at the $500.00, and are almost certain to land somewhere on the payroll.

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In reaching our judgment as to the relative value of the several contributions, the editors will have in mind, first, facts; second, deductions from the facts. You need not try to write like Lawson, nor Hard, nor anybody but just yourself. State what *you* know, the facts *you* actually know about Rum, and then what those facts mean to *you,* what you think is the right way to settle the Rum question. You may not know a great deal about Rum, but what you know and what it means to you may be a valuable contribution, may be the most valuable contribution to the series. Some woman, some man, who does not pretend to know anything about "writing," may get that **$500.00.**

So give us your contribution as briefly and simply as may be, and we will judge it for *what* it says and not for *how* it says it.

You give us the right to publish all of your contribution, or any part of it, or none of it, as we decide is best for the success of the series. Facts, actual facts, are what make Big Stories. Contribute facts, real facts, and make sure of your facts. One misstatement of an important fact may spoil a Big Story. When you come to your deductions from the facts, what you think is the right way to settle the Rum question, go as far as you like—that is your right; but when you are giving facts, when you are telling what you know, keep your "think" out of it as far as possible.

Tell only what you know.

Now, again: first, *What do you know about the Rum question?* and, second, *What do you think is the right way to settle it?*

Send your contribution as soon as convenient, that we may start the series promptly. The last date for mailing contributions is April 30th. Anything mailed after that date can not be considered in the salary competition.

The competition is open to any one and every one who has done us the honor to read these lines. If you are not entirely clear as to the terms, write for further information on the doubtful point.

We are immensely pleased with ourselves for thinking of this *innovation in editing,* immensely hopeful that it will please you and that you will pitch in and make of it the Big Series it ought to be. If you take hold of this plan with enthusiasm, the best feature in EVERYBODY'S every month will be the Big Story contributed by EVERYBODY'S readers.

Cooperatively yours,

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY.

February 20, 1914.

P. S. Will you add a short P. S. to your contribution before you mail it, telling us what Big Series you think we ought to tackle—*you* ought to tackle—next after Rum?

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ADVENTURERS ALL

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

PERSONALLY, we don't care any more about the South Pole—than the North Pole. Both are inconveniently unmarketable, except as a literary commodity, and can not add much to the world's material wealth or happiness. But the quest of the Pole! Here is a different matter. And, speaking for ourselves, on that day five years ago when it was announced that Peary had at last reached the long-sought goal, far from any feeling of exultation, we were depressed. A world in which there was no North Pole to be discovered seemed a dull place in which to live. For it is no empty, if trite, aphorism which says that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

But there still remained the South Pole and Scott. And in proof that it is the quest of the Pole that counts, we imagine that the story of "Scott's Last Expedition," which EVERYBODY'S readers were permitted to read first, before its present book appearance (Dodd, Mead), will move men long after Peary's success may have become a commonplace, and Amundsen's name forgotten.

This English expedition was not the first to reach the South Pole. But it was splendid. It was heroic. And so long as the hearts of men leap to examples of daring and courage in the face of defeat and death, they will be thrilled by Scott's brave words:

"Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

Perhaps because knowing the end, one reads the whole diary, which in the first volume (the other has the various reports), with harrowing pity. They started out in such high and confident hope, these Englishmen. They were so efficient. We have been led to believe that if an Englishman went to hell, he would immediately draw himself up to the fire, make himself comfortable, and call for tea. And so it was with the Scott party at Cape Evans, as Ponting's pictures so vividly tell: the "Hut" they built had all the comforts of home, book-shelves, writing-desks, and even framed pictures on the wall, and woodwork stained an artistic brown!

But the qualities which may make the English good colonizers pretty much over the face of the globe, avail little in that part of the world where the ice grows in "almost tropical profusion." Soon a sort of dreadful prescience begins to creep into Scott's narrative. Is the season in truth to be a bad one? Will the Norwegians get there first? Can an expedition with such men fail? Forebodings that were only too quickly realized. On March 29, only eleven miles from the depot of supplies, but whirling drifts everywhere—and "I can write no more. . . . For God's sake, look after our people."

As Stevenson quotes from an old author in his introduction to the "English Admirals:" "Whether it is wise in men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in States to honor them."

Scott's story was the big story of the past year.

"I sometimes fancy," says James Stephens, "that if I had the misfortune to be born a polar bear or an Eskimo, I would not have been a patriot."

But why not? If there is one thing more

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than another you get out of V. Stefansson's "My Life with the Eskimo" (Macmillan), it is that people (we won't vouch for the bears) are much the same the world over.

In his travels among the Eskimos, Mr. Stefansson found that always "to the eastward" there were barbarous folk, with no chins, and with eyes in the middle of their foreheads, who "ate strangers," and moreover hooked to themselves wives with the caribou antler, killing a good many in the process. Yet the Eskimos he saw, although living as men lived in the Stone Age so far as material conditions were concerned, were simple, kindly, and hospitable. Instead of eating him, they fed him, and built his hut for him—always, it should be added, telling him of the murderous folk a little beyond.

And so we may imagine that, like a child's ever receding horizon of hills, the people who are different from ourselves, essentially, we seldom overtake. They are eastward, among the unknown.

Mr. Stefansson's account of the "blond Eskimo" of Victoria Island has added an interesting chapter to anthropology. Perhaps he is a little severe with the missionaries, whose precepts he thinks the Eskimos are inclined to follow too literally—as when they insist upon getting next to godliness even if a whole tribe has to bathe in one tub. But his book is fascinating, filled with the romance of the unfamiliar, the thrill of adventure.

But brave adventurers as were Scott and Stefansson, they were not more brave than Theodore Dreiser when he became "A Traveler at Forty" (Century). No babe ever started on his first journey across the great spaces of the nursery floor with more tremulous eagerness, or crowed more delightedly at successful accomplishment, than Mr. Dreiser with his first crossing of the Atlantic.

To enjoy his account of it, you must try to realize what a really wonderful thing it is that he, Theodore Dreiser, author of "Sister Carrie" and other corpulent novels, should be setting out to see the world for the first time at forty. If you can't catch the thrill of this, there won't be much use in your reading the book.

For Dreiser is Pepysian in his naïveté and childlike egotism, and particularly in his delight in pretty women. From the actresses on shipboard (are there always actresses on shipboard, we wonder?) to the end of his journeying, wherever he goes, down Piccadilly, along the boulevards of Paris, to the Casino at "Monte"—here are ladies. And he is as pleased as old Samuel in their company, and as sublimely foolish in his talk of them.

We have long thought that a man might write a book really worth while if he could shake himself free of all consciousness of what others had written before. But we had not thought of the dreadful contingency of Mr. Dreiser and a first trip to Europe.

Some years before the recent great change in China, described in "China Revolutionized," by John Stuart Thomson (Bobbs-Merrill), a little man, five feet and a few inches tall, whose Orientalism was hardly concealed in a frock coat and a top hat, became a somewhat familiar figure in the various capitals and large cities of our western world.

And everywhere this little man went, to London, New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, his purpose was the same: to talk, organize, and raise money in preparation for the big event that finally came to pass in China less than three years ago. He even went to Columbia University, in New York, it is told, and right under the aristocratic and unsuspecting nose of its comfortably conservative president, talked revolution and reform. In his pocket he carried Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

This little man, it need not be said, is the blessed Sun Yat Sen, hero of the Chinese revolution, whose story, as Mr. Thomson now tells it, is a most romantic one. No braver adventurer or finer gentleman anywhere than Sun Yat Sen. For fifteen years before October 10, 1911—the date when John Chinaman cut off his queue and the oldest monarchy in the world became a republic—Sun Yat Sen was busy sowing the seeds of republicanism.

So early as 1895 he was compelled to leave China, because of an outbreak in Canton that miscarried. If he had remained, his ankles were to be crushed under the hammer and his body was to be cut into a thousand dishonorable pieces. But he didn't remain. Instead, he picked up his revolutionary propaganda and carried it abroad. Nor did he go alone. Wherever he went he was closely shadowed. Once, after arranging for a loan with some bankers,

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he asked that all the correspondence be destroyed and, in explanation, stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain, and disclosed two stealthy watchers outside.

But he succeeded in raising a large fund for the revolution. More than a million dollars passed through his hands, and not a penny, so it is told, stuck to his palm. All the time he himself lived most frugally, only indulging in the frock coat and the top-hat, in quaint deference to occidental prejudices. And after his work was done, after he had achieved republicanism for China, in order to secure the North Sun Yat Sen quietly obliterated himself, handing over the presidency to the man who the longest and most powerfully had stood in the republic's way, the strong and crafty Yuan Shih-Kai. Now, as we understand, Sun Yat Sen is once more an exile from China.

Surely a dull world it may well seem, with the Poles discovered, and John Chinaman wearing a plug hat and trousers, reading Henry George (right side to), talking Syndicalism, and more concerned over the ephemeralness of rubber tires and the cost of gasoline than the everlastingness of ancestors and the peculiar virtues of queues for men and small feet for women. Never has a greater change occurred in any country, not even excepting France in the last decade of the eighteenth century, than that which has come to China in less than three years.

Mr. Thomson's book is the first intelligible account of what happened and how it happened. It didn't all happen at once by any means. The Manchu dynasty did not topple over at the first push, nor was the Republic of Han raised without sacrifice of treasure and blood. There were campaigns and pitched battles and sieges and massacres of which no war-correspondent knew. But the Chinese boy of the future will know, and as he celebrates October 10th he will be able to tell of deeds as patriotic as ever were done at Bunker Hill or Yorktown. And his hero, his Washington, will be the honorable little Doctor Sun Yat Sen.

Mr. Thomson is not a trained writer. Much of his book is crudely done. But mere writing doesn't count for much when a man has a real story to tell. He knows China beyond a doubt, and the Chinese. And notwithstanding the fact that the Chinaman reads backward, wears white instead of black for mourning, worships the past, and does everything topsyturvily, from the occidental standpoint, Mr. Thomson finds them, as Mr. Stefansson the Eskimo, not so different from ourselves.

If any one thinks that the late editor of London *Truth* was not an adventurer, as well as a story-teller, statesman, and a good many things besides, he should read "The Life of Henry Labouchere," by Algar Labouchere Thorold (Putnam). It is one of the interesting biographies of the year.

In the first place, to establish a paper and call it *Truth* and try to live up to the name, was perhaps in itself adventure. When asked by a former newspaper associate on the London *World* why he wanted to start another paper, Labouchere replied, "Because I want a pair of boots of my own, with which to do my own kicking."

He could afford the boots. His family was connected with the famous banking house of Baring.

But Labouchere had experiences a-plenty before entering the publishing field. While still a young man, he came to America and for six months lived with the Chippewa Indians, and also for a time was connected with a circus. Here in America, too, he began his diplomatic career, as attaché at Washington, which furnished him with enough stories to last his lifetime. For example, once when a pompous caller had explained what a really important personage he was, he was promptly invited by young Labouchere, "Pray, sir, take two chairs."

Mr. Thorold has been handicapped by an excess of good material. The stories themselves would make a volume, or the history of *Truth*, or the account of Mr. Labouchere's twenty-five years in Parliament, and his position in regard to Home Rule, which latter in these Ulster times is particularly interesting to follow.

But to close with a last and characteristic story. When he was dying, and his present biographer, who was attending him, overturned an alcohol lamp and it burst into flames, Labouchere opened his eyes. "Flames?" he questioned quizzically. "Not yet, I think."

And he turned over and went to sleep.

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"YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU COME HERE ASKING FOR THE KING TO — SELL HIM —*BUTTONS?*"

Lieutenant Desiderata

D'Artagnan de Kansas et Aramis de Castilla se battent en Duel

by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Continent of Europe had slipped under his feet from east to west in his pursuit of a black-eyed Irish princess, and that within three days and nights —one wild orgy of Speed lapping up Space.

He had done it in the cabs of chartered locomotives, on power tricycles—in high-geared touring-cars, racing-cars, roadsters, in or on any wheeled thing that consumed linear geography. And finally he had overtaken the Orient Express, carrying the princess, which he had missed in Paris by four minutes and eleven seconds. To make up those four odd minutes required empires for

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elbow room; but he made it, at a little frontier stop somewhere down in the Danube country.

He made it in evening clothes, high silk hat, and top-coat, for in Paris he had been spending the evening till dawn at his club; and the chase was started and Paris far behind before he once thought of a change of clothes. Or of funds, either. But use of the telegraph caused a bag of French gold to be waiting for him at Nancy, which he snatched in passage much as a through flyer takes on a mail-sack.

Not being a case of life or death, or fame, or fortune, or country, it was of course a case of a girl. Of a girl and—a rival. The rival was a duke, a Spanish grandee, exquisite and accomplished, and the girl's second cousin. Furthermore, he was with the girl, with her, and a kidnapped great-aunt for duenna; and so he was having hours and days for competent and insidious courtship.

And yet the brisk pursuer was not depressed. He was belligerent, though. He would be, being an American, being a Kansan, being Ned Thacker; and Ned Thacker being the reincarnation of that hot-blooded mousquetaire whose name was d'Artagnan. He needed to be, too, since his young and ducal rival was Renaldo Valdepena, and Renaldo was none other than the reincarnation of that other and subtle mousquetaire whose name was Aramis.

"Ah, so, monsieur le duc," Ned mocked his Grace's purling accents as he kicked Germanic kingdoms behind him, "you are telling her, I suppose, how you gave an empty nut to reward a helpful though simple monkey. And you are smiling your slow, sweet smile. But only wait, for I am coming, and there's going to be red pepper in the nut, and at the next distribution of honorariums . . ." Here the pursuer catapulted through another frontier.

"Stopped me when I was guilelessly ambling home from a poker session, did you?" Ned's reverie raced on with Ned. "Needed a witness, did you? Needed a perfect stranger to help extricate a mysterious lady from a coil of circumstance? Didn't want the lady compromised into marrying that dear Baron Coligny, did you? And the helpful monkey went right along and helped, didn't he? Helped you, instead of the Baron, to run away with the lady, didn't he? And you never said 'good-by'? Never gave the lady a chance to, either? So here I've got to stop selling buttons and step over to the other edge of Europe and give her the chance myself."

Ned did not make himself known when he overtook the Orient Express. He had a feeling that she might suspect him of audacity, for he had seen her only three times, had spoken to her only once, and had never been presented. But no etiquette barred a man from traveling in the interest of buttons; and Mr. Thacker, whom Paris had rapturously made her darling, calling him the Gilded Button Boy, dreamed, as he lay recuperating in his berth, of a button-selling campaign for Eastern Europe.

He was not discovered by the pursued, for he secured a compartment in the farthest removed *wagon-lit*, where he confided the clothes on him to the conductor for renovating. At Sofia he despatched the dining-car steward up-town for whatever might be the Bulgarian notion of fresh linen; and meals and baths and homage due a generous American prince were brought to him in his inconspicuous and solitary state.

So Europe went on slipping by underfoot: valleys and rivers and fields and vineyards and villages and black-forested Balkans; and there was a change of trains in the night, and next morning they looked out on the Ionian Sea, and bumped against a buffer under a corrugated-iron shed in the capital and chief port of the brand-new Kingdom of Illyria.

No one, Ned perceived, was at the station to meet his princess, and he smiled. Of course not; she was giving her brother, the king, a little surprise. She knew well enough that she had no business in coming to Illyria at all, and a word announcing her coming would have brought her a telegram en route ordering her back to the civic calm of Paris. Unseen himself, Ned saw the three of them—the girl, the cousin, the aunt—enter one of the drosky-like, crimson-cushioned, two-horse station hacks. He saw the girl's maid and the cousin's valet follow in a second, and the party's abundance of sole-leather impedimenta loaded into a third. Ned had only his cane himself, a bright laurel cane with a gun-metal crook, and he stepped into a fourth drosky with the unimpeded ease of a fashionable young gentleman remembering a duty call in the next block.

"The King's palace," he said to the Greek

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on the box. "Palace, understand?—*Palais—Palazzo*——"

"Got chu; yessair, got chu," interrupted the Greek, his English having the startling effect of an abruptly uncanned phonograph monologue. He grinned athwart his shoulder down at his fare. "Vair bes' reggar' li' ol' Broadway, sair. Me, For'-sec' Strit, Knickerbock', there my ol' stan'.—Geet ap, you Bucephalus! O you Dan Petch, beat it!"

They threaded narrow, crooked streets where a thriving Western boom town seemed in process of emerging from an ancient smear of Eastern lethargy. A trolley-car took on passengers in front of a mosque turned into a moving-picture show. An ox-cart blocked the way of a motorcycle, and Ned wished he could understand the conversation. Other items were likewise more vivid than war bulletins, telling the tale of battles. There were fezzes and fedoras. There were sheepskin coats, woolly side turned in, and knives and pistols; and there were cravenetted raincoats, and umbrellas. There were men in skirts, and men in Scotch tweeds. There were women in trousers, and women in Paris modes. And there was an electric sign lashed to a whited minaret.

Ned remembered having read how the Illyrians fought their Moslem oppressor to a standstill; but now he knew it, for Illyria had ceased to stand still at last.

"There'll be no strangeness for this town in an earnest young man arriving to sell buttons," said Ned to himself, "and so the Honorable Patricia won't have any call to get strange, either."

The Greek on the box slowed down before a high fence apparently constructed of long iron spears pointing upward, and between these pickets the young American perceived a wintry rose garden, and back in the garden the dark, cold stone façade of the residence of former Turkish governors, now the palace of the first king of Illyria. Ned knew it must be so, not only because the drosky was stopping, but because two other droskies were just leaving the wide double gate after having deposited their fares.

Ned bade his driver go on by. It would be better, he reflected, to give the pursued princess a chance to get in first and say how'-do before bursting in upon her.

As he passed the gate, there she was on the steps of the palace, with Cousin Renaldo, Aunt Jemima, servants and luggage, announcing herself to a species of ferocious colossus in Illyrian or Albanian brigand costume. He was complete, that colossus, from the scarlet worsted ball on the upturned toe of each moccasin to the crimson cap on his square-cut curly flaxen head; complete as to the white fluffy skirts and big flowing bishop's sleeves, to his open scarlet vest, to the yataghan, knives, and antique pistols in his wide scarlet sash.

But Ned saw, in the flash of passing by, that the terrible person—brigand, king's guardsman, or whatever—was bowing with the huge embarrassment of an abject captive to the little princess whose face was upturned to his, whose black eyes were snapping in eager anticipation of the surprise she was about to give her brother, as she asked to be taken to him.

"I'll bet a cranberry farm," murmured Ned, "that the Viking in ballet skirts there will be another. Bound to be. He can't help it. My luck, though. Each time I catch up with that girl, up turns another rival. Here," he said to the driver, "just roll on around this frost-bitten park here."

The park having been rolled around, the drosky came again to the palace gate, and this time Ned alighted.

Ned turned into the palace walk, but at the steps found the magnificent colossus towering above him, abstractedly torturing his flaxen sea-king mustache into a fierce *moustache militaire.*

Ned gazed up in naive admiration of the phenomenon. A very decorative fighting machine the man was, strikingly done in white and scarlet and gold. The splendor of his composite attire, of his artillery and cutlery, arabesqued in precious metals and studded with gems, would have marked him a native chief of high degree, used to eyrie state and robber-baron sway over wild Balkan crags. But this could not be, he being fair, and in every dimension more stupendous than the biggest of the wiry little Illyrian tribesmen. The breadth of him, indeed, would rather have denoted a Germanic flagon-quaffing war god, such as is made familiar to us on the escutcheons of our best breweries.

But to have an end, let us know him at once, though Ned, himself d'Artagnan, could never know. Who, then, could he be, this magnificent Olympian? Encountered in any garb, in any country, in any

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century, who? Who but Porthos? Brave, vain, gorgeous, laughable, lovable, loyal Porthos!

In his present incarnation he was, unabridged, Apollonius August von der Blitzen, captain of the King's Guard; and the skirts, sleeves, and cutlery were the uniform of the Guard and the captain's own concoction and infinite pride. During the late war of Illyrian independence Captain von der Blitzen had been a prodigious slayer of bashi-bazouks; and with the winning of independence he had been made captain of the Guard by his gallant young Irish general, who in his turn had been made king by the Illyrians.

Be it understood, however, that Apollonius August von der Blitzen did not begin this present Porthian incarnation quite so ponderously as his name, title, and prefix would imply. On the contrary, he began it as Gus Blitz, in Cincinnati, Ohio; and he grew up in the form of a butcher's boy, when his uniform was an apron and his buckler a basket festooned with overlapping links of sausage. But his gorgeous soul had soon burst a chrysalis so ignoble.

LIEUTENANT DESIDERATA

The captain gazed at Ned Thacker, Porthos at d'Artagnan; but the slow-stirring instinct of their friendship in another century could not dull the antipathy of butcher boys to high silk hats on chance young strangers. Captain von der Blitzen twisted his mustache and knitted his jutting brow into ominous corrugations.

"King in?" Ned inquired.

Now the simplicity of the big guardsman was as huge as his person. That simplicity had just been taken into camp by three other strangers inquiring for the king, and they had proved to be his Majesty's sister and his cousin and his aunt. And his sister, the black-eyed miss in furs and ravishing fur-topped boots, had begun it by asking for "Terry," in her eagerness forgetting to designate her brother by his new royal title. And *she* had proved to be the Princess Patricia! Captain von der Blitzen therefore decided that he must be cautious. This latest stranger sauntering up and inquiring for kings might be somebody too.

"His Majesty," replied the captain with immense dignity, "is in, but engaged. Who ——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Ned. "If you'll just tell him that Mr. Thacker——"

"Not 'his cousin, Mr. Thacker?'" shrewdly interrupted the other. "Nor his aunt—I mean, uncle—no, nephew. Is it nephew, maybe?" the captain suggested earnestly.

"No, no," said Ned, "it's buttons."

The Porthian frown returned. "Buttons?"

"The Great Come-off-less," Ned patiently explained. "They don't sew on. They clamp on. The merest man can do it. They are sex emancipators, and free Illyria will clamor for them, the army, the navy, policemen, firemen, aldermen——"

"Stop—stop!" the command boomed from the deep von der Blitzen chest. "You mean to say you come here asking for the king to—sell him—*buttons?*"

"Why not?" Ned queried sweetly. "Go straight to headquarters—that's business. Did that in France, got government contracts. My people back in New York had to buy more copper mines to fill orders. Here," he said, suddenly inspired to a more personal appeal, "let me show you just right here and now, and you'll see at once why the

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Sewless merits the gratitude of kings."

As he spoke he drew a handful of bright brass buttons from his overcoat pocket. Ned Thacker would no more think of going without samples of his bachelor button than the old d'Artagnan would have gone without his sword.

A bachelor button, as all enlightened bachelors know, comes in two parts. One is the button itself; the other the stud, or base, resembling a thumb-tack, which is thrust through the cloth from beneath and so pressed into the button. Ned selected two such parts from his handful, and turned to demonstrate his merchandise where the captain, normally, would be needing a suspender button. Then, for a moment, even the d'Artagnan audacity was embarrassed. He had forgotten that the captain did not wear 'em. He stared in dismay at the fluffy brigandish skirts, or *fustani*, which the captain had so fondly adopted from the national Illyrian costume.

"Might as well try to button up a candle-shade," he muttered. "No, wait. Of course, the very thing. Baron, I'll just put one on your Excellency's panty-waist."

The captain drew back as if stung, laid his hand on his yataghan, and began to quiver. "Pa-panty . . . waist?" He implored Ned to save himself. He feared he would not be able to keep from slicing off his ears.

Ned batted his sandy eyelashes and the lively gray eyes widened in appreciation. "As to slicing, sir," he said with the utmost soberness, "find me a corn knife like yours there, and then—slice away."

This gasconade stirred in the Porthian breast a clouded prenatal memory that was not displeasing. Or else it was only the good-nature of a giant. At any rate, the terrible colossus slowly began to smile. "Just for that," he said, "just for that, I'm going to take in your card. King Terence wouldn't want to miss this. Fight me, *anybody* fight me—oh! And my poor king hasn't smiled for weeks! Right this way, Mr. Whacker."

"Thacker," said Ned.

The king was in the cold, bare, spacious hall that was called his cabinet. He loved his brave and wilful little sister, and that was why he was not glad to see her. He embraced her tenderly, but looked inquiring reproach at the cousin escort and

"NOT MORE THAN FIVE FEET EIGHT, I SHOULD WITH"—THE SLAYER OF BASHI-BAZOUKS *ME!* HONEST,

the aunt duenna who had brought her.

"Am I in time," asked Patricia, throwing off her furs, "for a palace massacre?"

The young king, anxiety deepening the natural pallor of his noble features, summoned attendants to have the aunt shown to apartments that would be instantly prepared for her. Shriveled Aunt Jemima, with bright bonnet bobbing spitefully, could only obey.

"Oh, Terry dear," cried Patricia, when the aunt had gone, "how glad I am I came to you! There is really danger, then?"

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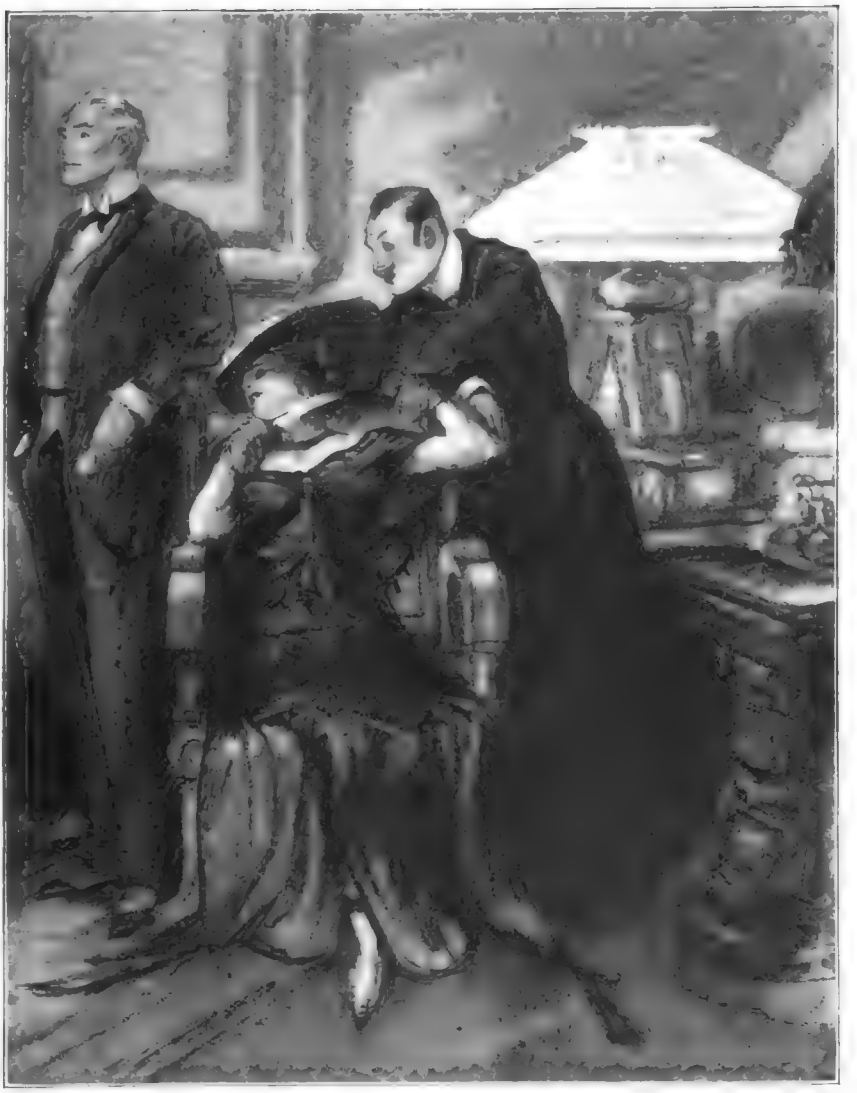

SAY," SAID THE CAPTAIN, "AND WILLING, YOUR MAJESTY, TO CROSS YATAGHANS UPSTROKED HIS MUSTACHE, GLANCING AGAIN AT PATRICIA—"WITH YOUR MAJESTY, HONEST!"

"The first trouble now, sis," said the king, "is how to get you away again."

"Hospitable!" murmured the girl.

At this point Cousin Renaldo interrupted. "Austrian envoy still stirring the kettle, eh?"

The king nodded. Athos he was, this Irish king of Illyria; and for all the charm of his calm dignity, he was a man of few words. But the subtle Spaniard required few words. From the moment of his entrance he had been constructing the situation from the very atmosphere of the place. He already knew Austria's policy of domineering over the little kingdom, and the Austrian envoy's instructions to remove all who balked Austrian influence. Such a one had been the first Illyrian prime minister, and he had been assassinated. Another such a one was the king himself. But removing a king was not so simple a task. Why not, then, let his own subjects do it?

So his own subjects had begun to whisper—and only the envoy knew how the whispering began—that it was the king who had instigated the taking off of the premier. Their prince, their general, their liberator, whined the malcontents, was at last on the Austrian pay-roll, the pay in his case being the security of his throne; and as an earnest of good faith he would soon officer garrisons and fortresses with traitorous Illyrians designated by the Austrian envoy.

The little palace massacre mentioned by Patricia was truly a very imminent thing; and Cousin Renaldo knew it was, from the king's nod.

"She would come," Renaldo mused aloud, contritely. For he was contrite, seeing close at hand his kinsman's harrowing trouble. The Duke de Valdenar, the secret, daintily

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self-poised Aramis reincarnate, esteemed few men, and none as he did his grave and courtly Irish cousin; and, truth to tell, no other man's displeasure could have greatly disturbed him. "She *would* come," he repeated with slow emphasis.

The rare hint of a twinkle quickened in the king's serene gray eyes; and he asked, though searchingly, earnestly: "But you brought her. Why?"

"To think, my cousin," spoke the old Aramis, ever evasive when aught touched his heart's secrets, "that you do thus squander five entire words!"

"Why?" firmly repeated the king.

The young duke flung out his arms. "You know why," he exclaimed. "Or you have guessed. Why, I brought her for the three jewels of days they gave me with her, days for winning her, if I could, at last."

"And—" The gray eyes, searching yet, but tenderly and with a light of hope in them, went to the girl herself for the answer.

"Terry," cried Patricia scornfully, though the bloom of peaches overspread the cream of her cheeks, "if you think three days enough to——"

"But think," ardently protested Renaldo, "of the months that went before!"

"No," said her brother gently, "do not, Patricia. Think of the minutes. If you know the answer in your heart, then let the rest of the dear game go. Does Renaldo win? Does he lose? If you ever mean to take him, take him now, that he may take you back to Paris by the first train to-morrow. For we can not trust your Aunt Jemima. With the chance for mischief here, she would desert you, and back she'd come, to be in it. Sis, look up; what is the answer?"

Now there was no doubt about Patricia's being very fond indeed of her languidly brilliant and noble cousin; but this only made for doubt as to whether she surely loved him. In the present juncture, however, as she noted the anguish she had added to her brother's cares, she suddenly perceived the blessing it would be to him, not mentioning Renaldo, if she might resolve her doubts at once—in the affirmative. And, generous loyalty bringing the tears to her eyes, she had nodded, sweetly, bravely; and her brother had kissed her; and the prospective fiancé was springing forward for his, when Captain von der Blitzen entered, bearing in a mallet-like fist the business card of Mr. Thacker of Kansas.

Only the slightest of frowns crossed the king's brow, and that instantly vanished. Something near to the affection of Athos for Porthos mellowed the Irish nobleman's indulgent look of inquiry at the one-time butcher's boy.

"A—I—a smile for your Majesty." The captain jumped at once to the pretext for his intrusion, but belied it by his gaze of honest rapture on Patricia. "Not more than five feet eight, I should say," said the captain, "and willing, your Majesty—yes, sir, real willing—to cross yataghans with—" the slayer of bashi-bazouks upstroked his mustache, glancing again at Patricia—"with *me!* Honest, your Majesty, honest.—Good; I knew you'd smile."

The king held out his hand for the card of the absurd lunatic who would be fighting colossi. At sight of the name he gave a start, not only of surprise, but of pleasurable surprise. Then he shook his head slowly, with much concern, at the prodigious guardsman. "You are lucky, captain, lucky indeed, that you did not give this—ah—particular instance of five feet eight the chance."

"Oh, who is it?" demanded Patricia quickly.

"He's just a—a commercial person," said the perplexed captain, "a fellow selling buttons, your Highness."

"Buttons? Oh," cried her Highness, softly clapping little gloved hands, "I knew he'd come! I knew he'd come!" She flashed a glance of mischief at her cousin. But she saw no annoyance on that fair Castilian countenance. He smiled urbanely back at her. But, connoisseur of old love-lilting troubadours, his Grace knew that a girl is not to be followed over continents at incredible and costly and highly complimentary speed without some impression being made on the girl; and he reflected within him that Irish girls are peculiarly susceptible to quaint and airy methods of attack.

"Show him in, captain, please," said the king.

"How!" exclaimed the captain. "Your Majesty would really receive a button drummer?"

"Ah, but," said his Majesty, "this is a king-maker button. Some day, captain dear, I may tell you how it made me a

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king. But show the lad in. 'Tis a salute of cannon he should be having."

So Ned, coming in, found himself shaking hands with a king who was glad to see him, a tall Irish gentleman of a king in quiet Scotch tweeds.

"Well, young sir," said the king, "and what brings you to Illyria?"

Ned looked at Patricia. But he could not tell a king that it was the king's sister that brought him. "Buttons," he said.

Patricia was ready for him with a friendly little sparkling of recognition, but her expression changed to disdain so abruptly that he wondered if "Buttons" were the wisest answer, after all. He wished he had hazarded the audacious truth, and then seen what happened.

Enough would have happened, no doubt, for nearly enough swiftly began to happen, as it was.

"Captain," said the king, "begging your indulgence one minute, Mr. Thacker——"

And Mr. Thacker heard, and took the unintended blow standing, unflinching; and it was mighty hard on the captain, too. For what they both heard was instructions to the captain to have the town crier announce the banns between the Honorable Patricia O'Hara, sister to the king, and his Grace Renaldo, Duke de Valdepena; and the patriarch of Illyria was to be in attendance at the palace for the performance of the ceremony that very evening. Then, having attended to that, his Majesty courteously turned to his young American benefactor to resume the subject of buttons.

But the young American seemed to be thinking of something else. He was, and thinking hard, his wits tense and feline, whetting claws, ready to spring. For this had he made a flight worthy of d'Artagnan of old, burning up steam and gasoline instead of horseflesh, splitting a continent instead of a province or two, sparing bone and sinew and endurance and youth no less, and reclaiming four minutes eleven seconds from implacable eternity!—only to arrive in the faster fleeting moments of the eleventh hour! That very evening she was to become the Duchess of Valdepena, was she? *Was* she? And he, poor simian lout rewarded with an empty nut, had helped his daintily mocking Grace to Paradise!

And what of the red pepper in the nut? What?

The king saw the Kansan's gray eyes pierce to the soft brown, languidly deprecatory eyes of the Castilian grandee; and he saw challenge flashing, till it was like the preliminary rasp of steel, the sword of d'Artagnan crossing the sword of Aramis. Even more puzzled was the king when he noted that his huge, simple captain of the Guard was in it, too, scowling terribly at Renaldo, though neither Renaldo nor Ned had a thought for the captain as a third corner in the old, old fight of the male of the species.

AT THE MOMENT THE DUKE REACHED FOR HIS COMPANION'S ARM.

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Like this, then, had the Four Musketeers met again at last; three of them at deadly odds over a black-eyed colleen, and noble Athos observing the quarrel with troubled brow.

For a moment Ned Thacker, impulsive, impetuous, and an American, writhed before the aristocrat's slow, sweet smile. That smile of an Aramis made him feel gangling, half-baked. It was indolent amusement for his chagrin. It was languid, pitying curiosity for a lovelorn bumpkin who singed his heart in the sunshine of patrician black eyes.

"Take it off!" abruptly, hotly, Ned demanded. "You, señor don, you I mean! That smile, take it off!"

The slender young grandee's gold-penciled eyebrows lifted slightly, and with a taper finger-tip he touched the golden silk of his faint mustache. He glanced at the king. He glanced at Patricia. He was generous. He wished them to share his amused wonderment.

"Are smiles then forbidden, monsieur?" he inquired gently.

"They are," said Ned.

"*Ai*, I did not know," murmured the duke repentantly. "And by whom, pray?"

"By me, sir, when I do not like them. And I do not seem to care very much for yours."

"Mr. Thacker!" spoke the cool, the inexpressibly cool, voice of the king.

The king sat at his desk, and Ned turned his flushed, angry face that way, but he looked instantly from the king to Patricia, who was perched on the arm of her brother's chair, one little foot revealing that distracting fur-topped boot. Her lips were parted and vivid as cherries, and she seemed to have ceased breathing; and her eyes were bright, and full on him. There was that in her expression that held him, held him doubting.

Doubting what? Oh, the numskull, his happiness, of course! Doubting a lady's word, unspoken, yet eloquent. Doubting a lady's behest, to go right ahead and spike the wedding-bells and keep her from turning into a duchess.

It got to him only hazily, being so much too wonderful for belief. But just the haze was ozone, and the mousquetaire soul of him curveted and pranced to be a-doing. For this much got to him, that she was not very keen on being her Grace of Valdepena. Reasons of state, he surmised. Well, he would smash reason and the state, too. With abounding cheerfulness he would, for the brightness of those eyes that lured him across continents was the brightness of unshed tears.

The angry flush left his face, and it was he who smiled as he turned again to Cousin Renaldo.

"Wait till you get him outside," Captain von der Blitzen grumbled in a whisper; "then cut his ducal ears off."

Ned nodded obligingly.

"Monsieur possibly flatters himself," said Renaldo with liquidly modulated exasperation, "that gentlemen are afraid of him because, by the awkward good fortune of a novice, his sword has humiliated the best swordsman in Paris."

"Why, no," said Ned, "I do not calculate on the other man's being afraid of me. That's a question entirely for the other man, you know."

"Bless us," interrupted the king; "gentlemen, you make me homesick for Paris with your polite bloodthirst. But wait till you are back there. Here in Illyria we do not understand. We think you mean to hurt each other. Captain," said the king's cool voice again, "if you please, have a chamberlain show his Grace to the Byzantine suite, and if Mr. Thacker——"

"Thank you," said Ned, with an eager parting glance of reassurance for Patricia, "I am stopping at the hotel. About those buttons, any time you say, remember."

At the hotel—the Hotel Bristol, with red tile roof, a Rumanian host, and a polyglot porter—Ned had no sooner despatched a telegram for more money than the Duke de Valdepena found him. His Grace deprecated the breach of form in coming himself; but then, there was no friend that he could send. Ned protested that he was in the same fix. Both of them knew but two men in Illyria; one of these was the king, and the other was the captain of the king's Guard, and therefore neither was possible.

"Does monsieur feel the need of a second?" inquired the duke, delicately considerate.

"For myself, no," Ned assured him, "since nothing will happen to me. But for you, yes. There should be a witness of what will happen to you, sir."

"Gascon!" muttered the Spaniard, but he

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bowed his formal appreciation of the other's magnanimous thoughtfulness. "There is," he said, as if reflecting, "one whom I could bring—not as my second, let us say—but as a witness for us both."

"Suit yourself," Ned agreed. "A dozen, if you like."

"I am told," mused the duke aloud, "that in the dense park opposite the palace there is a sheltered, desolate spot, very suitable, Monsieur Thackair, for——"

"All right. Five o'clock this afternoon, then."

"Excellent," said his Grace, opening his fingers upward as if wafting perfume, "and one thousand thanks, monsieur. I am charmed."

"I'll bet," reflected Ned when he had gone, "that he thinks he's got another empty nut ready for me. Make a monkey of me for Patricia, or something like. He's a dear, sweet child, Cousin Renaldo. Now I'll go find the captain again. Poor Blunder Blitzen, he doesn't much care for ducal weddings, either; and this afternoon, when he swoops down on the field of honor and swoops the bridegroom up into a fortress for dueling, neglecting to recognize him, why—oh, well," sighed Ned, "a man really ought to attend his own wedding. It will seem careless in the illustrious duke."

By five o'clock, as Ned had calculated, the dust of a fading winter day would be thickening into Illyrian night. Not being sure of the place of meeting, he permitted his adversary to lead him there, following him unseen when he crossed over to the park from the palace. Ned observed with pleasurable anticipation the long package under Renaldo's arm, which would be the swords; and observed also Renaldo's companion, the witness whom he had promised to bring. It was a slender, quick-limbed, buoyant, boyish figure in Spanish cloak and big cavalier hat with rakish plumes. Some pretty grandee stripling, thought Ned.

But at the moment the duke reached for his companion's arm. There were rocks to climb over. The agile stripling, however, darted lightly up the rocks alone; and with Ned's heart, it was a case of a quick flutter and a somersault. He had caught a glimpse of petticoat and fur-topped shoe.

"It can't be!" he breathed. But instantly he perceived that it precisely would be. "Whee-oo!" Ned whistled softly.

So this was why it had been so easy to inveigle his fastidious Grace into distinguishing a mere plain American with a duel. The more Ned pondered, the more rapturously elated he became. Clearly the duke was worried. Else why should he take the time, on the day of his wedding, to demonstrate to Patricia his skill at fence over just an American anybody?

"He has invited her to a farce," thought Ned, "and I'm to be the perfectly killing clown. Ah, yes, he's a dear, sweet child."

Ned fell back when he saw they had reached the little sheltered basin of level clearing they had in mind, and a few minutes later he came on them from another direction.

"Our witness, monsieur," said Renaldo affably, indicating the cloaked girl, "Lieutenant Desiderata, of the household troops."

In the background Lieutenant Desiderata saluted, touching an overhanging cavalier plume with the fingers of a gauntleted hand. Her left arm held the cloak to her eyes in dark conspirator fashion. Ned soberly lifted his high silk hat, thinking how very fine it would be to kiss her.

"If you will choose, monsieur, a *fleuret*."

That recalled Ned to the business of the meeting, and he selected one from among the dueling blades proffered by Renaldo.

Two minutes later they confronted each other, *de rigueur* as to suspenderless trousers and collarless shirt, the American as matter-of-fact as a Big League shortstop, the Castilian insidiously deferential. There was a hint of studied exaggeration in this punctilio, as if the duke were conscientiously playing make-believe with a child, so that Lieutenant Desiderata, presumably in the secret, might be laughing all to herself at the exquisite comedy. Despite himself, a slow flush crept up into Ned's seasoned cheek. It set him yearning to deflower one Spanish crest with a sting in arm or hand; but he had assured Captain von der Blitzen that there would be no blood spilled. He would only disarm the duke, he had promised.

Ned quickly discovered that the young grandee's swordsmanship was the physical analogy to the rapier-like finesse of his mind, a thing of beautiful and delicate craft.

With cuff turned back on his right forearm, Ned went at it with sportsmanlike enthusiasm. In Parisian *salles-d'armes* he had

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indulged his boyhood affinity for the foils, but here was something more like playing for real money. Besides, there was Lieutenant Desiderata looking on. The flexing cords in the young American's wrist rose and fell; and his fingers, often only the tips, worked caressingly on the haft of his weapon as on the frets of a musical instrument, directing the point with the swiftness of the eye; and the point of steel responded, shifting up, shifting down, to one side, to the other, circling restively, all within an imaginary rim no larger than a dollar.

The point of the Spaniard's blade was chafing within the same minute compass; two adder tongues they were, with eyes behind them.

Abruptly, like icy spray whipped across his face, Ned perceived that his antagonist was smiling. All gentlemanly grace, almost feminine grace, was Renaldo, and delicate agility held in leash; his symmetrical body daintily ready, his slender left arm raised behind him, tapering fingers in air and drooping forward—and these tapering fingers were dealing in signs, little signs of mockery and mirth, for Patricia's pleasure.

"*Zass!*" Ned's body collapsed from its spraddled, jumping-jack pose into a slant line, the uttermost reach of leg, torso, arm, and steel; the steel rasping his adversary's blade, between that blade and defenseless flesh. With such a stroke, had he chosen, Ned could have run him through. Patricia gasped. She thought he had. Recovering, he circled his point, meaning to twist and send flying the other's sword. But his own was met and caught and twined about, the wrench of it shooting fierce pain through his wrist; and, numbed, he hardened his grip. A fraction less of sinew, and his own weapon would have gone flying.

Renaldo smoothed down an eyebrow, smiling.

Ned began to understand. The duke was trying to disarm him. Precisely as he had promised the captain not to hurt the duke, so had the duke promised Patricia not to hurt him. Each bonded not to scratch the other! Lovely dueling!

"And no one can be disarmed," thought Ned, "unless one or t'other fights for sure. Which is why he's trying to make me fighting mad."

"Ah, monsieur," murmured the duke reproachfully, lowering his guard, "you come no more near. Is it perhaps fatigue? Or is it—" The pause left the innuendo clear. Or was he afraid? Ned thought he heard Patricia smother a little laugh.

"He's got me," Ned all but decided. "And this girl, I lose her for good and all, if I don't turn that laugh on him, now, and mighty quick about it, too, before the captain drops on us."

The old d'Artagnan never knew a sharper goad for his wits, and Ned's wits were churning. In an impulse of anger that was only partly real, he broke his sword across his knee, and with the blunted half of it attacked the disdainful aristocrat, high and low, from knee to neck, right and left, from rib to rib, a lone and busy and elusive hornet darting in and buzzing out, and leaving, not a sting, but stinging blue bruises for remembrance.

Renaldo guarded vainly, and at last frantically, and knew himself a child teased and fretted by this pestiferous imp with half a sword, and the pink in his cheeks was the mortification of a fully equipped athlete being slapped and cuffed at will by an agile cripple. He tried to break his own blade, but had not the time. And he tried to disarm his tormentor. Then through the basket hilt of his weapon slipped the other's blunted point, and his wrist was twisted, and the pain opened his fingers, and there was his sword, spinning round and round the half sword as on a peg. He clutched for it, but Ned held the peg and sword twirling on it higher over his head, stepping back out of reach, motioning reprovingly with his left hand not to interrupt the juggler's play, and grinning the while—grinning.

Then that American, having come to Patricia with a dozen backward steps, turned, dexterously slipped off the captured sword, and presented it to her, hilt first. She had pressed a fold of the cloak into her mouth. The cloak, Renaldo's own beautiful Spanish *capa*—Renaldo knew it now a cloak for much laughter.

"If you please, Lieutenant," Ned was saying, "your friend seems to have lost something. Ask him to identify his property, and then—perhaps he might like to continue the séance."

Trembling with mirth, Lieutenant Desiderata took the sword, and held it forth to Renaldo.

Thereupon, figuratively, Ned had to doff his hat to the duke. By no biting of lip, or flare of color, or nervous gesture, did his

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"IF YOU PLEASE, LIEUTENANT," NED WAS SAYING, "YOUR FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE LOST SOMETHING. ASK HIM TO IDENTIFY HIS PROPERTY, AND THEN—PERHAPS HE MIGHT LIKE TO CONTINUE THE SÉANCE."

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Grace contribute to the young American's triumph. He bowed, accepting his sword; and in urbane token of surrender he tendered the weapon to his conqueror.

"What else, monsieur, what else," he gently protested, "since I am lashed to your chariot wheel? Since——"

"Oh, look!" The exclamation was Patricia's, her first utterance as Lieutenant Desiderata.

Among the rocks under the bare oaks, appearing with the scenic surprise effect of operatic brigands, were fierce skirted tribesmen bearing rifles, cartridge-belts over their shoulders, knives and pistols like an antique armory exhibition in their scarlet sashes.

"In the name of the law!" paradoxically bellowed their leader. "Dueling, what? Halt! You are under arrest!"

Ned caught Patricia by the elbow. "Quick," he urged, "it's Captain von der Blunder and his guardsmen. Here, this way, come!"

They—Ned and Patricia—fled among the oaks as von der Blitzen and his men overpowered the astonished duke. At last they paused, out of breath; or she seemed to be, and stopped.

"Lieutenant," he began, "what's the use? —Patricia!"

"Sir, say 'Your Highness.' "

"Your Highness," repeated Ned obediently.

" 'Royal Highness,' " haughtily she corrected him further.

"My queen!" paraphrased Ned impatiently and with ardor.

She caught her breath, and let him have full the indignation in her eyes; but despite herself, traitorous laughter danced into those eyes, and perhaps a wee shade of something softer.

"I should have known enough not to fence with you," said she. "I should have been thankful that you were no bolder than just 'Patricia.' 'Patricia' let it be, then."

"Or 'Patsy,' " said Ned, his heart quailing for all its boldness. "No, no, Miss Patricia," he added quickly, "it may seem taking advantage, when you are alone. But I only wanted to say: have no fear for your duke. It's my plot. The captain——"

"Don't I know?" she interrupted, laughing. "I went to him, the captain, when Renaldo asked me to watch him take a little American boy's sword away from him. But I had seen you, sir, lay that hateful Coligny in the grass, and I was afraid for my overweening cousin——"

"Oh, were you?" Ned demanded gloomily.

"But the captain said to let the—'the show go on'—he said, because no one would be hurt——"

"Then you were afraid for me, too?" Ned accused her joyfully.

"Since you," she proceeded firmly, "had promised him, the captain, not to hurt Renaldo."

"Then you knew the plot," cried Ned. "You knew that the captain was to take dear Cousin Renaldo to a fortress, that to-night there would be a certain bridegroom missing——"

Involuntarily, or so it seemed, she caught his arm. "Renaldo to a fortress!" she exclaimed in horror. "And to-night——"

For an instant Ned was discouraged. "Oh, very well," he grumbled, "if it disappoints you so, call the captain. Tell him who his prisoner is—he isn't supposed to know it yet. Tell him. Or shall I?"

The pressure on his arm tightened, this time involuntarily beyond mistake. "Don't, don't!" she whispered. "Oh, oh," she murmured softly, "why do I try to fence with you!"

"Patricia!"

She broke from him, laughing.

"Here's the other one!" A deep, roaring voice fell on them, and the arm of a colossus encircled Ned, and other arms bore him down.

"To the prison van with him," the captain's huge voice, in Illyrian, ordered his men. Then, for Ned's ear alone: "A good plot, a mighty good plot, Mr. Buttons, but twice as good with two would-be bridegrooms in the bag, haw-haw-haw!—Your Royal Highness——" he swept his little scarlet cap to the ground—"my arm. The great honor. I will see you safely back to the palace."

Ned, overpowered, saw her take his arm, and saw the laughter bubbling in the black eyes as she looked up into the captain's face to thank him.

"I knew it," muttered this d'Artagnan to himself. "Coligny foiled. Renaldo foiled. I knew there'd be another.—Oh, you Blunder Blitzen, only wait!—Patsy, I say, Patsy—good-night!"

She turned, at least, and waved her handkerchief to him.

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SOCIALISM: *Promise or Menace?*

A Debate between
MORRIS HILLQUIT
and
JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.

Editor's Note.—This is the conclusion of the debate on Socialism.

Contrary to the scheme adopted for the earlier instalments of the debate, the contenders have not exchanged papers before publication; and each sums up what he has proved and disproved without knowing what the other claims to have proved and disproved.

Strange as it may seem, each has concluded that the other is wrong.

What do you think? Now that you have heard both sides, do you find Socialism a promise? Or a menace? Or neither?

We are eager to know what you think. We shall gladly pay for letters that we find available for publication.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS
BY MORRIS HILLQUIT

THE main points of the debate between Dr. Ryan and myself have been fully disposed of in the preceding numbers of this magazine, and it would be quite unprofitable to re-open the discussion at this time. Our present task, as I see it, is merely to gather up some of the loose ends and to draw our conclusions.

Dr. Ryan has proved himself an opponent of exceptional erudition and skill, and I take great pleasure in expressing my sincere appreciation of the fair and courteous manner in which he has treated his side of the complex and contentious subject.

But in looking over the pages of the preceding instalments I can not help feeling that the erudition and broad-minded attitude of my opponent have been the main source of his weakness. In a debate against Socialism the conservative standpatter is placed in a position of advantage over the liberal critic. He stubbornly shuts his eyes to the conditions and tendencies of life around him; he stoutly maintains that everything is perfect in this, the best of all

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worlds, and that the call for change and improvement is nothing but the senseless cry of the demagogue. He flies in the face of all known facts, he is brutal and absurd; but he is nevertheless always logical from his premises.

The non-Socialist progressive, on the other hand, is more plausible but less consistent. He is bound to make concessions; he is bound to stop short of a complete admission, and he struggles vainly for a logical halting-place.

It was thus with my opponent.

To my indictment of the prevailing industrial order Dr. Ryan makes only a partial and half-hearted defense. He admits that the present industrial system is "in many of its elements *far*, *very far*, from satisfactory or *tolerable*" (the italics are mine); that modern society has failed "to take advantage of the available forces of improvement;" that "the position and livelihood of large sections of the working population are less secure under the existing arrangements" than in the past; that it is "largely true" that the present economic order pits producer against consumer, tenant against landlord, and worker against employer, and that our social order suffers from many other serious defects.

The only fault he finds with the formulation of my charges against present society is that they are "overstated." He contends that conditions are not "nearly so terrible" as they appear to me. Now it is of no consequence whether the admitted evil outgrowths of Capitalism are quite as "terrible" as they appear to me or merely "unsatisfactory and intolerable," as they seem to my opponent. Our individual feeling toward social misery counts for little. The all-important fact is that it exists, and the inevitable conclusion is that it must be eradicated.

Socialists discriminate carefully between true progressive measures and the numerous utopian and reactionary nostrums which falsely parade under the name of reform.

Dr. Ryan admits the fact and accepts the conclusion.

"That the majority of the wage-earners should, in a country as rich as America, possess no income-bearing property, have no ownership in the means of production, is a gross anomaly," he exclaims. "It is not normal, and it can not be permanent. No nation can endure as a nation predominantly of hired men."

My opponent urges that the existing social system be "greatly, even radically amended." So, of course, do the Socialists.

The ultimate remedy of Socialism is the abrogation of private ownership in the social tools of work. The Socialists would place the machinery of wealth production under the ownership and control of the community, to be operated by the entire working population for the good of society.

THE REMEDY

What is Dr. Ryan's supreme remedy?

He is not very explicit on that point, but several interesting hints are scattered throughout his discussion. Thus he admits the possibility of a situation which may force the Government "to some extent" to compete with the capitalists in the production of certain commodities. He contemplates an industrial system characterized by "the direct ownership of the greater part of the instruments of production by the workers themselves by such methods as copartnership schemes and cooperative societies," and he even conceives of a stage in social progress when "interest as we now have it will be for the most part abolished."

In the phrase "interest as we now have it," my opponent clearly intends to include all forms of workless income, whether commonly designated as interest or rent or profit. This is a long step toward the Socialist conception. But Dr. Ryan goes even farther when he asserts: "Until the majority of the wage-earners have become owners, at least in part, of the tools with which they work, the system of private capital will remain essentially unstable."

The "system of private capital" to which my opponent alludes is, of course, the present economic system, and the expressions "majority" and "at least in part" occurring in the significant statement were obviously inserted merely to palliate the force of the

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admission. These terms of limitation have no justification in logic or morals. If it is wrong to keep "the majority" of the workers without tools, how can it be right to leave a minority of them in that condition? If ownership of the tool is essential to the work and life of the laborer, why "in part" and not in whole?

If this surplusage be eliminated from Dr. Ryan's formula, it will read about as follows: "Until the wage-earners have become the owners of the tools with which they work, our economic system will remain unstable" or, stating the reverse of the proposition: "Our economic system will be stable only when the wage-earners become the owners of the tools with which they work"—which is good Socialism.

Modern Socialists do not anticipate a mechanical collapse of the present economic system and the spontaneous blossoming of a Socialist commonwealth upon its ruins.

THE METHODS

Apparently realizing that his objections to the ultimate aims of Socialism are not very cogent, my opponent concentrates his attack upon the methods of the Socialist movement. "The unrighteous and unearned incomes, and the insufficient distribution of productive property, can all be eliminated through measures of social reform," he asserts in one place, and again more emphatically: "We shall reach it [Dr. Ryan's social ideal] not by the futile way of Socialism, but along the solid road of social reform." Throughout the debate he assumes that Socialism is antagonistic to social reform, and again and again he assures us that "the present system is capable of improvement."

It never occurred to the Socialists to deny that the present system is capable of improvement and reform. On the contrary, they contend that it is badly in need of both. A "reform" is commonly defined as a change for the better; a "social reform" is an ameliorative change in social conditions; and a "radical social reform" is a thoroughgoing general change and improvement of social conditions. In this sense of the term Socialism itself may be defined as a movement for radical social reform.

Nor are the Socialists averse to social reform in the narrower meaning of the phrase, *i. e.*, as signifying measures of immediate and partial improvement. They support every measure calculated to better the present condition of the workers, or to promote social progress. But they discriminate carefully between true progressive measures and the numerous utopian and reactionary nostrums which falsely parade under the name of reform. Thus they refuse to grow enthusiastic over the futile and reactionary efforts of our Government to "demolish" the trusts and to restore the bygone days of general competition.

In this connection I can not allow to pass without challenge Dr. Ryan's assertion that "the German Socialists in the early years of their parliamentary activity opposed some very necessary social reforms." In the very early period of the German Socialist movement one or two Socialist representatives in parliament refused to take an active part in the constructive work of that body. That policy was soon changed, and for decades the Socialist deputies in the Reichstag have been among its most active and practical workers. At no time did they *oppose* any measure of true social reform.

Nor are my opponent's moral scruples against the aim and methods of Socialism as strong as some of his expressions would seem to indicate. He does not consider the present capitalist system a God-ordained or final order of society. On the contrary, he admits frankly and wisely that "if the day should ever come when private control of capital became detrimental to human welfare, the capitalists would no longer have a right to function as such."

It is my contention that the day has fully come. Dr. Ryan seems to think that it has not yet quite come. The difference is one of estimate and sentiment, not of principle.

And even on the methods of dispossessing the capitalist class "when the day should come," Dr. Ryan's notions are at bottom not so strongly opposed to the accepted Socialist views as he seems to think. Says he: "I do not mean to deny that confiscation is

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ever morally legitimate, for example, in some supreme national crisis when no other course is physically possible." "*Physically* possible" is, of course, only a figurative expression when applied to non-physical social conditions. What Dr. Ryan obviously means is that he would sanction confiscation only if such a grave measure were imperatively required for the welfare and self-preservation of the nation. Ultimately, then, he also would determine the question on the test of social expediency rather than abstract individual "morality."

But if Dr. Ryan's arguments against Socialism as a movement for economic reconstruction are characterized by concessions, his objections to Socialism on philosophic and religious grounds are often based on misapprehended conceptions of the Socialist program and beliefs.

SOCIALISM NOT MATERIALISTIC

Thus Dr. Ryan takes it for granted that Socialism is a materialistic philosophy. He refers to Marx and Engels, the founders of modern theoretic Socialism, as "out-and-out materialists," for whom "all that exists is matter."

The error has been committed by many eminent critics of Socialism before Dr. Ryan, and is due in no small part to the title originally chosen by Marx and Engels for the designation of their economic theory of historic development—the "materialistic conception of history." But that theory is not even remotely related to the doctrine of philosophic materialism or to any other philosophic system. The "materialist conception" or "economic interpretation" of history is a theory of social evolution, and nothing else. It does not attempt to deal with the nature or function of the human mind or with the ultimate questions of existence. Socialism as such is neither materialistic nor dualistic. It is not committed to any school of philosophy and still less does it seek to advance a philosophic system of its own.

Nor is the philosophy of Socialism tainted with the element of fatalism. Dr. Ryan is quite wrong when he asserts that to the Socialist "the social evolutionary process seems to be a huge and unrelenting mechanical movement which can not be checked by any mere action of human beings." Modern Socialists do not anticipate a mechanical collapse of the present economic system and the spontaneous blossoming of a Socialist commonwealth upon its ruins. When they predict the "inevitable" coming of Socialism, they have in view a reasonable need, not a blind categoric imperative. They see in the Socialist plan the most logical solution of our vexing social problems. They contend that the workers would benefit immensely by the introduction of a socialized system of industry, and that such a system could be realized if the bulk of the workers understood it, desired it, and were organized for its attainment.

The workers as yet do not fulfil these requirements. The Socialists realize this undeniable fact, and they bend every effort to enlighten, stimulate, and organize them, and to draw them into the Socialist movement. If they succeed in this task, their cause will be won; if they do not, their propaganda must fail. The Socialists expect to win because the economic and social developments of modern times favor their propaganda, and because they have already accomplished a substantial part of their task, but principally because they are thoroughly convinced of the justice and wisdom of their cause, and are prepared to work long, hard, and patiently for it. It is a case of determined resolution rather than blind fatalism.

And as a logical corollary from this statement it follows that the Socialist expectation of success is predicated not on a theory of progressive pauperization of the workers, but on the ever-growing improvement of their conditions.

Dr. Ryan seems to be displeased with my statement of this theory. He intimates that in some way I have come by it illegitimately, and that if I had a proper sense of duty I should have adhered to the theory of increasing misery. In support of his contention he quotes a somewhat debatable passage from Marx, written about fifty years ago.

I respectfully submit that my opponent here goes beyond his province. It is no more incumbent on him to correct my Socialism than it would be for me to set him straight on his theology. He must accept the issue as it is tendered to him and not change it to suit his convenience. Incidentally, it may be noted that Marx never held that the condition of the workers was one of absolute and increasing misery, and never acted on the assumption that a general pauperization of the workers must precede

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their ultimate emancipation. In his practical work he always laid strong emphasis on the importance of progressive improvement of the material conditions of the working class.

Nor did Karl Kautsky, as far as I know, ever hold or express different views on the subject. In the statement quoted by my opponent in the fourth article of this series, Kautsky asserts that the wage-workers are growing faster in number than the other economic classes, but not that they are generally growing poorer. In this he merely reiterates the fundamental Marxian view corroborated by each periodical census in every civilized country. There is no conflict between that statement and my views on the subject.

SOCIALISM NOT A UTOPIA

Another serious error which underlies my opponent's discussion is his obvious misconstruction of the phrase "Socialist State" as used by Socialists. "No Socialist régime is going to be 'set up' by any civilized nation," he assures us in one place, and throughout the debate he refers to the so-called "Socialist State" or "Socialist régime" as an entirely new and arbitrary social order, created of nothing but fancy and imposed on mankind in exchange for an old and discarded structure of society—something in the nature of a utopia transplanted from another planet or of the Kingdom of Heaven suddenly come to earth.

The Socialists have no such romantic conceptions. To them the "Socialist State" is nothing but a more advanced phase of modern civilization, or, to borrow a felicitous expression from my opponent, "the existing system radically amended." Amended by the elimination of industrial warfare and economic exploitation and by a relative equalization in the enjoyment of wealth and opportunities, but still a system of human beings as we know them to-day, with all their frailty and weakness, passions and ambitions—except with less incentive and fewer opportunities for evil doing.

The "Socialist State," thus understood, can not and will not be "set up," ready-made and full-fledged, one fine day in the more or less distant future. It has been slowly filtering into the present order during recent decades by countless avenues, and it continues the process of permeation at an ever accelerating pace. If the liberal economists and conservative statesmen of a century ago could observe our present political institutions and the wide social and economic functions of our government, they would probably pronounce the modern régime semi-Socialistic, and, comparing present conditions with the past, we might be justified in maintaining that we are already living at least in the outskirts of the "Socialist State."

The practical task of the Socialist movement is to accelerate this process of socialization, to give it intelligent direction, and to shape it on democratic lines.

SOCIALISM NOT FINAL

And just as the term "Socialist State" does not convey to the Socialist the notion of a sudden break, so likewise does it not imply the element of finality.

In one place in the debate Dr. Ryan, I don't know on what ground, accuses me of attempting to "set a limit to industrial evolution, namely, the Socialist State." Oddly enough he takes me to task in another place for lacking a fixed, immutable, eternal, and final standard of morality.

As a matter of fact, the Socialists do not consider any part of their program as final and valid for all times.

To-day we can not see beyond Socialism, but when the Socialist program shall have been materialized, mankind will no doubt conceive newer and larger ideals.

When we stand in the midst of an unobstructed plane we see the objects in front of us only up to the line of the horizon. The circle around which the sky and the land seem to meet encloses everything within our view. It is the limit of our visible universe. But we walk ahead and the horizon moves back. New vistas are opened to our eyes. Our world grows larger and ever larger, and never can we actually reach the seeming limit of our progress. And so it is with our industrial, social, ethical, and other ideals.

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They represent the limit of our present vision. So long as they exist they are our standards of perfection. By our approach to them we measure our progress, and when they are enlarged our demands on human progress increase correspondingly. To-day we can not see beyond Socialism, but when the Socialist program shall have been substantially materialized, mankind will no doubt conceive newer and larger ideals and strive for their attainment.

THE CHURCH AGAIN

In the first article of this series I expressed the hope that our debate would be held down strictly to a discussion of the merits or demerits of Socialism and would not be allowed to turn into an attack and defense of the Catholic Church. "The Socialists do not fight the Catholic Church," I observed, "unless forced to do so in self-defense."

The occasion for such self-defense arose when my opponent introduced the charge of alleged Socialist hostility to the Church. I denied any hostility of the Socialist movement toward the Church as a religious institution, but admitted that the majority of Socialists have little confidence in the Church as a social and political organization. To account for that attitude, I endeavored to show the aristocratic and reactionary character of the Church as at present constituted. My opponent rules out my charges somewhat peremptorily on the ground that they are not within the issues. "I shall refrain from a formal reply," says he, " * * * because Mr. Hillquit correctly stated the policy upon which we had agreed when he declared in his first paper that the Catholic Church is not an issue in this debate."

True, I made that statement. But I left the choice of weapons in our word-duel entirely to my opponent, and I expressly warned him that no matter into what channels his argument led, I should have "to meet him on his own ground." Dr. Ryan, having introduced the subject of the relations between the Church and Socialism, can not with propriety close the discussion on the ground that the Church is not in issue. He has made it an issue. The Church is not an issue only in the sense that it is inherently irrelevant to the subject of our debate, but not on the ground that it is above discussion or criticism. The Church is not infallible.

My opponent seems to take the ground that the Church is of superhuman origin and that its actions and policies are entirely uninfluenced by existing social conditions and struggles. He treats the attempts of Karl Kautsky and Achille Loria to account for the origin and growth of the Christian Church by economic factors as preposterous, and gravely asserts that all such theories are belied by "the authentic documents which describe the rise of Christianity."

As a matter of well-known fact, there are no authentic contemporaneous documents bearing on the rise of Christianity, but whatever might have been its origin and early history, it is undeniable that the Church to-day is maintained, fashioned, and directed by ordinary human agencies, *i. e.*, by mortals capable of errors and subject to human weaknesses and imperfections.

The Church has voluntarily assumed the character of a social institution. As such it is charged with certain public functions, and in the discharge of these functions it owes to the people an account of its stewardship. Dr. Ryan, therefore, does not dispose of the argument when he endeavors to spell out from my statements an admission of antagonism between Socialism and the Church, and thanks me for "this service" in the name of "truth and honesty."

If an active opposition between the Church and the Socialist movement be assumed, there still remains the vital question of right and wrong between the contending parties. Before the bar of the nations the Church is as much on trial as the Socialist movement, and ultimately both will be judged by their effect upon the welfare and progress of mankind.

In throwing the glove to the Socialist movement the Catholic Church has challenged an adversary of no mean caliber. Socialism is an international power, as is the Catholic Church itself. It represents not merely vast masses of people, tens of millions, but also a spiritual and cultural factor of revolutionizing influence. The Socialist movement is remaking the mentality and psychology of the working population and is giving to the world new ethical standards and social ideals. And it is a growing power.

The "numerous desertions from the organized Socialist movement" of which Dr. Ryan speaks, exist only in the imagination of the optimistic opponents of Socialism.

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In actual fact the history of the movement presents one steady and unbroken march of progress. Occasional setbacks naturally occur at all times and in all places, but they are always more than compensated by subsequent gains or by victories in other places. From the beginnings of modern Socialism to this day, not a year has passed without showing a solid and substantial growth of the movement as a whole.

If from this record of steady Socialist gains we turn to the standing modern complaint of most ministers of the gospel about the deserted pews, and observe their frantic and unavailing efforts to recapture the strayed flocks, we may here find new and wholesome food for reflection not only on the attitude of Socialism toward the Church, but also on that of the Church to Socialism and to all vital social problems and movements which agitate the minds of the men and women of this generation.

DR. RYAN'S CONCLUSIONS

BEFORE summing up the main issues of the debate, and stating the conclusions that seem to me to have been established, I desire to call attention to a few gratifying features of the discussion which are apparently beyond the reach of controversy.

In the first place, Mr. Hillquit and I have succeeded in demonstrating that it is possible for men to differ as widely as the poles and yet carry on a protracted argument with fairness and without bitterness, and conclude it with both self-respect and mutual respect unimpaired.

Second, we have on all substantial points agreed concerning the meaning and the doctrines of Socialism. Only those readers who have some knowledge of the average controversy on this subject can realize the tremendous importance and advantage of this agreement. It has enabled us to confine the discussion to positions and principles, instead of fighting over definitions, and to make things correspondingly satisfactory to the reader.

In the third place, we have formally and deliberately covered *all* the important phases of Socialism. We have considered it not merely as a scheme of politico-economic reconstruction, but as a living movement and as a system of fundamental principles. The movement has been exhibited as affecting many other departments of life and thought besides the economic sphere. The principles have been set forth as embracing a philosophy of history, of society, of life, of the universe. Owing to this fundamental and comprehensive discussion, the intelligent reader has obtained some idea of the larger aspects of Socialism, and some explanation of the hold which it takes on many of its followers. It professes to give them a complete theory of life and of reality.

In view of this thoroughgoing treatment of the subject, may we not hope to hear less frequently in the future than in the past the shallow and ignorant assertion that Socialism is merely an economic program?

THE SOCIALIST "INDICTMENT" OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM

In his rebuttal to my charge that his description of existing evils was grossly exaggerated, my opponent merely asserted that the reforms which I proposed were insufficient. For, he contended, they would leave the capitalist in possession of profits and interest, which could be abolished only through Socialism. In my answer to the rebuttal, I pointed out that to look to Socialism as the necessary, feasible, and final goal of industrial progress, was to rely not on facts but on faith.

Let me take this opportunity to say that I deplore the actual and removable evils of our social system quite as strongly as does Mr. Hillquit. I believe that two generations hence men will look back upon the greed, materialism, oppression of labor, and hideous contrasts between wealth and poverty which characterize our time, as essential barbarism. Nor am I enamoured with what has come to be known as the capitalist type. The attitude toward their fellows, the conception of their functions in society, and the general outlook on life prevailing among many of our rich men and women, constitute one of the most unlovely types of human psychology that have ever appeared in the select classes of any civilization.

Certain captains of industry seem to

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think that because the Church opposes Socialism, she has pronounced a benediction unqualified upon modern Capitalism. They would like to have her function as the moral policeman of plutocracy. They forget that the late Pope Leo XIII. went so far as to declare that "a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself" (Encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor"). To represent the Church as the unquestioning upholder of Capitalism is to offer an insult to her genius, teaching, and traditions. One after another, the early Fathers of the Church denounced irresponsible use of wealth, and proclaimed the natural right of all men to live from the fruits of the earth, in terms which have caused them to be accused of communism. Indeed, as the Abbot Gasquet has observed, the traditional basis of property as taught by the Church is not individualism, but Christian collectivism ("Christian Democracy in Pre-Reformation Times," p. 8).

For well-nigh a thousand years the Church withstood all the forces and wiles of the Capitalism of those days by her prohibition of interest on loans. During the period of her greatest influence, the Middle Ages, the industrial arrangements that she inspired and fostered were not Capitalism and not the wage system, but an order in which the great majority of the workers virtually owned the land and actually owned the tools upon which and with which they labored (see Hilaire Belloc's "The Servile State").

And if her sway had not been interrupted by the social and religious disturbances of the sixteenth century, there is hardly a shadow of a reason for doubting that this wide diffusion of productive property would have been indefinitely extended and developed. The present system, in which the few own the bulk of the means of production while the many possess little beyond their labor power, would have been, humanly speaking, impossible.

To a Catholic who knows something of economic history, and something of the economic aspects of Catholic teaching, the attempt to chain the Church to the car of a plutocratic Capitalism is impudent and sickening.

"We all feel—and those few of us who have analyzed the matter not only feel but know—that the capitalist society . . . has reached its term. It is almost self-evident that it can not continue in the form which now three generations have known, and it is equally self-evident that some solution must be found for the increasing instability with which it has poisoned our lives" (Belloc, op. cit., p. 77).

The solution, I confidently believe, will be found along the lines that I have traced in my second paper. Subnormal conditions of life and labor must be abolished; excessive gains on privileged capital must be made impossible; and ways must be found through which the majority of the workers will gradually become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production.

THE SOCIALIST INDUSTRIAL STATE

It is clarifying to get from Mr. Hillquit the admission that, if ever the device seems expedient, the Socialists will not be troubled by moral scruples against the confiscation of capital. In all probability, however, this avowal will not help the cause that he represents.

Without restating the arguments for capitalist property rights, I wish to protest strongly against my opponent's misconception of my account of prescription. I said nothing on this subject to warrant his flippant picture of the three robbers who would acquire valid titles of ownership by the crude method of mutually exchanging their individual articles of plunder! I never said that ill-gotten capital could become legitimate through prescription *or* through possession by "innocent third parties." I did not use the latter phrase at all. When I spoke of "innocent individuals," I referred to those, and those only, who had already complied with the conditions of prescription. This means, as a rule, those who had in good faith been in possession of capital for such a long time that the wronged original owners had disappeared forever.

Is this title so very unreasonable?

Mr. Hillquit's denial that Socialism would take in taxes all the economic rent of moderately sized and small farms may or may not put him in the class of those members of the party in America who, as Walling intimates, are ready to compromise everything on this question for the sake of agricultural recruits. In any case, it puts him in opposition to all the other Socialist authorities,

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and to the general and fundamental Socialist proposal to abolish rent, profits, interest, and "workless" incomes generally.

To the fundamental and insoluble objection that Socialism must fail owing to its inability to provide adequate substitutes for the two most powerful springs of effort and efficiency, namely, the hope of reward and the fear of loss, my opponent's final answer is—Colonel Goethals. He hopes that Socialism would develop in "our industrial army conceptions of duty and honor" superior to those which actuate the officers of our military army.

In this superficial analogy he has ignored or overlooked at least four salient points.

First, a very large proportion of the army officers who have had charge of civil enterprises have not shown the same disinterestedness and efficiency as the man who built the Panama Canal. More than one of them have served terms in United States prisons for dishonesty and graft.

Second, a Socialist régime would have very few Panama Canals to provide the conditions of conspicuous honor and fame. Most of its directive tasks would be quite commonplace and inconspicuous.

In the third place, the "conceptions of duty and honor" possessed by military chieftains are the result of thousands of years of training and traditions. Does my opponent think that a Socialist régime could afford to wait that long for the development of similar qualities in the boards of managers, superintendents, and other members of the bureaucracy that would command its "industrial army"?

Finally, he seems to forget that Colonel Goethals organized and managed his canal-building operations on a military, not a democratic, basis. All intelligent opponents of Socialism agree with Schaeffle, in his "Impossibility of Social Democracy," that a Socialist régime would work if it were carried on under the principles of militarism. Does Mr. Hillquit's use of the phrase "industrial army" mean that he has in mind that kind of Socialism?

His statement that Colonel Goethals's salary is "less than that of many a successful commercial drummer," is a trifle misleading. While engaged in the task of building the Canal, Colonel Goethals received $15,000 a year, which is considerably in excess of his regular salary in the army, and which probably served to reinforce the higher motives by which he was actuated.

The higher motives do not seem to have been very effective in the case of the rank and file of the workers. After many unsuccessful attempts to obtain a working force on ordinary terms, and on liberal terms, the Canal Commission found itself compelled to pay a scale of wages and salaries twenty-five to one hundred per cent. higher than that prevailing in similar employments in the United States, and to add other special inducements, "until an established system was developed which contained perquisites and gratuities which in number and value far exceeded anything of the kind bestowed upon a working force elsewhere on the face of the globe" ("The Panama Gateway," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, p. 263).

On the whole, my opponent's appeal to the example of Colonel Goethals and the Panama Canal is somewhat lacking in aptness and convincingness.

The ultimate fact of the controversy over the feasibility of industrial Socialism is that its adherents expect a mere socio-industrial mechanism to create in the human heart sentiments of honor, altruism, and public recognition infinitely greater than anything that is presented to us by experience. And the sole basis of their expectation is simple and unreasoning faith.

Socialists expect a mere socio-industrial mechanism to create in the human heart sentiments of honor and altruism infinitely greater than anything presented by experience.

Under the head of "Individual Liberty," my opponent informed us that Socialism would not fix wages and prices through an "independent and autocratic authority." I never said that it would. "Public authorities" and "legislative enactment" were the phrases that I used, and Mr. Hillquit apparently agrees with me in this; for he employs the latter phrase himself to describe the method of wage-fixing and price-fixing.

Earlier in this same article he seemed on the point of saying that the workers in each

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industry might, through their representatives, regulate wages and prices in each industry! Apparently his faith in the perfection of the workers faltered when he contemplated the possibility of the various industrial groups engaging in a grand competitive effort to see which could award itself the highest wages and charge its neighbors the highest prices.

His assertion that the general legislature would regulate wages and prices "with due regard to the interests of the consumer and worker," is, of course, mere faith and prophecy. It does not at all meet my criticism that the citizen would be deprived of that range of choice which he now has both as producer and as consumer; that the wages which he would receive, the prices which he would pay, and his entire economic life would be fixed, regulated, and determined by a single economic authority, the national legislature in national industries, and the municipal legislature in those industries managed by the municipality.

The Socialist carelessly exaggerates industrial evils, generalizes sweepingly from meager inductions, and easily brushes aside the most formidable difficulties.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIALISM

The convinced Socialist remains rather indifferent to all the objections urged against the feasibility of his economic program. For his belief in it is not dependent upon considerations drawn from concrete facts or experience. He relies upon a theory of social evolution which assures him that the system is inevitable, and therefore that it *must* prove successful. And he calls this process of inference "scientific." Let us briefly recall the argument:

As Marx saw the matter, the forces of economic evolution were surely bringing about a narrow concentration of wealth and capital, the elimination of the middle classes, and the ever deeper impoverishment of the wage-earners. As things have actually happened, wealth is more widely diffused, capital has become concentrated only in manufactures, the middle classes have increased faster than the population, and the wage-earners are much better off than they were when Marx uttered his doleful prediction.

His forecast of a deadly class struggle which was to issue in Socialism was based quite as much upon a philosophical theory as upon a mistaken interpretation of economic facts and tendencies. From Hegel he had derived the theory that the driving force of all development is antagonism, and that all progress takes place through the conflict of contradictory elements and their reconciliation in a higher synthesis. Applying this assumption to the economic field, he concluded that the contradictory conditions of *social* production and *private* ownership of the means of production, must find their solution and reconciliation in social production and collective ownership.

Even those Socialists who are aware that Marx's prophecy has not been fulfilled, continue to use his unscientific method. The gap in their argument left by the absence of concrete fact they strive to fill up by a prophetical theory. The limited antagonism of interests which Mr. Hillquit finds between capitalists and laborers he forthwith converts into a class conflict that is inevitably eliminating the capitalist. He ignores the elementary fact that antagonism of interests is created in every group when two or more men desire a good that is limited in quantity.

Even under Socialism, the consumers of a commodity would desire to obtain it as cheaply as possible, while the producers would strive to sell it at the price which would bring them the greatest measure of remuneration. What Mr. Hillquit utterly fails to do, what he is required to do before he can claim to be scientific, is to prove that the difference of interests between capital and labor are of such a nature that they can not be satisfactorily composed by any other method than Socialism.

As I have intimated above, the Socialist's blind faith in the assumed processes of a materialist evolution makes him relatively indifferent to exact analysis, accurate inference, and the lessons of experience. He carelessly exaggerates industrial evils, generalizes sweepingly from meager inductions, and easily brushes aside the most

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formidable difficulties. And his faith is strongly reinforced by his emotional temperament. In the physical processes of the average Socialist, the place of reason seems to be largely usurped by feeling. Hence it is very doubtful whether any person whose mental constitution permits him to accept fully the Socialist philosophy is ever converted from the error of his ways by considerations drawn from mere facts.

SOCIALISM AND MORALITY

The theory that the moral law is essentially variable, that it is nothing more than the different moral codes adopted by various classes and ages, is obviously destructive of strictly *moral* convictions, and incompatible with a consciousness of true moral *obligation*. A code of law that has no deeper basis, no higher sanction, no more permanent character than the changing notions of men, can have no binding force in conscience. If the moral law be not an ordinance of God, or at least the categorical imperative of authoritative reason, how can it generate in any man conceptions of *duty?* Hence the general principle of Socialist ethics makes for moral anarchism. It points to the conclusion that no moral law exists beyond one's own will and caprice.

The doctrine that purely individual actions are not governed by the moral law, necessarily implies, as I have shown, that the individual has neither moral worth in himself nor moral duties toward himself; that his rational faculties are not intrinsically superior to his sense faculties; that a man has no more duties toward himself than has a pig; and that a life of the most degrading personal debauchery is quite as reasonable and laudable as a life of the noblest intellectual and moral activity.

Mr. Hillquit's only answer to these statements was that one might hold the physical and the intellectual functions in equal esteem without valuing the abuses of the former as highly as the proper and normal uses of the latter.

This is mere question-begging. By what test does he distinguish "normal uses" from "abuses"? Not by a moral test, for he denies that purely individual actions have moral quality. Nor by the test of general reasonableness; for if the physical and rational faculties are equally valuable, equally important, and equally authoritative, the individual may reasonably decide for himself to what extent he shall exercise either of them. Since the rational no more than the physical faculties have intrinsic worth, a man can be no more reasonably criticised for neglecting their development than for refusing to develop the capacities of a dog or a horse. Debauching exercise of the physical powers can be reasonably called an *abuse* only on the theory that they are intrinsically inferior and morally subordinate to the rational faculties, and are *instruments* for the welfare of a morally sacred personality.

Hence it is my opponent himself who executes the "logical somersault" on this point; just as he did when he inferred that because men have made grave mistakes in the application of the unchanging moral law, no such law exists; and when he spoke of an ever-progressing ethical ideal, and yet rejected the only possible measure of progress—a permanent moral law. He forgot that men make quite as great mistakes in applying the laws of medicine, education, jurisprudence, and other practical sciences; and that the mere lapse of time is not a sufficiently authoritative standard to warrant the conclusion that the ethical ideal of to-day is higher than that of the Vandals.

MARRIAGE UNDER SOCIALISM

My opponent contends that sex partnerships terminable at the will of either party (for they are to last only as long as their sole basis, *mutual* love, endures) may properly be called monogamous. I think he is wrong, but we shall not quarrel over definitions. The *institution* that he defends is the all-important thing.

My contention that his "love-unions" would last a much shorter time than the average marriage of to-day drew from him a more or less irrelevant statement concerning the alarming number of divorces in the United States. Inasmuch as the great majority of our divorces occur among the upper and middle classes, in which the woman was not obliged to marry for a livelihood, but possessed opportunities of "economic independence" at least equal to the average that would prevail under Socialism, they evidently refute rather than support the view of my opponent that marriages based upon love alone would "endure in undimmed and lifelong purity in a

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much larger number of cases than to-day."

That such a large proportion of adults are unmarried is a condition which I deplore and condemn quite as strongly as Mr. Hillquit. However, neither this fact nor the prevalence of illicit sexual intercourse has any relevancy to the question of the durability of "love-unions," or creates any probability that conjugal conditions would be better under Socialism. In so far as these evils are due to economic causes, they can be removed by measures of social reform; in so far as they are traceable to the lack of moral and religious training and convictions—and this is their principal cause—they can not be removed by any mere change in industrial arrangements. To assert that they will is merely to utter prophecy.

Purely prophetical also is the naive assurance of my opponent that all those features of industrial occupations which are physically or morally harmful to women, will somehow vanish under Socialism. For the most part these detrimental conditions are inherent in the very nature of industrial operations. They are not removable by legislation.

In his interpretation of the assumptions underlying my argument concerning the economic relations of woman, my opponent is not quite accurate. I do not assume that "all women are married," but that the great majority ought to be married. I do not assume that "all married women bear children," but that, with extremely rare exceptions, they all ought to bear children. I do not assume that "all married women bear children, and nurse them all the time," but that practically all married women require so much time for bearing, nursing, and rearing their offspring that they can not earn a livelihood outside the home. In proportion as any society fails to conform to these fundamental assumptions, it is morally injurious to woman herself, to the family, and to the race. Persons who honestly deny this statement are taking a superficial and short-sighted view of human nature and human experience.*

Mr. Hillquit refuses to say whether Socialists would have recourse to deeds of violence if they found these expedient. This is one of the cases in which "silence gives consent." No man of average intelligence will hesitate for a moment to conclude that if the Socialists regarded such conduct as morally wrong, they would be glad to proclaim the fact, and that, since they do not think it morally wrong, they would certainly employ it if it should appear to them advisable. La Monte undoubtedly states the attitude of all other Socialists when he intimates that they "recognize and praise as moral all conduct that tends to hasten the social revolution."

MORALITY vs. SOCIAL EXPEDIENCY

My opponent seemed to think that he was scoring heavily when he cited my statement: "In the matter of social institutions, moral values and genuine expediency are in the long run identical." Apparently he regarded this as equivalent to the statement that whatever is socially expedient at any given time is morally good.

He was mistaken. My statement was restricted to social *institutions* and social *systems*. It did not comprise the whole range of expediency. It did not include all socially expedient *actions*. While I advocate certain social reforms as both expedient and right, I unconditionally reject certain means of attaining them which John Spargo conditionally approves: "setting the torch to a few buildings, or summary execution of a few members of the possessing class."

I condemn these actions because I believe that the individual has certain indestructible rights. Mr. Hillquit and Mr. Spargo, and Socialists generally, do not admit that the individual has any rights against the social organism, the State.

To put the difference between us in other and more general terms: In case of conflict or apparent conflict between the two, I make morality the test of social expediency, while my opponent would make social expediency the test of morality. The difference is fundamental and far-reaching.

Owing to the pernicious character of the general principle and the three particular doctrines of Socialist ethics, its ideal as announced by my opponent, namely, the happiness and welfare of the community and of all the component individuals, rests on very precarious grounds. When the moral law becomes merely a social convention, and is emptied of the concept of moral obligation; when the most debasing individual conduct

*On page 237, column 2, line 15, of the February issue of EVERYBODY'S, the word "sexual" is a misprint for "asexual."

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is placed beyond the reach of moral denotation or condemnation; when marital relations are adjusted on the basis of selfish and temporary passion; and when the State becomes the supreme arbiter of right and wrong, justice and injustice—the ethical ideal just mentioned is not likely to be very generally or very deeply cultivated.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

In his reply to the charge that the Socialist movement is antagonistic to religion, Mr. Hillquit admitted that the relations between the average Socialist and the Church are "rather strained," and that the "majority of Socialists find it difficult if not impossible to reconcile their general philosophic views with the doctrines and practises of dogmatic religious creeds." He also refused to accept the suggestion that Socialism purge itself of its anti-religious elements by eliminating its teaching on philosophy, ethics, and religion. In substance, then, he conceded that Socialism as a living movement and system of thought is fundamentally and necessarily incompatible with any definite religious creed, whether Catholicism, Protestantism, or Judaism.

The first part of my opponent's surrebuttal on this subject is unnecessary; the second, irrelevant. In my rebuttal I had pointed out that Father Dewe's language could not be construed as an acceptance of economic determinism for the simple reason that it did not make economic factors the *ultimate* determinant of *all* social changes. Instead of meeting this point squarely, Mr. Hillquit ventured into the field of Catholic theology, and demanded to know why the theory of economic determinism might not properly be looked upon by a Catholic as "the rule by which God directs the course of social progress."

The obviously simple answer is that the Catholic holds that God made the universe dualistic, not monistic. The world is not entirely material. It includes human souls, and these are original and independent sources of energy. They influence social changes and social conditions not as instrumental and secondary causes reflecting the energy of material forces, but as primary and original causes. Neither the Catholic nor any other believer in the human soul can accept economic determinism, which, as expounded by all orthodox Socialists from Engels to Hillquit, attributes all social causality to economic and material factors "in the last instance" (Engels).

My opponent contended that the harmony between religion and science could not be proved from specific instances of believing scientists. I never said that it could. I showed, in the first place, that between science as such and religion as such there can be no antagonism, since they deal with entirely different spheres of reality; and, in the second place, that the vast majority of the great scientists were religious believers. Apparently Mr. Hillquit did not care to controvert the first statement. Instead of attempting to refute the second, he shifted his ground, and declared that no harmony is possible so long as the Church opposes science!

His original contention was that science and the scientists were opposed to religion. At first he asserted that the irreligion of the average Socialist is neither greater nor less than the irreligion of "the average enlightened person who has been trained in the methods of contemporaneous thought and who accepts the conclusions of modern science." He wanted to get the Socialists into good company. In his surrebuttal he abandoned the attempt, leaving his brethren naked, so far as the cloak of science is concerned.

Neither the Catholic nor any other believer in the human soul can accept economic determinism, which attributes all social causality to economic and material factors.

Although his assertion about the attitude of the Church toward science is irrelevant to this debate, I can not let it pass without a brief refutation.

In the first place, neither he nor any one else can prove that the Catholic Church has ever officially or semi-officially condemned a principle or conclusion of science which had already passed from the sphere of hypothesis to that of established fact.

In the second place, his representation of the historical events that he cites is

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grossly misleading. Copernicus deferred the publication of his discoveries from fear, not of "theological persecution," but of the "mathematicians," that is, the philosophers of his time. That this is the true explanation, we know from the letter in which he dedicated the work to Pope Paul III. Neither this pope nor any of the nine who followed him in the course of the next seventy-two years, interfered in the slightest with the discussion and spread of the new theories.

Galileo met with opposition from the authorities at Rome only when he was no longer content to put forth the heliocentric theory as a scientific hypothesis, but insisted on dogmatically proclaiming it as an established fact and interpreting the Scriptures accordingly. In other words, he got into trouble because he was too hasty, and because he went outside his province as a scientist. Thomas Henry Huxley, who can scarcely be accused of pro-religious bias, wrote to St. George Mivart, November 12, 1885:

"I gave some attention to the case of Galileo when I was in Italy, and I came to the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it."

It is not accurate to say that Pope Pius IX. condemned the Darwinian theory as a "heretic aberration." In the first place, he never pronounced upon it officially; in the second place, his informal criticism of it (in a letter to a French physician) referred mainly to its denial of the Creator.

Original Darwinism excluded God from the universe, held that the human soul was evolved from matter, and regarded the entire cosmos as the product of chance, through natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Apparently Mr. Hillquit assumes that this discredited system of philosophical speculation is identical with the scientific theory of evolution. He does not seem to know that, with the exception of a few materialists like Haeckel, scientists of to-day reject many elements of original Darwinism.

The other historical assertions of my opponent are about as accurate as the three just criticised. Indeed, Socialist history is no more reliable than Socialist economics or Socialist science. It is antiquated, inaccurate, and confused. It is based not upon facts and first-hand authorities, but upon prejudice and popularizers. Mr. Hillquit has taken the historical perversions that he presents to us from Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science With Theology." Despite its pretentious character and its array of references and foot-notes, this work is extremely misleading. It is fundamentally unscientific, because its spirit, as perceived on almost every page, is not the spirit of truth-seeking but of anti-religious bias.

One or two instances will give some notion of its unreliability. Dr. White intimates (and in this he is followed by Mr. Hillquit) that Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake because he propagated the theories of Copernicus; but the records of his trial show that he was executed on account of his peculiar theological opinions. He had previously been excommunicated by the Calvinists and the Lutherans. The account given by Dr. White of the Church's attitude toward interest-taking, and of its consequences, will seem little better than a caricature to any one who is acquainted with the authoritative works of economic historians, such as Professors Ashley and Cunningham.

There is, however, one unexceptionable statement in Mr. Hillquit's surrebuttal. He says that "there is little likelihood of a hearty understanding and active cooperation between the Socialist movement and the Catholic Church so long as both remain what they are." How could any man who knows and thinks expect anything else? On the one hand, the Socialists will not reject those philosophical, ethical, and religious doctrines which make their system vastly more than an economic theory and program. On the other hand, the Catholic Church sees quite clearly the presence, the extent, and the pernicious character of these non-economic elements in the Socialist system and the Socialist movement. As the guardian of faith and morals, she must unceasingly oppose an organization that propagates such false and destructive doctrines.

THE END

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THIS YEAR IT'S SHAKESPEARE

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

"IF SHAKESPEARE were alive to-night," blurbs a restaurateur in all the theatre programs, "he would—" Well, the implication is that he would be eating the restaurateur's food and drinking his drinks and listening to his cabaret. But Shakespeare couldn't possibly be doing anything of the kind, this season. He would be taxi-cabbing very hastily from theatre to theatre, making curtain speeches at first nights. Even Clyde Fitch, in his most excessive days, was never filling so many playhouses.

For the last decade or two, theatre managers have been saying that Shakespeare was a highbrow. They may think so still, but they have found several million members of the public who seem to be highbrows and who are eager to pay admission to see Shakespeare's highbrow plays—which makes a difference. A handful of actors and actresses who tried managing themselves discovered this fact for the managers. Result: a deluge of revivals.

The truth is that Shakespeare is not a bit of a highbrow. School-teachers and German commentators have done their worst to make him seem one, but their success is summed up in merely having scared a great many people away from him. Boys and girls read "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet" in high-school, after having been solemnly warned that Shakespeare is the greatest man in English literature. They come to the lines:

> "In such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
> To come again to Carthage,"

and are pounced upon to explain who Dido was. They come to "the Ides of March," and they have to study the Roman calendar. They hold a formal debate on whether *Hamlet* was mad or not. Then, their lesson learned and their examination safely passed, they put Shakespeare behind them with quadratic equations and Thingumbob's law of velocity—something they have endured for education's sake and are done with. Thereafter Shakespeare is highly respected and respectfully avoided.

It makes a surprising list when you count up the things that have prevented people from enjoying Shakespeare the way he wanted to be enjoyed. The school-teachers come first, with their stripping away of all his poetry and dressing him up as an educational duty. Then the superior person who talks about his poetry only and prefers to enjoy him at home in the library.

That man—if he means what he says—ought to marry the lady who prefers reading a description of a sunset to looking out the window and seeing one: they could read

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in a book how much they love each other and be very happy. Reading Shakespeare is very fine when you can not see him on the stage, but Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted, and his indifference to setting them down for reading is one of the chief things to which commentators owe their reason for existence.

Third in the list come the people who put Shakespeare on the stage. What haven't they done! Cut him, rearranged him, distorted him, smothered him with gorgeous and extraneous scenery, over-acted him, under-acted him—not a thing have they left undone to make him their idea of what he ought to have been instead of what he is.

After all—after three hundred years, during which the English drama hasn't advanced to any extent that one can boast of—Shakespeare is what he was in his own lifetime: an industrious maker of plays, who happened also to be a glorious poet. Being a poet did not stand at all in the way of his being a successful business man: his job was to supply popular plays for the theatre with which he was connected, and he did it. Sometimes he tinkered up an older play by somebody else, sometimes he dramatized a bit of history or an old story he had dug up somewhere; he began when he was quite young, and as he grew older the things he learned about men made the characters he created deeper and bigger, but the principal thing always was to write plays that would take with his audience.

That they turned out to be plays that are still the greatest dramas in the English language, was due to his genius; but the fact that his plays are still popular is due to just one thing: that he tried to please the popular taste just as deliberately and skilfully as George M. Cohan tries to please it to-day.

The terrible truth is, that what we call great has nothing at all to do with what we call popular. Ibsen is certainly the greatest dramatist the world has produced in at least three hundred years, but—in America and England, at any rate—he has never been popular; the prevalent idea of him still is that he was a gloomy and morbid old man with whiskers, who wrote plays in order to preach dangerous social doctrines. Milton is reverenced as the last of the great epic poets; but do you know anybody who ever read anything of Milton's that he wasn't forced to read in school? Whitman is our greatest American poet, but he is so far from being popular that even a great many people who pride themselves on knowing the real worth of big things think of him only as an uncouth person, who probably chewed tobacco and certainly knew nothing about meter.

So Shakespeare's being a profitable theatrical venture in this worst of theatrical years has very little to do with his being a great poet—he was greatest as a poet—or a masterly delineator of character. It rests fundamentally on the fact that "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth" can be produced as moving pictures and vie successfully with "The Road to Ruin" and "Traffic in Souls."

THE SHAKESPEARE TEST

With this clear—that Shakespeare is still a living force on the stage because some of his plays tell stories that are as interesting to people under the reign of Woodrow Wilson as they were to people under the reign of Elizabeth—the standard by which to judge the Shakespearean productions that have been made this year is very simple. There is no need of going back to Kean and Mrs. Siddons and Booth and Henry Irving, or of getting the Variorum Edition from the library and studying out what a number of studious people have thought worth recording about what they thought Shakespeare meant. The important thing is, is it Shakespeare?

The plays have lasted long enough to make it unnecessary to squabble about whether "Hamlet" is greater than "Othello." The point is, have "Hamlet" and "Othello" been given a fair chance, with the scenery and the acting and the parts that haven't been cut out, to show us what Shakespeare intended them to show us?

For several years Robert Mantell has been playing Shakespeare all over the country, with a repertory of something like a dozen plays. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, in eight plays, have made themselves generally considered the foremost Shakespearean actors in America. The Coburn Players, as Ben Greet used to do, have for three or four years been giving Shakespearean performances of what might be called a semi-educational kind, usually under the auspices of some club, school, or

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college. This year Forbes-Robertson, in his farewell tour of America, is acting *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, and *Othello*. William Faversham, following his successful "Julius Cæsar" of last season, is doing "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," with "Hamlet" and "Henry V." to come. Margaret Anglin is beginning to realize a life's ambition in playing "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Antony and Cleopatra." John Drew opened this season in "Much Ado About Nothing." James K. Hackett has been announced in "Othello," and David Warfield in "The Merchant of Venice."

Incidentally, the company known as the Stratford-on-Avon Players, whose home is the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, is making its first visit to this country with F. R. Benson at its head. These players exist to play Shakespeare, and their repertory is a long one. They have been publicly and privately derided as amateurs and provincials—"a mere school for actors." Perhaps they are, but, judged from the performance they give of "Richard the Third," those terms haven't the sting they were intended to have.

"Richard the Third" is a gory thing, in which Shakespeare epitomized all the wickedness of the House of York in one man. He raised the deuce with history, changing a good-looking, pleasant son of York into a deformed, blood-sucking monstrosity, making him fight the year before he was born, and saddling him with crimes that were really committed by his father and brother. He wrote it with a double purpose: to please Queen Elizabeth, whose grandfather was Richard's conqueror, and to teach the timely lesson that "he who ruleth England to his own profit, destroyeth both himself and her." The result was a ramping, extravagant Elizabethan revel in gore and poetry, a rip-snorting tragedy for people who liked their tragedies to rush and reek.

And the Benson players play it as it was written. They use simple stage-settings, so there are no long waits between scenes. They just set the play going and then let it sweep along by its own force, so that after the last breathless fight — the best stage-fight I have ever seen—you sit shivering with a most satisfying horror, excited by the spectacle of thrilling and bloody villainy amply and strenuously punished. If you like that kind of thing—and most people do, now and then—it is a bully show, done for all there is in it by quite competent actors.

Mr. Benson himself gives a remarkably good performance of *Richard*, a sharp-cut, powerful embodiment of evil ambition that sticks fast in the memory. The whole production makes one want to see what these "amateurs" can do with other plays. At least they make Shakespeare the principal feature of a Shakespeare play.

If people would only forget that Shakespeare wrote literary masterpieces and go to his plays as they go to any other play—to be entertained, thrilled, taken out of themselves! If they happen to care for poetry and the other things that have made Shakespeare last while Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, for instance, now interest nobody but students, so much the better—their enjoyment is infinitely increased. But there is enough to enjoy without that.

Not all of the plays are worth putting on the stage now. Our different point of view keeps us from emphasizing some things in just the same way that Shakespeare's contemporaries did. Some of the plots are silly to us now. But others will never be old or ridiculous.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"—THE PATTERN OF OUR CIVIL-WAR ROMANCES

Take "Romeo and Juliet"—just a story of young love, built on the frame that has served for all our Civil-War plays. There are "Secret Service" and "The Warrens of Virginia"—parents fighting bloody battles, yet a son of the North loving a daughter of the South, and their love bridging over all the fire and blood, and bringing North and South together again. It was the same thing back in Verona, where the Montagues and Capulets hated each other to the killing point until the love of their children brought them to peace again.

The play doesn't call for subtle or complex acting. *Romeo* is simply a love-sick boy who takes himself quite seriously and never gets beyond the youth-in-love phase in which he and his affairs constitute the center of the universe. And *Juliet* is just a girl—suddenly awakened to womanhood, and to the big, quiet bravery that love brings to women, but still with the mind of her young years. The other people in the

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play are no less simple; even *Mercutio*, with his brave soul and bantering tongue.

Sothern and Marlowe do "Romeo and Juliet" with all of its poetry and passion, and a fair illusion of its youth. Sothern's *Romeo* is a terribly serious fellow and a bit studied, but there is no escaping its sincerity. Miss Marlowe is a lovely and lovable *Juliet*, charmingly suggesting girlhood and realizing beautifully the sudden Latin growth from child to woman.

William Faversham, too, has a production of "Romeo and Juliet," with beautiful settings by Hugo Rumbolt. They combine the new "simplicity" in scenery—a use of uncluttered spaces and vivid coloring that some people like to call futuristic—with real Veronese architecture. Shakespeare himself never bothered much about local color—he would label his scenes Egypt or Italy or the Forest of Arden and then fill them all with unmistakable Anglo-Saxons, so it is not particularly important to supply him with accurate settings; if they are in the spirit of the play, it is enough. But Mr. Faversham's picture of Verona is full of beauty. He is not so successful in putting Italy into his acting of *Romeo*. He moves much more easily in oratory than in poetry, and temperamentally he is much better fitted to reveal the workings of the mind than the workings of passion.

SHAKESPEARE'S *SHYLOCK*

"The Merchant of Venice" hasn't much in it to take hold of a modern audience. The love-story part of it is a slap at one's intelligence. Who can look with any serious feeling except disgust on the spectacle of a woman, with brains enough, we are asked to believe, to walk into court and illuminate the law to learned judges, having to accept for a husband the first man who happens to open a leaden casket instead of a gold or silver one? And after all, poor Portia's wonderful hero, when he did come, turned out to be a pretty puny specimen. The dramatic elements in the trial scene are the only things in the play that still have any force.

It is usually acted because some actor wants to try his character strength on *Shylock*. To people in Shakespeare's day *Shylock* was a low-comedy figure, just as any burlesque comedian's Jew is to audiences of to-day. When Sothern and Forbes-Robertson try to make him a human being, they set themselves the superhuman task of acting against Shakespeare's lines. Only a half success is possible: one can admire their technique, but one must be pretty well blinded by charity to swallow their *Shylocks*.

TWO KINDS OF SHREW

"The Taming of the Shrew" is exasperating if you happen to object to a man's wife being lumped among his mere belongings along with his sheep and his ass. But it is still a human play, and we can still get a rough sort of enjoyment out of it if *Katherine* is made shrewish enough to justify the treatment she gets.

Julia Marlowe and Margaret Anglin are both playing *Katherine* this year. Miss Marlowe, by making her a pettish, spoiled child, makes *Petruchio* seem a brute and the whole play medievally cruel — which dulls the edge of its fun. You can't sympathize with *Katherine* and get any esthetic enjoyment out of seeing her starved and beaten. But Miss Anglin's sharp-tongued virago puts your sympathy at once with *Petruchio*, and you can watch his high-handed method of giving her her own kind of medicine with just the tang of satisfaction that makes the rough-and-tumble farce palatable.

At the end, too, Miss Anglin reveals a happy glimmer of humor in *Katherine* that quite dispels the nauseating impression that she has simply settled down to a meek, beast-of-burden kind of existence. You can't help feeling that *Petruchio* and his wife hit it off quite cozily and humanly after the final curtain.

"Much Ado About Nothing," on the other hand, falls among the Shakespeare plays that there is not much virtue in reviving. Even when it is superlatively well acted, the best you can get out of it is the exhilaration of hearing a witty bachelor and a witty spinster call each other names. They do it delightfully, but the delight is hardly enough to make up for the ridiculous plot on to which they are tagged.

Sothern and Marlowe probably put it in their repertory because *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are such bully characters. They seem to get a lot of fun out of acting them, and they do it in a fine spirit of comedy. But why do it at all?

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SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS *OTHELLO.*

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E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE AS *BENEDICK* AND *BEATRICE* IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

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Photograph by White

MARGARET ANGLIN AS *ROSALIND* IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," WITH SIDNEY GREENSTREET AS *TOUCHSTONE*.

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"As You Like It"—well, the story of it is pretty flimsy, but there is such joyous poetry and outdoors in it! It isn't at all a play for people who do not care for poetry. Practical common sense can not believe for a minute that a comely young woman, just by putting on doublet and hose, could pass herself off as a man to the man who was in love with her—which is only one of the incredible things that happen in the Forest of Arden. But there is a wonderful charm to it, a free and sunny atmosphere, that even melancholy *Jaques*, with his hollow platitudes on the uselessness of living, can not darken. And one must be a stick of wood not to love *Rosalind*.

"Twelfth Night" goes with "As You Like It." It is mellower, and funnier, and touches sometimes more deeply, but it is the same kind of happy, romantic comedy.

Miss Anglin, and Sothern and Marlowe are doing both of these plays. The Anglin performances are the better. Sothern and Marlowe hurt so many of their plays by letting Miss Marlowe be the only woman in their company who can act. A good *Celia* can not do a bit of harm to a good *Rosalind*, and scene after scene of "Twelfth Night" may be spoiled by poor *Olivias* and *Marias*. Miss Anglin is sensible enough to put even minor characters into capable hands.

Miss Marlowe is a rather hoydenish *Rosalind*, lots of fun, and more of a flirt than *Rosalind* ought to be. Miss Anglin is just as much fun, but plays with a richer womanliness that gives a stronger and tenderer note to her performance. Sothern acts *Jaques* in a heavy style that emphasizes all his most boresome qualities. Fuller Mellish, in the Anglin company, does the same part with a touch of whimsicality that makes one almost forget what a fatuous misanthrope *Jaques* really is.

But Miss Marlowe in "Twelfth Night" is exquisite. She blends humor and tenderness in a glow of poetry that makes her *Viola* the most beautiful thing she does. And Sothern's *Malvolio* is the funniest thing he does—a figure of pompous conceit that stalks safely between burlesque at one extreme and over-tragicness at the other.

But the Shakespeare tragedies are the really popular plays. In them, along with the bigger figures and the bigger passions, he puts stories that have a bigger interest simply as stories. A wild Thibetan might see a performance of "Hamlet" or "Othello" and not get a glimmer of the poetry and human majesty that Shakespeare put into them, but he would know what was happening and it would hold him.

THE BIG HITS

"Julius Cæsar" was the first of these that Shakespeare wrote after he had really grown up. It is the tragedy of the man with good intentions and bad judgment, and contains the still pertinent lesson that something besides an upright character is necessary for effectiveness in politics. *Brutus*, like men in our own republic, felt very strongly that one man should not be allowed to have too much power over his fellow creatures. He let himself be persuaded that the best way to kill a man's power is to kill the man, and he spent the rest of his life finding out what a foolish mistake he made. It is a thrilling play, full of fight and eloquence and action, with a ridiculous caricature of *Cæsar*, a vivid sketch of *Mark Antony*, and a wondrously moving portrayal of well-meant nobility gone wrong, and finally reaching new heights of nobility through recognizing the wrong.

It is a play worth any number of revivals, because it is such a rattling good show.

And "Hamlet"—a thriller as a movie or as acted by Forbes-Robertson! No amount of poor acting can kill it. But it takes the art of the greatest acting to bring out all there is in it. For years we have had Sothern in it—a heavy, gloomy *Hamlet*, rather conscious of the great figure he is in English literature, but abounding in melodramatic power. This year we have Forbes-Robertson — a revelation of *Hamlet's* humanness. Sothern's *Hamlet* would be pretty depressing to live with; in order to stand him we should need always to keep reminding ourselves that he was the chief person in a very interesting story. But Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* would be a delightful companion—most delightful of all when he was trying to escape from his dark pursuit of revenge.

After all these years there is no need of trying to analyze the greatness of this piece of acting. The most wonderful thing about it is the way it lights up the perplexed youth of the Danish prince who ought to be still in college instead of setting things to rights in the court of Denmark.

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GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS *DESDEMONA* TO FORBES-ROBERTSON'S *OTHELLO.*

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R. D. McLEAN—*OTHELLO* IN WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S COMPANY.

Sothern and Forbes-Robertson are both guilty of shabbily inadequate productions of this play. Miss Marlowe's *Ophelia* is moving, and Gertrude Elliott's mildly pathetic—but the rest of the parts are very poorly done.

"Macbeth"—that tragedy of the poet who was led by fortune-tellers into affairs of state—was in the Sothern-Marlowe repertory more than any other of the Shakespeare plays given this year. It needs poetical treatment of a rare kind. Without that, the witch scenes, with their labored chanting to labored Arthur Sullivan accompaniments, ruin a story they ought to help. Even Miss Marlowe's strong and human *Lady Macbeth* could hardly be expected to bear the weight of the rest of the performance.

We have had two productions of "Othello" this year—Faversham and Forbes-Robertson. It is hard for us to sympathize very deeply with the old Greek tragedies, because the heroes were such helpless victims of Fate; but it is harder still to sympathize with the tragedy of *Othello*, because it was all due to an inexplicably wicked mere man. There is no reason why *Othello*

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IN CONTRAST WITH FORBES-ROBERTSON, FAVERSHAM PLAYS *IAGO*, MAKING HIM THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTER IN THE PLAY.

should have killed *Desdemona*, except that *Iago* managed it so that he did. And there is no reason why *Iago* should have so managed except that he was a bad one—which is no reason at all. Accepting *Iago*—without understanding him, of course—"Othello" from the third act on is an interesting if unnecessary tragedy.

Forbes-Robertson's production of it is extremely shabby in everything but his own acting. And that went for nothing because he so obviously could not have been gulled by such an *Iago* as he had.

Faversham quite rightly makes *Iago* the predominating person in the play, but doesn't make him any more humanly understandable than he made "The Faun" a few years back. Perhaps such a thing is impossible; but at least, in his gay, debonair way, he makes the working out of his malevolent schemes plausible; and, though the working out is more like a problem in chess than a study in human passions, it has its fascination.

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EVERY-BODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

YOUR MONEY AT WORK

LAST year, while Greece and Bulgaria were fighting over the spoils they had jointly won from Turkey, the specter of Europe-wide war escaped from the desk drawers of the newspaper correspondents, and went stalking about in a manner to create dismay and panic. Even bankers began to hoard gold, because in time of war credit is nothing and gold is everything; and at the same time all the Powers began to raise war funds.

One of the second rank, unable to procure funds in Europe, applied for a loan to a large American life-insurance company. The security was ample. The rate of interest was attractive. Purely on merits it was very good business. But was that proper employment for the savings of hundreds of thousands of peaceable Americans? The managers of the life-insurance company debated it, answered themselves in the negative, and the loan was refused.

The importance of the incident is that it helps one to realize the tremendous power of people's savings, for good and evil, morally and economically.

Bagehot, the English economist, wrote that in Queen Anne's time it would have been futile for anybody to imagine railways, because the money could not have been found to build them. It existed, but it could not be collected. People hoarded it; they would not trust others to keep it for them and use it at interest. Then banking as we know it was invented. Banks became great reservoirs of capital, accessible to borrowers who could imagine railways.

Later came institutions aiming solely to accumulate savings into great funds, and more and more the work of effecting exchanges by means of credit was left to the commercial banks.

Later still appeared the life-insurance companies, which have enormously stimulated saving by taking upon themselves the death-risk.

The life-insurance companies have come to be the largest existing machines for gathering the savings of the thousands into a few big streams, which, as you trace them upward, are lesser streams, then tiny creeks, and then the springs of self-denial. The five largest companies in the East have upward of four million policy-holders, and the aggregate of their invested funds is two and a quarter billions of dollars invested as follows: in real estate owned, 5 per cent.; in mortgages, 30 per cent.; and in bonds and stocks, 65 per cent. The amount invested in mortgages is mainly upon improved city real estate; a lot of it is in sky-scrapers.

Accompanying this article are two pictures—one showing the excavation now making on the block bounded by Broadway, Nassau, Pine, and Cedar streets, in the Wall Street district, for the new Equitable Life Building; the other showing the architects' idea of what the new building will be like when it is finished. The site is

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that of the old Equitable Life Building, in which E. H. Harriman had his offices. It burned down one morning between daylight and twelve o'clock. The financial loss was of no moment because the building itself had outlived its paying economic life. The ground alone was valued at $12,500,000. The Equitable Life Company did not want to invest its money in a sky-scraper, but only by that form of construction could the ground be made to earn interest on its value. A syndicate of private capitalists was formed to build it. The Equitable will not own it. It will only put in $20,000,000 on mortgage; the syndicate will put in $10,000,000; and the improvement when completed, ground and all, will represent an investment of $30,000,000, of which two-thirds will be policy-holders' money, secured by mortgage.

The same money would have built two battle-ships or have supported an army in the field for sixty days.

The managers of the great life-insurance companies now are considering a wider economic distribution of their funds. They think it would be all around better to return more of the savings of the people to the people themselves, instead of allowing the money to circulate in huge eddies, as, for example, in New York real-estate improvement. When they invest money in railway bonds it performs a work of universal benefit, and that, of course, will continue; but even a more direct restoration of savings to the communities whence they are drawn is beginning to be considered. For several years it has been thought good practise to invest life-insurance funds more freely in municipal bonds, and in water and sewer and lighting bonds, especially as such improvements tend to promote health.

Now a new idea appears. That is to employ life-insurance funds in the form of small building loans, all over the country, with the insurance feature added. Money is advanced to buy or build homes; the borrower repays in regular monthly instalments, and in the event of his death before the loan is paid off, the home is delivered clear and free to his family, just as the face of the insurance policy is paid when the insured dies.

THE SITE OF THE OLD EQUITABLE LIFE BUILDING—AND OF THE NEW, WHICH IS TO BE THE LARGEST SKYSCRAPER IN THE WORLD.

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THE NEW BANKING

At the end of last year the National banks of the United States among them had cash on hand (in round figures) of only . . . . . $890,000,000.

Their aggregate deposits (in round figures) were . . . . . $8,300,000,000.

That is to say, the depositors were entitled to demand from the banks nine times more money than the banks had to pay out. This expresses the lending power of a dollar.

In commercial banking, loans count as deposits. When a business man borrows $10,000 at his bank he gives security for it, and the bank credits his account with a deposit of $10,000. He is not expected to draw currency out. Instead he goes back to his office and writes checks against the credit that has been loaned him in the form of a bank deposit. Those who receive his checks could draw out the currency, but as a rule they don't; they merely deposit the checks in another bank.

Thus are payments effected by checks drawn against bank credits, in lieu of money. That is what makes banking possible. Over 90 per cent. of the country's business is transacted on credit.

Under the old National Banking Act, a country bank was required to keep a cash reserve against deposits of only 15 per cent., of which cash reserve it could deposit three-fifths with a city bank; the city bank was required to keep a reserve of 25 per cent., of which it could deposit one-half in Chicago, St. Louis, or New York (the Central Reserve Cities), where the reserve requirement also was 25 per cent., and where the money stopped.

Now, starting with $1,000 cash, a country banker could lend $6,666, provided people only checked against their credit and drew no money out. His $1,000 was 15 per cent. cash reserve against loans of $6,666 written down as deposits to the credit of borrowers. But of this $1,000 cash he could send three-fifths, or $600, to a city bank; the city bank could make loans of $2,400 against that $600 of cash, and when it had done so it could send half the cash, or $300, to a Central Reserve City bank; and that bank, on receiving it, could make loans of $1,200 against it.

There you have loans, written on the books as deposits to the credit of borrowers, aggregating $10,266, and all the cash money there is behind them is the $1,000 with which we started. That would be lending a dollar more than ten times. It is an extreme example. In practise it was seldom more than nine times. When the limit has been reached, as it was, say, in 1907, and people begin to want real money, the banks can not pay any money out until first they have called in a lot of loans, and the result is a money panic.

Under the new Federal Reserve Act, which the National Banks have accepted, though they made believe to disapprove of it strongly, that is not so likely to happen again—at least, not for a very long time. The pyramiding of cash reserves, from the country bank to the city bank and from the city bank to Chicago, St. Louis, or New York, will stop. Instead, there will be established eight or twelve reserve regions; in each region will be a Federal Reserve Bank, owned by the National Banks in that region and managed jointly by them and the Government. The Government will act through a Federal Reserve Board at Washington.

The cash reserve requirements are changed. Where a country bank was required to keep 15 per cent. before, it will keep only 12½; where a city bank was required to keep 25, it will keep only 15; and where the banks in St. Louis, Chicago, and New York were required to keep 25 per cent., they will keep 18.

By reducing the amount of cash required to be held against deposits, the lending power of a dollar is increased; but hereafter any National Bank, instead of sending a portion of its cash reserves through the funnel to the three Central Reserve Cities, will be required to deposit them with the Federal Reserve Bank in its regions.

Now suppose that the banks again are all "loaned up," as they were in 1907—that a city National Bank, keeping 15 per cent. reserve, has loaned $6,666 against each $1,000 of cash in its possession, and four or five business men apply urgently for money that they must have in order to carry through their legitimate commercial undertakings. It may be that they have pay-rolls to meet. The amount they need, say, is $25,000. The bank, instead of having to say, as before, that it can give them neither credit nor money, selects from among its assets $25,000 worth of drafts, bills of exchange, and merchants' notes, all

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maturing in ninety days, and takes them to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank, together with $10,000 of cash out of its cash reserve, as it is allowed to do.

The Federal Reserve Bank accepts the "commercial paper," deposits the $10,000 cash to the credit of the National Bank, and issues $25,000 of Federal Reserve Notes, which the National Bank hands over to the business men who need it.

Only the Federal Reserve Bank can issue Federal Reserve Notes. They are the new money provided for. They must be secured 100 per cent. by commercial paper and 40 per cent. by gold money. That is why the National Bank, in addition to the $25,000 of commercial paper, had to take $10,000 of money out of its cash reserve. It could not itself lend any more credit against that cash, but the Federal Reserve Bank may. That is what it is for. The Federal Reserve Notes are obligations of the United States, redeemable in gold on demand.

THE NEW EQUITABLE LIFE BUILDING AS THE ARCHITECTS EXPECT IT TO LOOK—$20,000,000 OF POLICY-HOLDERS' MONEY.

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Thus, the function of the Federal Reserve Bank is to multiply the lending power of gold money. It issues $2.50 in Federal Reserve Notes for each $1 gold money deposited with it by a National Bank. It charges the National Bank interest for the notes, and the National Bank charges its borrowers interest.

Money is not going to be any cheaper than before; it is going to be more elastic. Anybody who thinks the way of the borrower with doubtful security to offer is going to be made easier will be disappointed. All the new credit possible to be created will still be loaned through bankers.

[The aim of this department is to discuss those subjects in which the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *show themselves by their letters to be interested. Their interest in the larger aspects of finance and economics is very welcome. Inquiries about particular investments must be answered by letter, for the reasons, first, that there isn't space to do it in the pages of Everybody's Money; and, second, that the answers as a rule are not of general interest. The investor's concrete problems are always personal.—J. P.]*

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LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

by

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

AUTHOR OF "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," "THE WHITE LINEN NURSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

THE Edgartons did not start for Melbourne the following day! Nor the next—nor the next—nor even the next!

In a head-bandage much more scientific than a blue-ribboned petticoat, but infinitely less decorative, little Eve Edgarton lay imprisoned among her hotel pillows.

Twice a day, and oftener if he could justify it, the Village Doctor came to investigate pulse and temperature. Never before in all his humdrum winter experience or occasional summer-tourist vagary had he ever met any people who prated of camels instead of motor-cars, or deprecated the dust of Abyssinia on their Piccadilly shoes, or sighed indiscriminately for the snow-tinted breezes of the Klondike and Ceylon. Never, either, in all his full round of experience had the Village Doctor had a surgical patient so serenely complacent as little Eve Edgarton, or any anxious relative so madly restive as little Eve Edgarton's father.

For the first twenty-four hours, of course, Mr. Edgarton was much too worried over the accident to his daughter to think for a moment of the accident to his railway and steamship tickets. For the second twenty-four hours he was very naturally so much concerned with the readjustment of his railway and steamship tickets that he never concerned himself at all with the accident to his plans. But by the end of the third twenty-four hours, with his first two worries reasonably eliminated, it was the accident to his plans that smote upon him with the fiercest poignancy. Let a man's clothes vacillate as they will between his trunk and his bureau—once that man's *spirit* is packed for a journey nothing but journey's end can ever unpack it again!

With his own heart tuned already to the heart-throb of an engine, his pale eyes focused squintingly toward expected novelties, his thin nostrils half a-sniff with the first salty scent of the Far-Away, Mr. Edgarton, whatever his intentions, was not the most ideal of sick-room companions. Too conscientious to leave his daughter, too

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unhappy to stay with her, he spent the larger part of his days and nights pacing up and down like a caged beast between the two bedrooms.

It was not till the fifth day, however, that his impatience actually burst the bounds he had set for it. Somewhere between his maple bureau and Eve's mahogany bed the actual explosion took place, and in that explosion every single infinitesimal wrinkle of brow, cheek, chin, nose was called into play as if here at last was a man who intended once and for all time to wring his face perfectly dry of all human expression.

"Eve!" hissed her father. "I *hate* this place! I *loathe* this place! I *abominate* it! I *despise* it! The flora is—execrable! The fauna? *Nil!* And as to the coffee—the breakfast coffee? Oh, ye gods! *Eve, if we're delayed here another week—I shall—die!* Die, mind you, at *sixty-two! With my life-work just begun!* Eve! I *hate* this place! I *abominate* it! I *de*——"

"Really?" mused little Eve Edgarton from her white pillows. "Why—I think—it's lovely."

"Eh?" jerked her father. "What? E-h?"

"It's so—social," said little Eve Edgarton.

"Social?" choked her father.

As bereft of expression as if robbed of both inner and outer vision, little Eve

"DON'T CARE MUCH FOR YOUR OLD FATHER, DO YOU?" HE ASKED TRENCHANTLY.

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Edgarton lifted her eyes to his. "Why—two of the hotel ladies have—almost been to see me," she confided listlessly. "And the chambermaid brought me the picture of her beau. And the hotel proprietor lent me a story-book. And Mr. ——"

"*Social?*" snapped her father.

"Oh, of course—if you got killed in a fire or anything, saving people's lives, you'd sort of expect them to—send you candy—or make you some sort of a memorial," conceded little Eve Edgarton unemotionally. "But when you break your head—just amusing yourself? Why, I thought it was nice—for the hotel ladies to—almost come to see me," she finished, without even so much as a flicker of the eyelids.

Disgustedly her father started for his own room, then whirled abruptly in his tracks and glanced back at that imperturbable little figure in the big white bed. Except for the sudden scarcely perceptible hound-like flicker of his nostrils, his own face held not a whit more expression than the girl's.

"Eve," he asked casually, "Eve, you're not changing your mind, are you, about Nunko-Nono? And John Ellbertson? Good old John Ellbertson," he repeated feelingly. "EVE!" he quickened with sudden sharpness. "Surely nothing has happened to make you change your mind about Nunko-Nono? And good old John Ellbertson?"

"Oh—no—father," drawled little Eve Edgarton. Indolently she withdrew her eyes from her father's and stared off Nunko-Nonoward—in a hazy, geographical sort of a dream. "Good — old — John Ellbertson —good old John Ellbertson," she began to croon very softly to herself. "Good old John Ellbertson. How I do—love his—kind brown eyes—how I do——"

"*Brown* eyes?" snapped her father. "Brown? John Ellbertson's got the—grayest eyes—that I ever saw in my life!"

Without the slightest ruffle of composure little Eve Edgarton accepted the correction. "Oh, has he?" she conceded amiably. "Well, then, good old John Ellbertson—good old John Ellbertson—how I do love his kind —*gray* eyes," she began all over again.

Palpably Edgarton shifted his standing weight from one foot to the other. "I understood—your mother," he asserted a bit defiantly.

"Did you, dear?—I wonder?" mused little Eve Edgarton.

"Eh?" jerked her father.

Still with the vague geographical dream in her eyes, little Eve Edgarton pointed off suddenly toward the open lid of her steamer trunk.

"Oh—my manuscript notes, father, please!" she ordered almost peremptorily. "John's notes, you know? I might as well be working on them while I'm lying here."

Obediently from the quickly tousled top of the steamer trunk her father returned with the great batch of rough manuscript. "And my pencil, please," droned little Eve Edgarton. "And my eraser. And my writing-board. And my ruler. And my——"

Absent-mindedly one by one Edgarton handed the articles to her, and then sank down on the foot of her bed with his thin-lipped mouth contorted into a rather mirthless grin. "Don't care much for your old father, do you?" he asked trenchantly.

Altogether gravely for a moment the girl sat studying her father's weather-beaten features, the thin hair, the pale, shrewd eyes, the gaunt cheeks, the indomitable old-young mouth. Then quite unexpectedly a little shy smile flickered across her face and was gone again.

"As a parent, dear," she drawled, "I love you to distraction! But as a—daily companion?" Vaguely her eyebrows lifted. "As a—real playmate?" Against the starch-white of her pillows the sudden flutter of her small brown throat showed out with almost startling distinctness. "But as a—real playmate," she persisted evenly, "you are so—intelligent—and you —travel so fast—it tires me."

"Whom *do* you like?" asked her father sharply.

The girl's eyes were suddenly sullen again—bored, distrait, inestimably dreary. "That's the whole trouble," she said. "You've never given me time—to like anybody."

"Oh, but—Eve," pleaded her father. Awkward as any school-boy, he sat there fuming and twisting before this absurd little bunch of nerve and nerves that he himself had begotten. "Oh, but *Eve*," he deprecated helplessly, "it's the deuce of a job for a—for a man to be left all alone in the world with a—with a daughter! Really it is!"

Already the sweat had started on his forehead, and across one cheek the old gray

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fretwork of wrinkles began to shadow suddenly. "I've done my best!" he pleaded. "I swear I have! Only I've never—*known how!* With a mother, now," he stammered, "with a wife, with a sister, with your best friend's sister, you know just what to do! It's a definite relation! Prescribed by a definite emotion! But a *daughter? O ye gods!* Your whole sexual angle of vision changed! A creature neither fish, flesh, nor fowl! Non-superior, non-contemporaneous, non-subservient! Just a lady! A strange lady! Yes, that's exactly it, Eve—a strange lady—growing eternally—just a little bit more strange—just a little bit more remote—every minute of her life! Yet it's so—damned intimate all the time!" he blurted out passionately. "All the time she's rowing you about your manners and your morals, all the time she's laying down the law to you about the tariff or the—turnips, you're remembering—how you used to—scrub her—in her first little blue-lined tin bath-tub!"

Once again the flickering smile flared up in little Eve Edgarton's eyes and was gone again. A trifle self-consciously she burrowed back into her pillows. When she spoke her voice was scarcely audible. "Oh—I know—I'm funny," she admitted conscientiously.

"You're not funny!" snapped her father.

"Yes, I am," whispered the girl.

"No, you're not!" reasserted her father with increasing vehemence. "You're not! It's I who am funny! It's I who—" In a chaos of emotion he slid along the edge of the bed and clasped her in his arms. Just for an instant his wet cheek grazed hers, then: "All the same, you know," he insisted awkwardly, "*I hate this place!*"

Surprisingly little Eve Edgarton reached up and kissed him full on the mouth. They were both very much embarrassed.

"Why — why, Eve!" stammered her father. "Why, my little—little girl! Why, you haven't kissed me—before—since you were a baby!"

"Yes, I have!" drawled little Eve Edgarton.

"No, you haven't!" snapped her father.

"Yes, I have!" insisted Eve.

Tighter and tighter their arms clasped round each other. "You're all I've got," faltered the man brokenly.

"You're all I've—ever had," whispered little Eve Edgarton.

Silently for a moment each according to his thoughts sat staring off into far places. Then without any warning whatsoever the man reached out suddenly and tipped his daughter's face up abruptly into the light.

"Eve!" he demanded. "Surely you're not blaming me any in your heart—because I want to see you safely married and—settled with—with John Ellbertson?"

Vaguely, like a child repeating a dimly understood lesson, little Eve Edgarton repeated the phrases after him. "Oh, no—father," she said, "I surely am not blaming you—in my heart—for wanting to see me married and settled with—John Ellbertson. Good old John Ellbertson," she corrected painstakingly.

With his hand still holding her little chin like a vise, the man's eyes narrowed to his further probing. "Eve," he frowned, "I'm not as well as—I used to be! I've got pains—in my arms! And they're not good pains! I shall live to be a thousand! But I—I might not! It's a—a rotten world, Eve," he brooded, "and quite unnecessarily crowded—it seems to me—with essentially rotten people. Toward the starving—and the crippled—and the hideously distorted, the world, having no envy of them, shows always an amazing mercy; and Beauty, whatever its sorrows, can always retreat to the thick protecting wall of its own conceit. But as for the rest of us?"—he grinned with a sudden convulsive twist of the eyebrow—"God help the unduly prosperous—and the merely—plain! From the former—always, Envy like a wolf shall tear down every fresh talent, every fresh treasure, you lift to your aching back! And from the latter—Brutal Neglect—shall ravage away even the charm that you thought you had!

"It's a—a rotten world, Eve, I tell you," he began all over again a bit plaintively. "A rotten world! And the pains in my arms, I tell you, are not—nice! Distinctly not nice! Sometimes—Eve—you think I'm making faces at you! But—believe me—it isn't—faces that I'm making! It's my—heart that I'm making at you! And believe me—the pain is not—nice!"

Before the sudden wince in his daughter's eyes he reverted instantly to an air of semi-jocosity. "So, under all existing circumstances, little girl," he hastened to affirm, "you can hardly blame a—crusty old codger of a father for preferring to leave his daughter

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in the hands of a man whom he positively —knows to be good, than in the hands of some casual stranger who, just in a negative way, he merely can't prove isn't good? Oh, Eve—Eve," he pleaded sharply, "you'll be so much better off—out of the world! You've got infinitely too much money—and infinitely too little self-conceit—to be happy here! They would break your heart in a year! But at Nunko-Nono!" he cried eagerly. "Oh, Eve! Think of the *peace* of it! Just white beach, and a blue sea, and the long, low, endless horizon. And John will make you a garden! Oh, I am quite sure that John will make you a garden! And women—I have often heard—are very happy in a garden! And——"

Slowly little Eve Edgarton lifted her eyes again to his. "Has John got a beard?" she asked.

"Why—why, I'm sure I don't remember," stammered her father. "Why, yes, I think so—why, yes, indeed—I dare say!"

"Is it a gray—ish beard?" asked little Eve Edgarton.

"Why—why, yes—I shouldn't wonder," admitted her father.

"And red—dish?" persisted little Eve Edgarton. "And long—ish? As long as——?" Illustratively with her hands she stretched to her full arm's length.

"Yes, I think perhaps it—is reddish," conceded her father. "But why?"

"Oh—nothing," mused little Eve Edgarton. "Only sometimes at night I dream about you and me—landing at Nunko-Nono. And John—in a great big—long—reddish-gray beard always comes crunching down at full speed across the hermit-crabs to meet us. And always—just before he reaches us, he—he trips on his beard—and falls headlong into the ocean—and is—drow—ned."

"Why—what an awful dream!" deprecated her father.

"Awful?" drawled little Eve Edgarton. "Ha! It makes me—laugh. All the same," she affirmed definitely, "good old John Ellbertson will have to have his beard cut." Quizzically for an instant she stared off into space, then quite abruptly she gave a quick, funny little sniff. "Anyway, I'll have a—garden, won't I?" she said. "And always, of course, there will be—Henrietta."

"Henrietta?" frowned her father.

"My daughter!" explained little Eve Edgarton with dignity.

"Your—daughter?" snapped Edgarton.

"Oh, of course there may be several," conceded little Eve Edgarton. "But Henrietta, I'm almost positive, will be the best one!"

So jerkily she thrust her slender throat forward with the speech, her whole facial expression seemed suddenly to have undercut and stunned her father's.

"Always, father," she attested grimly, "with your horrid old books and specimens —you have crowded my dolls out of my steamer trunk. But never once—" her tightening lips hastened to assure him— "have you ever succeeded in crowding— Henrietta—and the others out of my mind!"

Quite incongruously, then, with a soft little hand in which there lurked no animosity whatsoever, she reached up suddenly and smoothed the astonishment out of her father's mouth-lines.

"After all, father," she asked, "now that we're really talking so intimately, after all —there isn't so specially much to life anyway, is there, except just the satisfaction of making the complete round of human experience—once for yourself—and then once again—to show another person? Just that double chance, father, of getting two original glimpses at happiness? One through your own eyes, and one—just a little bit dimmer—through the eyes of another?"

With mercilessly appraising vision the starving Youth that was in her glared up at the satiate Age in him.

"You've *had* your complete round of human experience, father!" she cried. "Your first—full—untrammeled glimpse of all your—Heart's Desires. More of a glimpse, perhaps, than most people get. From your tiniest boyhood, father, everything just as you wanted it! Just the tutors you chose in just the subjects you chose! Everything then that American colleges could give you! Everything later that European universities could offer you! And then Travel! And more Travel! And more! And more! And then—Love! And then Fame! 'Love, Fame, and Far Lands!' Yes, that's it exactly! Everything just as you chose it! So your only tragedy, father, lies—as far as I can see—in just little—*me!*—Because I don't happen to like the things that you like, the things that you—already—have had the first full joy of liking, you've got to miss altogether your dimmer, second-hand glimpse

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"FOR *ME?*" QUESTIONED EDGARTON ICILY.
"WHY, YES—CERTAINLY!" BEAMED BARTON. "ORCHIDS, YOU KNOW! HOTHOUSE ORCHIDS!"

of happiness! Oh, I'm sorry, father! Truly I am! Already I sense the hurt of these latter years—the shattered expectations, the incessant disappointments! You who have stared unblinkingly into the face of the sun, robbed in your twilight of even a candle-flame. *But father?*"

Grimly, despairingly, but with unfaltering persistence—Youth fighting with its last gasp for the rights of its Youth—she lifted her haggard little face to his. "But—*father!—my* tragedy lies in the fact—that at thirty—I've never yet had *even my first-hand glimpse at happiness!* And now—apparently—unless I'm willing to relinquish all hope of ever having it, and consent to 'settle down,' as you call it, with 'good old John Ellbertson'—I'll never even get a gamble—probably—at sighting Happiness second-hand through another person's eyes!"

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"Oh, but Eve!" protested her father. Nervously he jumped up and began to pace the room. One side of his face was quite grotesquely distorted, and his lean fingers, thrust precipitously into his pockets, were digging frenziedly into their own palms. "Oh, but Eve!" he reiterated sharply, "you will be happy with John! I know you will! John is a—John is a— Underneath all that slowness, that ponderous slowness—that—that— Underneath that——"

"That longish — red—dish — gray—ish beard?" interpolated little Eve Edgarton.

Glaringly for an instant the old eyes and the young eyes challenged each other, and then the dark eyes retreated suddenly before—not the strength but the weakness of their opponents.

"Oh, very well, father," drawled little Eve Edgarton. "*Only*—" ruggedly the soft little chin thrust itself forth into stubborn outline again. "*Only*, father," she articulated with inordinate distinctness, "you might just as well understand here and now, *I won't budge* one inch toward Nunko-Nono—not one single solitary—little inch toward Nunko-Nono—unless at London, or Lisbon, or Odessa, or *somewhere*, you let me fill up all the trunks I want to—with just plain *pretties*—to take to Nunko-Nono! It isn't—exactly, you know, like a bride moving fifty miles out from town somewhere," she explained painstakingly. "When a bride goes out to a place like Nunko-Nono, it isn't enough, you understand, that she takes just the things—she needs. What she's got to take, you see, is everything under the sun—that she ever *may* need!"

With a little soft sigh of finality she sank back into her pillows, and then struggled up for one brief instant again to add a postscript, as it were, to her ultimatum. "If my day is over—without ever having been begun," she drawled, "why, it's over—without ever having been begun! And that's all there is to it! But when it comes to Henrietta," she mused, "Henrietta's going to have five-inch hair-ribbons—and everything else—from the very start!"

"Eh?" frowned Edgarton, and started for the door.

"And oh, father!" called Eve, just as his hand touched the door-knob. "There's something I want to ask you for Henrietta's sake. It's rather a delicate question, but after I'm married I suppose I shall have to save all my delicate questions to—ask John; and John, somehow, has never seemed to me particularly canny about anything except—geology. *Father!*" she asked, "just what is it—that you consider so particularly obnoxious in—in—*young men?* Is it their—sins?"

"Sins!" jerked her father. "Bah! It's their *traits!*"

"S—o?" questioned little Eve Edgarton from her pillows. "S—o? Such as—what?"

"Such as the pursuit of woman!" snapped her father. "The love—not of woman, but of the pursuit of woman! On all sides you see it to-day! On all sides you hear it—sense it—suffer it! The young man's eternally jocose sexual appraisement of woman! 'Is she young? Is she pretty?' And always, eternally, 'Is there any one younger?—Is there any one prettier?' Sins, you ask?" Suddenly now he seemed perfectly willing, even anxious, to linger and talk. "A sin is nothing, oftener than not, but a mere accidental, non-considered act! A yellow streak quite as exterior as the scorch of a sunbeam. And there is no sin existent that a man may not repent of! And there is no honest repentance, Eve, that a wise woman can not make over into a basic foundation for happiness!—But a *trait?* A congenital tendency? A yellow streak bred in the bone? Why, Eve! If a man loves, I tell you, not woman, but the—pursuit of woman? So that—wherever he wins—he wastes again? So that indeed at last he wins—only to waste? Moving eternally—on—on—on from one ravaged lure to another? Eve! Would I deliver over *you*—your mother's reincarnated body—to—to such as *that?*"

"O—h," said little Eve Edgarton. Her sleepy eyes were quite wide with horror. "How—careful I shall have to be—with Henrietta."

"Eh?" snapped her father.

Ting-a-ling—ling—ling—ling! trilled the telephone from the farther side of the room.

Impatiently Edgarton came back and lifted the receiver from its hook. "Hello?" he growled. "Who? What? Eh?"

With quite unnecessary vehemence he rammed the palm of his hand against the mouth-piece and scowled back over his shoulder at his daughter. "It's that—that Barton!" he said. "The impudence of him!

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He wants to know if you are receiving visitors to-day! He wants to know if he can come up! The——"

"Yes—isn't it—awful?" stammered little Eve Edgarton.

Imperiously her father turned back to the telephone. Ting-a-ling—ling—ling—ling, chirped the bell right in his face. As if he were fairly trying to bite the transmitter, he thrust his lips and teeth into the mouthpiece.

"My daughter," he enunciated with extreme distinctness, "is—feeling quite—exhausted—*exhausted*—this afternoon. We appreciate—of course, Mr. Barton, your—What? Hello there!" he interrupted himself sharply. "Mr. Barton? *Barton?* Now what in the deuce?" he called back appealingly toward the bed. "Why, they've rung off! The fools!" Quite accidentally then his glance lighted on his daughter. "Why, what are you smoothing your hair for?" he called out accusingly.

"Oh, just to smooth—it," crooned little Eve Edgarton.

"But what in creation are you putting on your—Mandarin coat for?" he demanded tartly.

"Oh—just to put it—on," acknowledged little Eve Edgarton.

With a sniff of disgust Edgarton turned on his heel and strode off into his own room.

For five minutes by the little traveling clock she heard him pacing monotonously up and down—up and down. Then very softly at last she summoned him back to

"*YOU'RE* NICE," BARTON SAID. "I LIKE *YOU!*" CONSCIENTIOUSLY THEN HE RESUMED HIS READING.

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her. She was sitting up among her pillows, wrapped in the rich Mandarin coat—shimmering with gold and glowing with crimson—that was the one "pretty" she had brought from the Orient on their latest trip. "I'll give it away before we leave, father," she had promised.

Before her father could voice a protest, "Father," she whispered, "I think there's some one knocking at the outside door."

"What?" called Edgarton. Incredulously he came back through his daughter's room and, crossing over to the hall door, yanked it open abruptly on the intruder.

"Why—good afternoon!" grinned Barton above the extravagantly large and languorous bunch of pale lavender orchids that he clutched in his hand.

"Good afternoon!" said Edgarton without enthusiasm.

"—Er—orchids!" persisted Barton still grinningly. Across the unfriendly hunch of the older man's shoulder he caught a disquieting glimpse of a girl's unduly speculative eyes. In sudden impulsive league with her against this, their apparent common enemy, Age, he thrust the orchids into the older man's astonished hands.

"For *me?*" questioned Edgarton icily.

"Why, yes—certainly!" beamed Barton. "Orchids, you know! Hothouse orchids!" he explained painstakingly.

"So I—judged," admitted Edgarton. With extreme distaste he began to untie the soft, flimsy lavender ribbon that encompassed them. "In their native state, you know," he confided, "one very seldom finds them growing with—sashes on them."

From her nest of pillows across the room little Eve Edgarton loomed up suddenly into definite prominence.

"What did you bring—*me*, Mr. Barton?" she asked.

"Why, Eve!" cried her father. "Why, Eve, you—astonish me! Why, I'm surprised at you! Why—what—do you mean?"

A trifle impatiently the girl sagged back into her pillows. "Oh, father," she faltered, "don't you know—anything? That was just 'small talk'."

With perfunctory courtesy Edgarton turned to young Barton. "Pray be seated," he said; "take—take a chair."

It was the chair closest to little Eve Edgarton that Barton took. "How do you do, Miss Edgarton?" he ventured.

"How do you do, Mr. Barton?" said little Eve Edgarton.

From the splashy wash-stand somewhere beyond them they heard Edgarton fussing with the orchids and mumbling vague Latin imprecations—or endearments—over them. A trifle surreptitiously Barton smiled at Eve. A trifle surreptitiously Eve smiled back at Barton.

In this perfectly amiable exchange of smiles the girl reached up suddenly to the sides of her head. "Is my—is my bandage on—straight?" she asked worriedly.

"Why, no," admitted Barton; "it ought not to be, ought it?"

Again for no special reason whatsoever they both smiled.

"Oh, I say," stammered Barton. "How you *can* dance!"

Across the girl's olive cheeks her heavy eyelashes shadowed down like a fringe of black ferns. "Yes—how—I—can—dance," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Why didn't you let anybody know?" demanded Barton.

"Yes—why didn't I let anybody know?" repeated the girl in an utter panic of bashfulness.

"Oh, I say," whispered Barton, "won't you even look at me?"

Purely mechanically the girl opened her eyes and stared at him fixedly until his own eyes fell.

"Eve!" called her father sharply from the next room, "where in creation is my data concerning North American orchids?"

"In my steamer-trunk," began the girl sing-songily. "On the left hand side. Tucked in between—your riding-boots—and my best hat."

"O—h," called her father.

A trifle jerkily Barton edged forward in his chair and touched the girl's brown, boyish little hand.

"Really, Miss Eve," he stammered, "I'm awfully sorry you got hurt! Truly I am! Truly it made me feel awfully squeamish! Really I've been thinking a lot about you these last few days! Honestly I have! Never in all my life did I ever carry any one as little and hurt as you were! It sort of haunts me, I tell you. Isn't there something I could do for you?"

"Something you could—do—for me?" said little Eve Edgarton, staring. Then again the heavy lashes came shadowing down across her cheeks.

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"I haven't—had—any very great—luck," she said, "in finding you—ready to do things for me."

"What?" gasped Barton.

Transiently the big eyes lifted and—fell again. "There was the—attic," she whispered a bit huskily. "You wouldn't—rent me your attic!"

"Oh, but—I say!" grinned Barton. "Some real thing, I mean! Couldn't I—couldn't—I—read aloud to you?" he articulated quite distinctly as Edgarton came rustling back into the room with his arms full of papers.

"Read aloud?" gibed Edgarton across the top of his spectacles. "It's a daring man, in this unexpurgated day and generation, who offers to read aloud to a lady."

"He might read me my geology notes," suggested little Eve Edgarton blandly.

"Your geology notes?" hooted her father. "What's this? Some more of your new-fangled 'small talk'? Your geology notes?" Still chuckling mirthlessly, he strode over to the big table by the window and, spreading out his orchid data over every possible inch of space, settled himself down serenely to compare one "flower of mystery" with another.

Furtively for a moment Barton sat studying the gaunt, graceful figure. Then quite impulsively he turned back to little Eve Edgarton's scowling face.

"Nevertheless, Miss Eve," he grinned, "I should be perfectly delighted to read your geology notes to you. Where are they?"

"Here," droned little Eve Edgarton, slapping listlessly at the loose pile of pages beside her.

Conscientiously Barton reached out and gathered the flimsy papers into one trim handful. "Where shall I begin?" he asked.

"It—doesn't—matter," murmured little Eve Edgarton.

"What?" said Barton. Nervously he began to fumble through the pages. "Isn't there any beginning?" he demanded.

"No," moped little Eve Edgarton.

"Nor any end?" he insisted. "Nor any middle?"

"N—o," sighed little Eve Edgarton.

Altogether helplessly Barton plunged into the unhappy task before him. On page 9 there were perhaps the fewest blots. He decided to begin there.

"'Palæontologically,'" the first sentence smote him—"'Palæontologically the periods are characterized by absence of the large marine saurians, Dinosaurs and Pterosaurs'—eh?" gasped Barton.

"Why, of course!" called Edgarton, a bit impatiently, from the window.

Laboriously Barton went back and reread the phrase to himself. "Oh—oh yes," he conceded lamely.

"'Palæontologically,'" he began all over again. "Oh, dear, no!" he interrupted himself. "I was farther along than that!—'Absence of marine saurians?' Oh, yes! 'Absence of marine saurians,'" he resumed glibly, "'Dinosaurs and Pterosaurs—so abundant in the—in the Cretaceous—of Ammonites and Belemnites,'" he persisted—heroically. Hesitatingly, stumblingly, without a glimmer of understanding, his bewildered mind worried on and on, its entire mental energy concentrated on the single purpose of trying to pronouce the awful words. "'Of Rudistes, Inocerami—Tri—Trigonias,'" the horrible paragraph tortured on . . . "By the marked reduction in the —Brachiopods compared with the now richly developed Gasteropods and—and sinupalliate—Lamellibranchs'"—it writhed and twisted before his dizzy eyes.

Every sentence was a struggle; more than one of the words he was forced to spell aloud just out of sheer self-defense; and always against Eve Edgarton's little intermittent nod of encouragement was balanced that hateful sniffing sound of surprise and contempt from the orchid table in the window.

Despairingly he skipped a few lines to the next unfamiliar words that met his eye. "'The Neozoic flora,'" he read, "'consists mainly of—of Angio—Angiosper—'" Still smiling, but distinctly wan around the edges of the smile, he slammed the handful of papers down on his knee. "If it really doesn't make any difference where we begin, Miss Eve," he said, "for heaven's sake —let's begin somewhere else!"

"Oh—all right," crooned little Eve Edgarton.

Expeditiously Barton turned to another page, and another, and another. Wryly he tasted strange sentence after strange sentence. Then suddenly his whole wonderful face wreathed itself in smiles again.

"'Three superfamilies of turtles,'" he began joyously. "Turtles! Ha!—I know turtles!" he proceeded with real triumph. "Why, that's the first word I've recognized

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in all this—this—er—this what I've been reading! Sure I know turtles!" he reiterated with increasing conviction. "Why, sure! Those—those slow-crawling, box-like affairs that—live in the mud and are used for soup and—er—combs," he continued blithely.

"The—very—same," nodded little Eve Edgarton.

"Oh—lordy!" groaned her father from the window.

"Oh, this is going to be lots better!" beamed Barton. "Now that I know what it's all about——"

"For goodness' sake," growled Edgarton from his table, "how do you people think I'm going to do any work with all this jabbering going on!"

Hesitatingly for a moment Barton glanced back over his shoulder at Edgarton, and then turned round again to probe Eve's preferences in the matter. As sluggishly determinate as two black turtles trailing along a white sand beach, her great dark eyes in her little pale face seemed headed suddenly toward some Far-Away Idea.

"Oh—go—right on reading, Mr. Barton," nodded little Eve Edgarton.

"'Three superfamilies of turtles,'" began Barton all over again. "'Three superfamilies of turtles—the—the Amphichelydia, the Cryptodirae, and the Tri—the—Tri—the T-r-i-o-n-y-c-h-o-i-d-e-a,'" he spelled out laboriously.

With a vicious jerk of his chair Edgarton snatched up his papers and his orchids and started for the door.

"When you—people—get all through this nonsense," he announced, "maybe you'll be kind enough to let me know! I shall be in the writing-room!" With satirical courtesy he bowed first to Eve, then to Barton, dallied an instant on the threshold to repeat both bows, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"A nervous man, isn't he?" suggested Barton.

Gravely little Eve Edgarton considered the thought. "Trionychoidea," she prompted quite irrelevantly.

"Oh, yes—of course," conceded Barton. "But do you mind—if I smoke?"

"No, I don't mind if you smoke," singsonged the girl.

With a palpable sigh of relief Barton lighted a cigarette. "*You're* nice," he said. "I like *you!*" Conscientiously then he resumed his reading.

"'No — Pleurodira — have yet been found'," he began.

"Yes—isn't that too bad?" sighed little Eve Edgarton.

"It doesn't matter personally to me," admitted Barton. Hastily he moved on to the next sentence. "'The Amphichelydia—are known there by only the genus Baena,'" he read. "'Two described species: B. undata and B. arenosa, to which was added B. hebraica and B. ponderosa——'"

Petulantly he slammed the whole handful of papers to the floor.

"Eve!" he stammered. "I can't stand it! I tell you—I just can't stand it! Take my attic if you want to! Or my cellar! Or my garage! Or anything else of mine in the world that you have any fancy for! But for Heaven's sake——"

With extraordinarily dilated eyes Eve Edgarton stared out at him from her white pillows.

"Why—why, if it makes you feel—like that—just to—read it," she reproached him mournfully, "how do you suppose it makes me feel—to have to write it? All you have to do—is to read it," she said. "But I?—I have to write it!"

"But—why do you have to write it?" gasped Barton.

Languidly her heavy lashes shadowed down across her cheeks again. "It's for the British consul at Nunko-Nono," she said. "It's some notes he asked me to make for him in London this last spring."

"But for mercy's sake—do you like to write things like that?" insisted Barton.

"Oh, n—o," drawled little Eve Edgarton. "But of course—if I marry him," she confided without the slightest flicker of emotion, "it's what I'll have to write—all the rest of my life."

"But—" stammered Barton—"for mercy's sake, do you want to marry him?" he asked quite bluntly.

"O-h—n—o," drawled little Eve Edgarton.

Impatiently Barton threw away his half-smoked cigarette and lighted a fresh one. "Then *why?*" he demanded.

"Oh, it's something—father invented," said little Eve Edgarton.

Altogether emphatically Barton pushed back his chair. "Well, I call it a shame!" he said. "For a nice live little girl like you to

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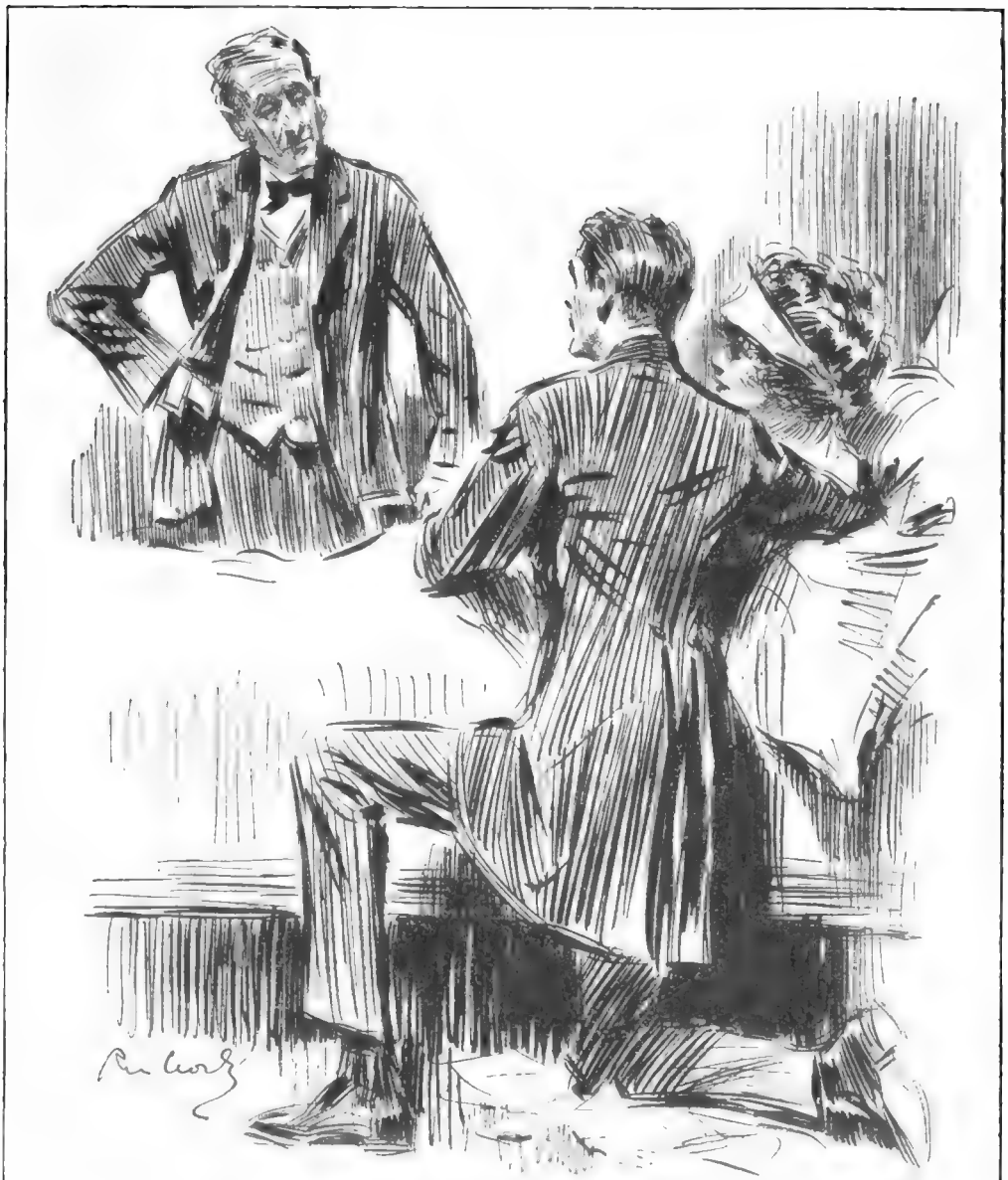

"ANY—TIME—THAT YOU PEOPLE WANT ME," SUGGESTED EDGARTON'S ICY VOICE, "I AM STANDING HERE—IN ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR!"

be packed off like so much baggage—to marry—some great gray-bearded clout who hasn't got an idea in his head except—except—" squintingly he stared down at the scattered sheets on the floor—"except—'Amphichelydia,'" he asserted with some feeling.

"Yes—isn't it?" sighed little Eve Edgarton.

"For Heaven's sake!" said Barton. "Where *is* Nunko-Nono?"

"Nunko-Nono?" whispered little Eve Edgarton. "Where is—it? Why, it's an island! In an ocean, you know! Rather a hot—green island! In rather a hot—blue-green ocean! Lots of green palms, you know, and rank—rough—green grass—and green bugs—and green butterflies—and

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green snakes. And a great crawling, crunching collar of white sand and hermit-crabs—all around it. And then just a long, unbroken line of turquoise-colored waves. And then more turquoise-colored waves. And then more turquoise colored waves. And then more turquoise colored waves. And then—and then——"

"And then *what?*" worried Barton.

With a vaguely astonished lift of the eyebrows little Eve Edgarton met both question and questioner perfectly squarely. "Why — then — *more* turquoise colored waves, of course," droned little Eve Edgarton.

"It sounds rotten to me," confided Barton.

"It—is," said little Eve Edgarton. "And, oh, I forgot to tell you: John Ellbertson is —sort of green, too. Geologists are apt to be, don't you think so?"

"I never saw one," admitted Barton without shame.

"If you'd like me to," said Eve, "I'll show you how the turquoise colored waves sound — when they strike the hermit-crabs."

"Do!" urged Barton.

Listlessly the girl pushed back into her pillows, slid down a little farther into her blankets, and closed her eyes.

"*Mmmmmmmmm*," she began, "*Mmmmmmmmmm — Mmmmm — Mmmmmmm*, W-H-I-S-H-H-H! *Mmmmmmmmm — Mmmmmmmm — Mmmmmmmm — Mmmmmm* — W-H-I-S-H-H-H! — *Mmmmmmmm — Mmmmmmm*——"

"After a while, of course, I think you might stop," suggested Barton a bit creepishly.

Again the big eyes opened at him with distinct surprise. "Why—why?" said Eve Edgarton. "*It*—never stops!"

"Oh, I say," frowned Barton, "I do feel awfully bad about your going 'way off to a place like that to live! Really!" he stammered.

"We're going—Thursday," said little Eve Edgarton.

"THURSDAY?" cried Barton. For some inexplainable reason the whole idea struck him suddenly as offensive, distinctly offensive, as if Fate, the impatient Waiter, had snatched away a yet untasted plate. "Why—why, Eve!" he protested, "why, we're only just beginning to get acquainted."

"Yes, I know it," mused little Eve Edgarton.

"Why—if we'd had half a chance—" began Barton, and then didn't know at all how to finish it. "Why, you're so plucky —and so odd—and so interesting!" he began all over again. "Oh, of course, I'm an awful duffer and all that! But if we'd had half a chance, I say, you and I would have been great pals in another fortnight!"

"Even so—" murmured little Eve Edgarton—"there are yet—fifty-two hours before I go."

"What are fifty-two hours?" laughed Barton.

Listlessly like a wilting flower little Eve Edgarton slid down a trifle farther into her pillows. "If you'd have an early—supper," she whispered, "and then come right up here afterward, why, *there* would be two or three hours. And then to-morrow if you got up quite early—there would be a long—long morning, and—we—could get—acquainted—*some*," she insisted.

"Why, Eve!" said Barton, "do you really mean that you would—like to be friends—with me?"

"Yes—I—do," nodded the crown of the white-bandaged head.

"But I'm so stupid," confided Barton, with astonishing humility. "All these—botany things—and geology—and——"

"Yes, I know it," mumbled little Eve Edgarton. "That's what makes you so restful."

"What?" queried Barton a bit sharply. Then very absent-mindedly for a moment he sat staring off into space through a gray, pungent haze of cigarette smoke.

"Eve—" he ventured at last.

"What?" mumbled little Eve Edgarton.

"—Nothing," said Barton.

"Mr. Jim Barton—" ventured Eve.

"What?" asked Barton.

"—Nothing," mumbled little Eve Edgarton.

Out of some emotional or purely social tensities of life it seems rather that Time strikes the clock than that anything so small as a clock should dare strike the Time. One—two—three—four—five! winced the poor little frightened traveling clock on the mantelpiece.

Then quite abruptly little Eve Edgarton emerged from her cozy pillows, sitting bolt upright like a doughty little warrior.

"Mr. Jim Barton!" said little Eve

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Edgarton. "If I stayed here two weeks longer—I *know* you'd like me! I know it! I just *know* it!" Quizzically for an instant, as if to accumulate further courage, she cocked her little head on one side and stared blankly into Barton's astonished eyes. "But you see I'm not—going to be here two weeks!" she resumed hurriedly. Again the little head cocked appealingly to one side. "You—you wouldn't be willing to—take my word for it—would you? *And like me—now?*"

"Why—why, what do you mean?" stammered Barton.

"What do I mean?" quizzed little Eve Edgarton. "Why, I mean—that just once before I go off to Nunko-Nono—I'd like to be—attractive!"

"Attractive?" stammered Barton helplessly.

With all the desperate, indomitable frankness of a child, the girl's chin thrust itself forward.

"I *could* be attractive!" she said. "I *could!* I know I *could!* If I'd ever let go just the teeniest—tiniest bit—I could have—beaux!" she asserted triumphantly. "A thousand beaux!" she added more explicitly. "Only——"

"Only what?" laughed Barton.

"Only one doesn't let go," said little Eve Edgarton.

"Why not?" persisted Barton.

"Why, you just—couldn't—with strangers," said little Eve Edgarton. "That's the bewitchment of it."

"The bewitchment?" puzzled Barton.

Nervously the girl crossed her hands in her lap. She suddenly didn't look like a doughty little soldier any more, but just like a worried little girl.

"Did you ever read any fairy stories?" she asked with apparent irrelevance.

"Why, of course," said Barton. "Millions of them when I was a kid."

"I read one—once," said little Eve Edgarton. "It was about a person, a sleeping person, a lady, I mean, who couldn't wake up until a prince kissed her. Well, that was all right, of course," conceded little Eve Edgarton, "because—of course any prince would have been willing to kiss the lady—just as a mere matter of accommodation. But suppose," fretted little Eve Edgarton, "suppose the bewitchment also ran that no prince would kiss the lady—until she *had* waked up? Now *there!*" said little Eve Edgarton, "is a situation that I should call completely—stalled."

"But what's all this got to do with you?" grinned Barton.

"Nothing at all to do with me!" said little Eve Edgarton. "It *is* me!—That's just exactly the way I'm fixed. I can't be attractive—out loud—until some one likes me! But no one—of course—will ever like me—until I am already attractive—out loud!—So that's why I wondered," she said, "if just as a mere matter of accommodation you wouldn't be willing to be friends with me *now?* So that for at least the fifty-two hours that remain, I could be released—from my most—unhappy enchantment."

Astonishingly across that frank, perfectly outspoken little face, the frightened eyelashes came flickering suddenly down. "Because," whispered little Eve Edgarton, "because—you see—I happen to like you already."

"Oh, fine!" smiled Barton. "Fine! Fi-ne! Fi—" Abruptly the word broke in his throat. "WHAT?" he cried. His hand—the steadiest hand among all his chums—began to shake like an aspen. "WHAT?" he cried. His heart, the steadiest heart among all his chums, began to pitch and lurch in his breast. "Why, Eve! EVE!" he stammered. "You don't mean you like me—like THAT?"

"Yes—I do," nodded the little white-capped head. There was much shyness of flesh in the statement, but not a flicker of spiritual self-consciousness or fear.

"But—Eve!" protested Barton. Already he felt the goose-flesh rising on his arms. Once before a girl had told him that she—liked him. In the middle of a silly summer flirtation it had been, and the scene had been mawkish, awful, a mess of tears and kisses and endless recriminations. But this girl? Before the utter simplicity of this girl's statement, the unruffled dignity, the mere acknowledgment, as it were, of an interesting historical fact, all his trifling, preconceived ideas of—everything went tumbling down before his eyes like a flimsy house of cards. Pang after pang of regret for the girl, of regret for himself, went surging hotly through him. "Oh, but—Eve!" he began all over again. His voice was raw with misery.

"Why, there's nothing—to make a—fuss—about," drawled little Eve Edgarton. "I think it's—cunning! You've probably liked

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a thousand people; but I—you see?—I've never had the fun of liking—any one—before!"

"Fun?" tortured Barton. "Yes, that's just it! If you'd ever had the fun of liking—anything—it wouldn't seem half so brutal—now!"

"Brutal?" mused little Eve Edgarton. "Oh, really, Mr. Jim Barton, I assure you," she said, "there's nothing brutal at all in my liking—for you."

With a gasp of despair Barton stumbled across the rug to the bed, and with a shaky hand thrust under Eve Edgarton's chin, turned her little face bluntly up to him to tell her—how proud he felt, but—to tell her how sorry he was, but——

And as he turned that little face up to his — inconceivably — incomprehensibly — to his utter consternation and rout—he saw that it was a stranger's little face that he held. Gone was the sullen frown, the indifferent glance, the bitter smile, and in that sudden, amazing, wild, sweet transfiguration of brow, eyes, mouth, that met his astonished eyes, he felt his whole mean, supercilious world slip out from under his feet! And just as precipitously, just as inexplainably, as ten days before he had seen a Great Light that had knocked all consciousness out of him, he experienced now a second Great Light that knocked him into the first full consciousness that he had ever known!

"Why, Eve!" he stammered. "Why, you—mischief! Why, you little—cheeky darling! Why, my own—darned little Story Book Girl!" And gathered her into his arms.

Horridly from the farther side of the room the sound of a creaking board smote almost instantly upon their ears.

"Any—time—that you people want me," suggested Edgarton's icy voice, "I am standing here—in about the middle of the floor!"

With a jerk of dismay Barton wheeled around to face him. But it was little Eve Edgarton herself who found her tongue first.

"Oh, father dear—I have been perfectly—wise!" she hastened to assure him. "Almost at once, father, I told him that I liked him, so that if he really were the dreadful kind of young man you were warning me about—he would eliminate himself from my horizon—immediately—in his wicked pursuit of—some other lady! Oh, he did—run, father!" she confessed in the first red blush of her life. "Oh, he did—run, father, but it was—almost directly—toward me!"

"Eh?" snapped Edgarton.

Then in a divine effrontery, half impudence and half humility, Barton stepped out into the middle of the room, and proffered his strong, firm young hand to the older man.

"You told me," he grinned, "to rummage around until I discovered a Real Treasure? Well, I didn't do it!—It was the Treasure, it seems, who discov—"

Then suddenly into his fine young eyes flared up the first glint of his new-born soul.

"Your daughter, sir," said Barton, "is the most beautiful woman in the world! I have *found out* what she is interested in! —She is interested in—ME!"

THE END

BETTER BUSINESS

William Hard's series on *Better Business* has been running in EVERYBODY'S for four months. In the articles so far Mr. Hard has shown wherein American Business lags behind other countries, and, in his study of the Patent Office, has given one of the big reasons why. Also, he has made constructive suggestions that should help to put American Business in its proper rank in the industrial march of the nations. This month, owing to Mr. Hard's illness, there is no "Better Business" article. In the May number he will resume the series, which will pass, for a time, from the discussion of patents and inventions to other important phases of American business.—*The Editors.*

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Mr. Brown had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," returned the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

A tourist, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."

Golfer (unsteadied by his Christmas dinner) to his opponent:

"Sir, I wish you t' know that I resent y'r unwarrant—y'r interference with my game. Sir! Tip the ground once more, and I'll complain to our host!"

The principal of an academy in Providence had been in the habit of requiring the boys in his Shakespeare class to give appropriate titles for the scenes in different plays. After reading "The Merchant of Venice," he asked one of the boys to suggest a good title for the scene in which *Jessica* steals away from her father's house with *Lorenzo*.

The boy, after a few moments' thoughtful silence, showed his familiarity with melodrama as well as Shakespeare, by answering:

"No Mother to Guide Her."

Charles Dana Gibson was amused at receiving not long ago a printed circular, signed by an automobile firm, that read:

"You are cordially invited to participate in our grand $100 prize drawing contest. Each participant may submit one or more drawings advertising our automobile, and the winner will receive a grand cash prize of $100. Drawings must be sent prepaid, they must be original, and all unsuccessful drawings will remain the property of the undersigned."

Mr. Gibson, who can scarcely be persuaded to make drawings at $1000 apiece, smiled over the printed circular, then took a sheet of

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note-paper and, still smiling, wrote to the automobile firm:

"You are cordially invited to participate in my grand $10 prize automobile contest. Each participant may submit one or more automobiles, fully equipped, of his own manufacture, and the winner will receive a grand cash prize of $10 in gold. The automobile submitted should be brand-new, and must be shipped f.o.b., New York. The unsuccessful automobiles will remain the property of the undersigned. CHARLES DANA GIBSON."

Ted Brown, an American, was touring Scotland and one afternoon mounted a high hill in company with a Scot who began bragging of the extensive view.

"I suppose you can see America from here on a fine day," said the American, jocosely.

"Oh, aye, farther than that," replied the other.

"Farther than that?"

"Aye! On a fine nicht we can see the mune."

The teacher was telling the children a long, highly embellished story about Santa Claus, and Willie Jones began giggling with mirth, which finally got beyond his control.

"Willie! What did I whip you for yesterday?" asked the teacher severely.

"Fer lyin'!" promptly answered Willie.

An Easterner who had bought a farm in California had heard of his neighbor's talent for raising large potatoes, so sent his farm-hand over to get a hundred pounds.

"You go back home," answered the talented farmer to the messenger, "and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for any one!"

Mrs. Brundage was crossing the ocean for the first time. One morning, as the captain was standing near her, she said:

"Pardon my ignorance, but how do you manage to find your way across the trackless ocean?"

"By means of the compass, madam," replied the gallant captain. "The needle invariably points north."

"But," queried the woman, "suppose you wish to go south?"

Mrs. Watkins was entertaining some week-end guests not long ago, when they were startled by a commotion downstairs.

"Mercy! What's that awful profanity downstairs?" whispered one of the guests in a frightened tone.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," replied the hostess. "It's my husband. He's come in late and fallen over the new Persian prayer rug."

There is a painter of the "impressionist" school now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says: "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask: "What does that represent?"

"Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence.

"It is my belief, and I venture to assert it," he declared, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests."

A rather timid, henpecked-looking man quietly arose in the rear of the hall and said:

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers."

Waiter: "Were you ringing the bell, sir?"

Customer (after long wait): "Ringing it! Great Scott, no! I was tolling it—I thought you were dead!"

A certain surly old Yankee who runs a small summer hotel on the coast once received a letter from a prospective "guest" who wrote to engage "two large, sunny rooms overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath."

One may imagine the lady's surprise at getting the following curt reply:

"Dear Madam: All rooms face the ocean, and that's your bath."

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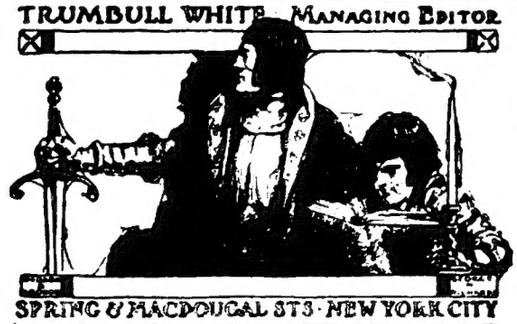
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY · THE RIDGWAY · · · COMPANY · · NEW YORK CITY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY · · · PRESIDENT ·
RAY BROWN · · · SEC'Y AND TREASURER



SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS · NEW YORK CITY

STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RUM?

$2500.00 in Prizes. See page 505.

HERE is a letter that is interesting because it undoubtedly voices the opinion of many—not all of whom are writers.

I am not among those who think there is a clique in the magazine, and I know old writers disappear and new ones take their places. But I do believe that in the majority of cases an unknown writer must write a better story than the average old writer before he can break in. This, I think, is not only unjust, but a poor way to encourage new talent. That letters of encouragement from an editor are a great help, there is no doubt; but an occasional acceptance does more to give a beginner confidence and enthusiasm than many letters, and confidence and enthusiasm are the parents of inspiration.

At any rate, the above is true of myself, and I could give you convincing proof from my own experience. However, I am intruding on your time again only that I may assure you that I feel sure editors want the work of new writers, even though they demand too much of them.

I had not finished the November issue when I wrote you before; otherwise, I should have mentioned Leavitt Ashley Knight's excellent story—"Amanda Lee, Singapore." It reminds me strongly of the late O. Henry's work.

Yours sincerely, W. B. K.

Monroe, Iowa.

As a matter of fact, we are inclined to congratulate ourselves on the large number of stories we publish by new or comparatively new writers. In 1910 we printed twenty-one stories by authors unknown to us. In 1911, nineteen stories; and in 1912, eighteen stories. In 1913 we used nine. These figures include short stories only—serial stories were eliminated. The average is about one new name in five.

We are always on the lookout for new names, new product, stories that are fresh and original, presenting a new point of view in an unhackneyed manner.

Indeed, some of the best stories, from any point of view, that we have published recently, have been the work of newcomers. As examples we mention the following:

"Empire," by Charles Saxby; "The Inward Empire," by Horace Fish; "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax," by Talbot Mundy; the "Worry-Worry Williams" series, by Leavitt Ashley Knight.

And we have stories, as yet unpublished, that are quite in line with those mentioned above. The names are all comparatively new: William Ashley Anderson, Richard MatthewsHallet, Donal Hamilton Haines, Frank Leon Smith, Robert E. MacAlarney, E. R. Lipsett, Ruth Sawyer.

In short, we feel sure we do all that is judicious—and then some—to encourage the newcomer.

But we do not want our attitude to be considered philanthropic. Our reward is just and sufficient: we get real stories in return.

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And sometimes real literature. If you don't believe it, read "Empire" and "The Inward Empire."

WE DIDN'T "CAN" HIM

DEAR EDITOR: Please give us back
The EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK!
The days are lean, and jokes are few;
So, pray, his pleasantries renew;
Can't you?

We liked that dull but sparkling page
Through which prognostications rage;
Its births and deaths all in a row,
Embroidered with, "Look out for snow,
Or so."

We liked to know the little moon
Would wax again to full, quite soon.
We liked the information quaint
About the birthday of some saint
That ain't.

And so, Dear Sir, please reinstate
The prosy pedant, sent by Fate
To cheer us as we go along.
To can him, with his little song,
Was wrong.

Detroit, Mich. M. D. F.

TEACHING THE RULING CLASSES TO THINK?!?

DEAR SIR: Last month I inflicted a letter upon you criticizing your belated series on Socialism and was so presumptuous as to suggest certain subjects that needed intense agitation now. You are not expected to recall me or my communication, but if by some chance it has been filed, you will find it was almost a foresight of this February number now before me. You are teaching the ruling classes to think. It has never been the ignorance of the "submerged" that menaced civilization and led to bloody revolutions. Rome fell amidst the orgies of the aristocracy.

Let me, as one of the millions who are accused of having none of the sense of humor so plentiful in the rich and powerful, thank you for having come by and for having given us "The War-Makers." And not less for "The Inward Empire." They are red meat. Socialism is come into such a peculiar respectability as to be a form of hedging. I have lived to see millionaires, with more cunning than humanity, actually praise Socialism.

"What is this fellow after, anyway?" I can fancy your thinking. Socialism, by all means. But not the kind given us by the rulers. Not an attenuated, sanitary, expurgated, safe and sane Socialism, but the kind that COMES. And while we are waiting let's show up war and conditions in a way that strikes home. Mr. Noyes and Mr. Fish know how. That cry of one discarded bank clerk as he killed himself, crystallizing the minute of the bank president's faint into a torturing nightmare that covered perhaps an hour, is poetry, too, of a vigorous sort.

EVERYBODY'S is a good, a clean magazine, and a powerful one. It will grow stronger as it grows better and bolder.

Sincerely yours, S. B.

Fruitvale, Cal.

A GREAT SHORT STORY

It is seldom that I take the opportunity of expressing formally an opinion on any of the multitudinous magazine short stories. But so favorably was I impressed with "The Inward Empire," by Horace Fish, which appeared in EVERYBODY'S for February, that although I am confident you are receiving numerous expressions of opinion such as this, I wish you to know of my sincere approval and appreciation.

Viewed from a purely academic standpoint, the story is in many respects truly remarkable. The imaginativeness is of a profoundly vivid type seldom found outside of truly great short stories. The character delineation is wonderfully effective, while wholly unconscious. The interest rises almost unabated from the beginning to the climax, which, with its element of surprise, is managed in true De Maupassant style.

From the viewpoint also of every-day human interest, the story is undoubtedly a success. It is well told, and is above all interesting, absorbingly interesting. The note of wholesome human nature and the significant moral have a true universal appeal which lifts the story far out of the class of lurid sensationalism on whose brink the magazine short story seems to be tottering.

Horace Fish is, I presume, comparatively unknown to magazine readers. But surely, should his later product live up to the promise of the present, your magazine may well be proud of having published his early efforts.

M. S. D.

University of Virginia.

CORRECTION

Through an error, an editorial, reprinted in this department for February, commending Mr. Hard's series on "Better Business," was accredited to the *Iron Age* instead of the *Iron Trade Review*. Herewith our public apology to both.

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